THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° [illegible] Franklin

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

THE HASHER — By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

"OH, I DONE FORGOT DAT CREAM OF WHEAT"

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

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THE MEN who are coming home breathe the spirit of a new order. They represent a new type of young America, new mentally and physically.

The House of Kuppenheimer, alert and responsive to every tendency, has caught this new spirit in a remarkable way.

The styles are for the new American figure, upright posture, slender waist and full chest. Fabrics, patterns and tailoring are such as to again justify the reputation of the best tailored young men's clothes in America.

Our spring Style Book illustrates the point. Write for it.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

"A National Clothes Service"

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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New, Seasonable, Delicious Fritters

THE delicacy of fried foods depends upon the cooking fat which is used. A fat that easily scorches, that is absorbed in large degree or leaves a greasy taste never can be an aid in the preparation of wholesome or especially appetizing meals.

Crisco has none of these faults. Foods fried in Crisco are jacketed immediately in a crisp brown crust that keeps the flavor in and the fat out. Crisco fried foods are unusually pleasing because they are not at all greasy and are digested easily.

A good way to prove this is to try these Fritters. Fried in this sweet, wholly vegetable cooking fat, they are a tempting addition to your menu at any time.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening For Cake Making

To the housewife it is a pleasure to use Crisco for two very important reasons. It does not fill the kitchen with odor and smoke, and because it does not absorb flavors or odors from foods the same Crisco can be used again and again without waste.

After frying your Fritters strain the left over Crisco. It can be used even as shortening for pastry or cake.

Crisco is wholly vegetable, the rich cream of edible oil. You can get Crisco everywhere in sanitary, airtight packages, one pound and upward, net weight. You are assured of its absolute purity yet it costs no more than lard dished out of an open tub, unprotected from impurities. To those accustomed to butter in cooking, Crisco gives equally satisfactory results at half the cost. If you have always depended on butter give Crisco a trial.

A Helpful Book for Housewives

In her helpful new book, "The Whys of Cooking", Janet McKenzie Hill, editor of American Cookery and founder of the Boston Cooking School, includes a most valuable chapter on the proper way to fry foods. Thousands of cooking questions of interest to housewives are asked and answered. The book is illustrated in color. Contains 150 recipes for tasteful and economical foods. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send you a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Department K-3, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A New Recipe for Fritters

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

2 cupfuls hot milk
¾ cupful fine corn meal
½ teaspoonful salt
¼ cupful sugar
2 egg yolks
grated rind 1 lemon or orange

(Use accurate level measurements)

Sift together the corn meal, salt, and sugar, then stir vigorously while gradually sprinkling into the hot milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook one hour or longer, stirring occasionally; add a little of the hot mush to the yolks and grated rind, mix and stir into the rest of the hot mixture; beat thoroughly, then cover and let cook about two minutes. Turn into a Criscoed shallow pan to make a sheet half an inch deep. When cold, cut into rings with a doughnut cutter or if you prefer, into squares; dip in flour and fry in hot Crisco; drain on soft paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve at once.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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THE GLASS-HOUSE WORLD

By Gerald Stanley Lee

A NUMBER of things have been said about people who live in glass houses. This article is an inquiry as to how it would work for the next hundred years or so to have glass houses for nations. I should not have thought of it four years ago; or even four months ago. It has come over me while trying to read the newspapers during the last few weeks.

I

THE main experience I have had during the war and since the war, with regard to news, is that so far as any ordinary man can see what newspapers are for is to hush it up.

Day after day one sits down with the front page of one's newspaper stretching itself across the world, and begins reading hopefully and eagerly five or six columns of hushed-up news.

It is hushed up rather well, and it is only by indirection or afterward that one feels the forty or the hundred and forty high-salaried writers tiptoeing softly about in the Corridors of Time and in the Great Hall of What Has Happened, putting their fingers on one another's lips and cabling at us six columns a day of silence—cabling their rumor-decorated silence at us, their long-winded Sh! to a hundred million people!

History will know what is being done. Our children and our children's children will know.

In two or three hundred years women will throw their aprons over their heads and run into one another's houses with a cup of molasses and gossip about it—about what is happening now; but we do not know—we who are waiting just outside the keyhole of what is happening, we who have to pay for it, we who have to correct the mistakes of it, we who have to live the rest of our lives with it—we are not supposed by fearers and by censors to be intelligent enough to know.

I have heard for four years a vast immemorial abysmal Sh-h! being said to six hundred million people out of the bottomless fear and out of the boundless blindness of diplomats and politicians of all nations. I have watched us all—forty nations of us, being stood up in rows like children in a kind of nursery of history—forty nations of us with our eyes shut and our fingers on our lips, for four years! And now to-day at last, in this deciding moment of the next two thousand years, now that the tired, timid and resentful hearts of the politicians have got their hates and their suspicions all arranged, and now that their pessimisms, their checks and balances of unbelief, their little punishments and rewards for people are all sorted out, they are apparently getting ready to speak to us at last in a deep beautiful European bass—to sing a kind of incantation at us. "Good dear little forty nations," they propose to sing to the good little forty nations all together at once:

Shut your mouths
And open your eyes
And we'll give you something
To make you wise.

During the war it was obvious that if we were going to coöperate with our older sister nations to whip the Germans we should have to know their secrets, and that if they were going to continue to let us know their secrets we should have to keep still about them. But now that the Germans are whipped, and now that America has been publicly turned to by everybody, by the whole gamut or scale of nations from the Germans up, as the oldest democracy to take the lead in arranging a democratic world peace, we face a situation in which we shall be false to the world as well as false to ourselves not to see to it from the start that if we sit in a world conference all secrets any nations may seek to keep from the other nations or seek to have with us shall be cried upon the housetops.

Peace not by secrets.

Peace by ventilation.

Peace open for everybody alike, everywhere alike.

Peace rung out from belfries and from the wireless air to a hundred thousand cities, listening midnight and noon, sunset and dawn—round the earth to the same room in Paris the same minute—listening with their own separate interests and to the interests of a world, and to the coming of a common peace.

II

THERE are six sources of censorship, of undue news control. The six sources are six fears. The first fear is the fear the governments in Europe have of the people and of letting the people have real news.

The second fear is the fear of the Government of America that if it tells the secrets of European governments to the American people the European governments will not confide in the American Government or let the American Government know what it needs to know to do its part.

Head On!

The third fear is the fear of the American Government of the American people.

The fourth fear is the fear most American newspapers have of the American people.

The fifth fear is the fear of the people of one another.

The sixth fear is the fear of the enemy.

All six of these fears in telling the truth are based on one great fear in each man—the fear each man has of himself, each man's lack of self-respect as to his own power to make himself believed and understood by other people, and his lack of respect for the power of the other people to understand.

All the fears that are gathering together and heaping up and threatening the fate of the world to-day in its sublime moment and opportunity—all the fears that are making us try to do things by keeping back truth from people—are rooted in one fear, in each man's fear of himself, in each man's modesty about his own power of being believed, of being able to advertise the truth as he sees it to other people.

Censorship may be said to be a paralysis in men of the truth-picturing power. Men who are censoring may be said to be in a coma of antiadvertising. They are suffering as a class from having what might be called a locomotor ataxia or shell shock of publicity. Censorship is the militarism of the mind. Censorship works in things of the spirit precisely as militarism does in material things. The censor spirit is a German spirit, the spirit we have been fighting the world to put down.

The typical censor is the man who concludes that because he cannot express a truth to the people it must be hushed up, that people in general and other people must not be allowed to try to express it. The censorship is a kind of trance of fear into which a helplessly inexpressive person with a merely military mind falls before the problem of trusting himself to be a man with the truth, to face people with the truth. The censorship we find ourselves periodically threatened with and which is always coming over some men at certain critical moments, from government heads to newspaper reporters, is really a kind of swoon or dead faint of the faculty of getting attention and the power of being believed, the constructive power of putting facts in their setting so that people are compelled to believe them.

The fact that what I am saying goes to the point, and that the real and direct way to cure censorship in people is to develop their power to express themselves or to substitute for them people who can, can be seen at any moment by looking at the people on both sides of a question as to whether a particular fact shall be hushed up or not. The men who can express a fact, who grip a fact and make sense out of a fact, and the men who know they can so put the fact to people that they can trust other people besides themselves to make sense out of it are always those who are in favor of letting the fact out. Those who have not this power of presenting a fact will be found to be the men who are going round with their hands on people's mouths.

Many of us have the idea that the only people who are doing this are government censors—the men who are being paid a salary by governments for hushing people up. This is a mistake. The German militarism of the mind has struck in deeper than that.

III

IF A MAN were shut up alone in a big room with no window in it and one lamp, and if in the present desperate crisis of the world the only way he could learn anything about what was going on in the world were by having three newspapers a day fed to him through a hole in the wall, how much would he know about what was happening in the world in six weeks? And what would the inside of his mind get to be like in six weeks?

If a committee appointed by the newspapers of America were to call on him at the end of his six weeks what would he be likely, after he got through swearing, to say?

I could think of a few things to say that might do.

All I can say is, speaking for myself, that when I have been shut up with a newspaper trying to take in Peace Conference news for half an hour—pale, expurgated, Pasteurized Fog of news from Paris—I feel so lonely, I feel so evaporated, so bloodless and inhuman that my first wild impulse is to rush outdoors, run up the street to the first man I meet—any warm, natural fellow human being will do—and grab him by the hand and wring his hand silently, to get the current of life once more, to reassure myself that I am in with real folks in a real world.

Of course the man would not understand me at first, but he would if I told him I had been chewing the wind from Paris, masticating my daily vacuum from Germany and digesting the last breathlessness from Russia.

If after I had been locked up in a room without a window in it with newspapers for six weeks a committee of American newspaper men were to call on me and were to examine me as an extreme case of an evaporated man, a man who had been evaporated by reading news from Paris, and ask me what was the matter with me I should say to them:

"Hushers and mummers."

Hushers and mummers everywhere all the time, of two kinds—the dear old leftover censors appointed by the Government; and the brand-new censors, thousands of them everywhere, going about censoring in a wild, loose way, shutting up anybody and everybody appointed by themselves.

Perhaps a good way to show what the hush-and-mum disease is like is to call attention to the way it has been running its course among the newspapers and how it has worked.

I had supposed that when the war was over reading a newspaper was going to be different, that my war experience in reading my newspaper—of going without enough news—was merely a necessary patriotic thing I must expect to put up with as part of defending my country, like going without enough sugar.

I supposed I was not being allowed news by the newspapers because the Germans might be looking over my shoulder and getting some. I knew, or supposed I knew, that the newspapers were doing their best and were just doling out to me what they were allowed by the Army and by the Navy.

The idea that newspapers sometimes were really more afraid of news than other people—the idea that the main trouble many people were having in getting news lay in a more or less general fear the newspapers had of having news get out—was very slow in coming to me. I have known librarians who felt about books in a library as if they were running a kind of safe for knowledge, as if they were protecting knowledge from people who might want some—but not newspapers. I supposed newspapers as a matter of course liked to sell papers, but that no one would ever catch newspapers being anxious lest some news might creep into them that would make people's mouths water to buy more editions.

But I was innocent.

We have all had experiences with the newspapers during the last few months that have set us wondering. I have thought it would do no harm to take one or two of mine up for a few minutes, do some group thinking with them in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, make up my mind what they mean, if I can, with seven or eight million people to help.

IV

ONE of the things I have wondered about the most lately, from the point of view of news values, was the way the newspapers a few weeks ago wept aloud from Maine to California when a few papers published a letter from Frank Kent, the managing editor of the Baltimore Sun, which really told people out loud the suspicions and jealousies of nations that the people were whispering on the streets in Paris, but which the newspapers felt the American people were not intelligent enough to be allowed to know.

The selfsame whispers from Paris, published by Mr. Kent, have since proved to be the raw material, the very stuff and core of the difficulty that the Peace Conference had to meet. The situation, as everybody knows now, which the Peace Conference has had to face and meet adequately Mr. Kent trusted the people with against the will of the newspapers.

Given an uncensored report brought over by hand—a real, live human document—many of the newspapers of the country, as free as the wind, were as afraid of it as a censor would be. Of course they were too late in dealing with Mr. Kent's letter, and could only speak in low-toned, grieved editorials about how indiscreet the papers were that published it.

It is useless to blame the censor and the censor alone for the newslessness of the papers when in a prominent instance like this hosts of leading newspapers can be seen outcensoring the censor or taking sides with the censor out loud—taking sides with a man at the end of the pipe between two continents who keeps thinking he knows enough in his poor, scared, little one-man mind to turn off and to turn on with a faucet what two continents think.

Mr. Kent quoted in his article what the censor said to the American correspondents: "American newspaper men are at liberty to send to America anything that might appear in the French and British newspapers, but nothing more."

Then Mr. Kent spoke up and said loudly and plainly to all Americans:

"In political and governmental circles the French do not love us at all."

Then the newspapers descend like a thousand Charlie Chaplins on Mr. Kent.

What any ordinary American man naturally wants to know is: Why should Mr. Kent be dealt with by the newspapers as almost a pro-German for telling us things which must be at least partly true, which we ought to have the nerve to face, and to do something with? Everybody knew it must be partly true. If real French people are all to be concealed from real American people, why would American people bother with supposing they are going to do something real with the French? To some of us it is a relief to have some indications in the newspapers that people with whom we are in delicate relations are acting like human beings.

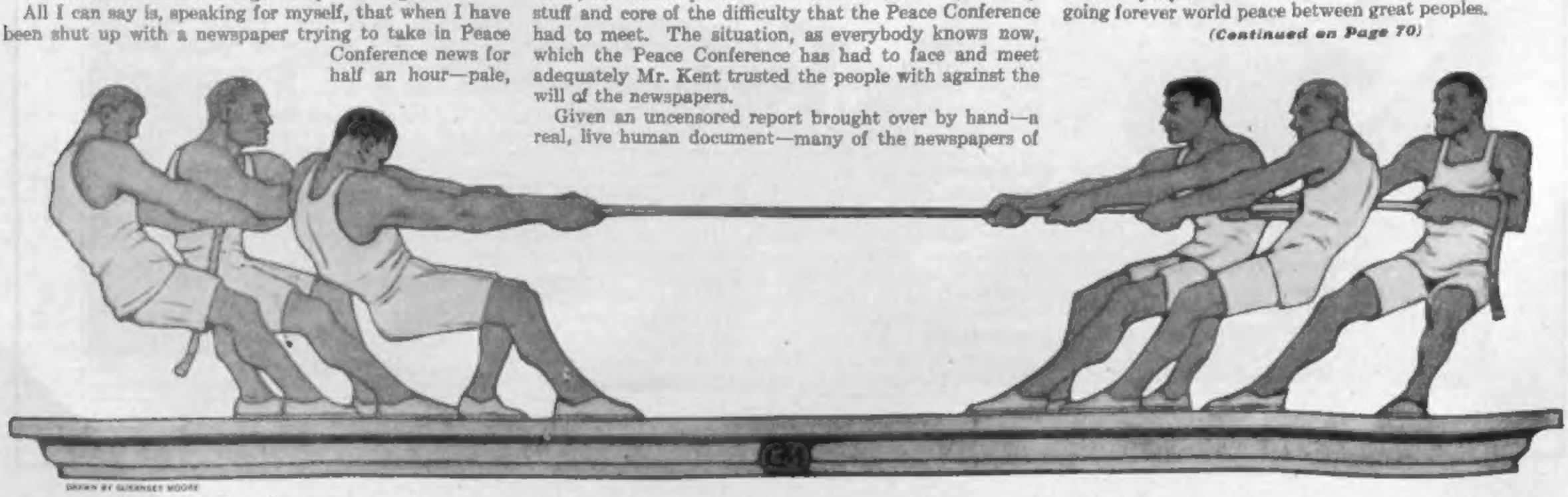
The American people are asked by France to join them in doing something, and France stands at the end of a two-inch pipe that runs between what a hundred million people think in America and what forty millions in France think and with a faucet at the other end calmly turns off and turns on what the French people think. All the French Government wants to use the two-inch pipe for apparently is to tell us what to do, not letting us know through it what the people of France, with whom we have got to do what we do, are thinking; and it does not believe in letting the people of America get through anything that they are thinking to the people of France.

A two-inch pipe between two continents is bad enough, but to have the kind of people running the faucet on it at the other end who do not see that mutual and full understanding between the peoples is the only possible way for the peoples to be competent to do a big difficult thing together is stupid, archaic and German beyond belief. Only a kind of bottomless ignorance of human psychology, a bottomless human feebleness, a palsy of knowledge about human nature and how it works and what it is that makes it work and want to work could be guilty, in a colossal opportunity like this to get nations together, of fussily, fretfully and old-maidishly keeping them apart.

The whole brood of censor-minded people, of soft slipper-footed sneakers with truth, should be turned out of the European nations before America can afford to consent to have anything serious to do with them. America does not want to bother with censor-minded, out-of-date people who, in broad daylight, after the black night of war is over, are still trying to make Americans—a hundred million Americans—not only in their outer actions but in the very inner intimate lives of their minds do things the way a Kaiser would.

People who are stealing round with dark lanterns in a broad daylight of peace, people who are trying to hide what they are the way an ostrich does—by sinking its scared little eyes in the down on its own neck—are not suitable people to whirl together, to motivate and to set going forever world peace between great peoples.

(Continued on Page 70)



DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE HASHER

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A SMALL round man, hairless and unwrinkled as an egg, and simply but comfortably attired in a blue alpaca coat and limp crash trousers, burst out of the railway eating house, slammed the screen door behind him and stood blinking and irresolute in the white glare of the desert sunshine. There followed him into the open air the swish and drone of electric fans and the sound of a woman's voice, querulous, nagging, insistent. The fat man sighed and swabbed his brow with a moist handkerchief. His watery blue eyes traced the shimmering lines of steel southward to the point where they began to quiver and dance in the heat waves, but no thread of smoke hung motionless on that burning horizon. The man sighed again, took a few waddling, uncertain steps in the direction of the station building and yelped aloud:

"Hey, Johnson!"

Almost immediately a shaggy head bobbed out of an open window. Two melancholy brown eyes interrogated the fat man, staring soberly at him from either side of a long thin nose. Below the nose was a mouth as serious as the eyes, and the drawn cheeks and cleft chin were stubbled with a three days' beard. This was Fred Johnson, station agent at Coyote Springs. "Well, Humpty," he drawled, "what is it now? You and Pearl been fighting again? Shame on you! 'Birds in their little nests agree ——'"

The fat man dabbed at his pink cheeks and interrupted the quotation with considerable warmth. "How many times I got to tell you, Johnson, to can that 'Humpty' business? If you want to talk to me you call me by my right name!"

"Oh, is that so? Well, as it happens, Mister Boggs—Mister Alpha Algernon Boggs—I don't want to talk to you a-tall. I'm busy." The shaggy head disappeared.

Boggs grunted wrathfully, stood undecided for a moment, and waddling across the intervening space thrust his pink moon of a countenance in at the open window. Johnson, buried to the elbows in yellow official communications, pretended to be unaware of the fat man's presence.

"Aw, say," began Boggs in a conciliatory tone, "it's too hot to argue—too hot to do anything but sweat. . . . What ails Twenty-four? She ain't laid out anywheres, is she?"

"Thirty minutes late, Humpty," was the terse reply. "Still worrying about that new hasher, eh?"

"Yes, and if you was in my fix you'd be worrying too. Four days ago I wired that lunkhead of a superintendent that one of the girls was quitting and to send me another one out from town. Four days, and no sign of her yet. Gawd knows I got grief enough running an eating house here in hell's kitchen, without going short-handed on help! Pearl is on the rampage again—threatening to quit, and everything—and I'm right square up against it! That superintendent, he's a fine piece of cheese, he is!"

A flicker of amusement crossed Johnson's sober features. He almost smiled; Boggs, with his troubles, was Coyote Springs' nearest approach to continuous entertainment.

"Oh, I wouldn't blame the poor super," Johnson remarked. "It may not be his fault. Give the girls credit for having a little sense. It's no cinch getting hashers to spend their vacation in a summer resort like this. Look at all the other places they can go to—places where it's cool and nice: Bear Valley, Lake Tahoe, and forty or fifty beach towns with surf bathing and sea breeze ——"

"What's that got to do with it?" cried Boggs. "The company put the eating house here, didn't it? You bet your life! And the least the superintendent can do is to see that I've got help enough to run it. I have to stay here, don't I? Well, then!"

"Even so," continued Johnson with irritating calmness, "you wouldn't pick Coyote Springs in July—not if you was in your right mind. And any hasher that picks it is liable to be half-witted. Be reasonable, man, be reasonable!"

"Reasonable!" wailed Boggs. "You come over and deal 'em off the arm for a couple of hours and see how reasonable you'll be! I got a right to expect better treatment, and if that new girl ain't on Twenty-four I'll send the superintendent a wire that'll make his hair curl!"

"And that's more than he could ever do for you," drawled Johnson. "Now, speaking of hair ——"

"Humph!" grunted Boggs, passing the handkerchief over his shining pate and eying Johnson's tousled thatch malevolently. "Hog bristles set in solid ivory—they never come out! Read the advertisements! And if you want to kid me get something new. This Humpty-Dumpty business is awful stale."

"You and June Had a Fuss? She Goes Mopin' Round All Day, and You—You Act Like a Sick Owl"

"Still speaking of hair," continued the unruffled Johnson, "I'll bet you the best ten-cent cigar in your case that this new hasher is a bottle blonde."

"No-o," said Boggs cautiously; "you'd have to give odds on that."

"A bottle blonde," urged Johnson; "and kind of fat."

"But still it ain't an even bet. I don't know why it is, but mostly always a bottle blonde is fat."

Johnson shook his head and chuckled sarcastically.

"Where's your sporting blood, Humpty? All you want is ninety per cent the best of it. Gee, but you're a game bird!"

"Game!" ejaculated the fat man. "I took this job, didn't I? I took it when it was wished on me, and I've stuck longer than any other manager that ever tackled it!"

"That ain't gameness," said Johnson wearily. "That's just plain absence of intelligence. Do you think anybody with an eyecupful of brains would stay here if he could get away? Do you think I'd be here if the company would transfer me anywhere else? Game? You ain't game enough to quit, Humpty—and neither am I, worse luck, neither am I! Now beat it, and if you bother me any more I'll bounce this paperweight off you! On your way!"

Boggs withdrew, muttering, and the station agent returned to his work.

"Just because he wouldn't bet," said Johnson to himself, "I hope she's a brunette. A brunette and young. But it'll be a bottle blonde, and old enough to have grandchildren in the draft." Then, after a pause: "We never had a good looker here yet."

The town of Coyote Springs crouched quivering in the dry heat of the Mojave Desert—a motley collection of warped frame buildings which had taken shallow root in sandy and inhospitable soil. To the north and east were black lava buttes looming abruptly out of the monotony of the plain, sinister, fanglike peaks which bore no trace of animal or vegetable life. To the south there was nothing but the desert itself, rolling away in low undulations, sand and sagebrush, sagebrush and sand, an endless vista of yellows and browns stretching as far as the aching eye could reach. To the west was more desert, but on the horizon were the purple mountains guarding the twisting pass which led to the world's garden spot—mountains covered with thickets of pine and fir, threaded with cool trout streams and dotted with green and fertile valleys.

Coyote Springs was not a pleasing sight—it could never have been that, even in its scorched and blistered youth—but in the broad scheme of transcontinental traffic this sweltering dot on the map had its uses. True, the lordly limiteds hooted in derision as they clicked swiftly over the switches in its railroad yard, and the listless passengers stared out of dusty windows and were thankful for the forty-mile-an-hour schedule which flung that desolation behind them, but the denizens of Coyote Springs gave them scorn for scorn. Their town marked the end of a freight division, and catered to such trains as did not carry a dining car. Coyote Springs boasted a roundhouse, where the great gray moguls rested between runs, and car shops which furnished employment for the larger portion of the male population. It was a railroad town with a railroad pay roll behind it; it spoke the language of "hog heads" and "tallowpots," and held its head higher than its desert neighbors because of a visible means of support.

There was a general store, handling everything from calico to calomel; a pool parlor which was also the barber shop—two battered tables, a cue rack, and an ice chest stocked with soft and disappointing drinks; a casual sort of garage which was half blacksmith shop; and a rambling, creaking outrage which called itself the Oasis Hotel. Sam Wing, an aged sun-dried Celestial, gave the railway eating house feeble and intermittent competition, and there was also a blind pig in the sagebrush behind the town—a tumbledown pariah of a shack maintained for such misguided souls as were not satisfied with dry heat. This unauthorized and illegal institution was visited only under cover of darkness. Daylight holds no secrets in a naked desert town, and a railroad community challenges the world when it comes to knowing—and discussing—neighborhood affairs. Naked? Well, not quite. Some optimist had planted about a dozen spindling cottonwood trees along the main street, but nobody hoped to remain in Coyote Springs long enough to enjoy their shade.

The railway eating house was the real center of the town. It was a flat-topped squatty structure of imitation stone, slate gray in color, and it held the heat like an oven. There at a standard price the hungry and hurried traveler might bolt a standardized sandwich, litter brother to all the railway sandwiches between the two oceans, and wash it down with a cup of coffee in no way differing from all the other cups of coffee encountered en route.

Given sufficient time the traveler might order a T-bone steak or a breaded veal cutlet—why is it always a breaded veal cutlet?—both standardized even to the lettuce leaf at one end of the platter, and the inevitable and seemingly inexhaustible French fried.

There were no tables in the eating house at Coyote Springs. The customers, male and female, dangled their feet from high stools at either side of the U-shaped counter, in front of which stood the cigar case and the cash register, both presided over by the manager. Inside the curve of the U, and cunningly placed to take the eye of transient trade, were the sandwiches, the cakes and the fruit.

Every transcontinental traveler knows the three glass plates, each one covered by a high glass dome with knob atop—sandwiches in the center, ham, tongue and roast beef, swaddled in paper napkins; chocolate layer cake at the right and caramel layer cake at the left. Where these cakes come from, who makes them, why they always look so much better than they really are, why they never vary in size and never seem to grow stale—these are things which no traveler knows. It has always been so; it will continue to be so until railroad eating houses are no more. Neither does the traveler know why the apples are so red and the bananas so yellow. Possibly these things are trade secrets.

Into this familiar setting came the small round man, slamming the screen door behind him. Perhaps he hoped that the violence of his entry would put a stop to a discussion which had lasted for two days. He was mistaken. A tall gaunt woman glared at him from behind the coffee urn.

"Well," said she sharply, "any news?"

"Train's late," said Boggs. "She ought to be on it."

"She ought to been on it three days ago!" snapped the waitress. "You listen to me, Boggs; I'm getting mighty sick of this business ——"

"I know, I know," interrupted the manager, instantly on the defensive. "It's tough for all of us, Pearl, but you can't blame me. I wired ——"

"And a lot of attention they paid to you! I tell you I'm just wore to the bone and ready to drop in my tracks—all

this double work and everything! Well, plenty other places I can go. I don't have to stay here and fry, thank the Lord!"

"You wouldn't quit and leave me flat?" There was a pleading note in Boggs' voice. "Haven't I always treated you right, Pearl? Any little thing I could do for you, you had only to ask it. Ain't that true? Haven't I helped you, the last two days?"

The gaunt waitress sniffed. "A fine little helper! Always under foot; always in the way! I'm sick of it, I tell you."

The whistle of a locomotive sounded in the distance. "That's Twenty-four now," said Boggs, edging toward the door. "Chances are she's on it."

"She better be!" said the woman with grim emphasis. "I'm no slave, and I don't have to work my soul out of me for nobody, job or no job. What's more ——"

The screen door slammed again; the manager had fled. The waitress continued to polish the coffee urn, sniffing from time to time.

Johnson, the station agent, emerged from his office, a lank untidy figure in his shirt sleeves. His trousers bagged badly at the knees, he wore neither collar nor tie, and two buttons were absent from his vest. After one languid glance at the approaching train he turned to Boggs. "Give you another chance to be a sport, Humpty!" he called. "A bottle blonde, and kind of fat. . . . No? Well, then, she's on the train or she ain't on the train; take which end you like for one of those fine Havana cigars made in Dubuque. Come on! Be game, if you sleep in the street!"

"Aw, choke, choke!" growled Boggs.

Number Twenty-four drew alongside the station building, the engine hissing and sputtering like some breathless red-hot monster. A score of passengers precipitated themselves from the day coaches and hurried toward the eating house. Boggs made rapid but expert survey of the feminine contingent, cursed bitterly under his breath, and addressed himself with great vigor to the big gong hanging just outside the screen door. There was not the slightest need for this. The passengers could not have lost their way, but the rules called for the beating of the gong, and Boggs was nothing if not conscientious.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Johnson, engaged in light badinage with the peanut butcher, suddenly became aware of a young woman at his elbow. She was of medium height and figure; her eyes were brown; her nose was the least bit uptilted; her hair was of that rich coppery tint commonly and quite inadequately described as red; her mouth —— But Johnson did not get that far, for the mouth opened and the apparition spoke:

"Excuse me, but are you Mr. Boggs?"

"Who, me?" ejaculated Johnson, suddenly conscious of his stubbled cheeks, his uncombed thatch and his sartorial shortcomings. "Boggs? Not guilty, lady. That's Boggs over there leading the hash-house orchestra. I'm only the station agent."

The stranger glanced once at the small round man, smiled doubtfully, and turned again to Johnson.

"The station agent? Then you will know what to do with my trunk when it comes. Here is the check."

Johnson fumbled the bit of cardboard between his fingers.

"Your trunk? Oh, yes. Your trunk —— Why, you don't mean—you're not going to stop off here?"

"I came to work in the eating house," said the young woman.

"The suffering mackerel!" breathed Johnson. "And that's a bet I would have lost! . . . Oh, Boggs! Come here!"

It was night and the switch lanterns winked back at the desert stars. From the pool parlor came the distant click of ivory and an occasional shout of laughter. A tall man sat on a baggage truck, nursing a thin shin in his hands. A fat man came waddling across a belt of light, chuckling to himself.

"You was a little bit late to dinner to-night," said Boggs.

Johnson grunted.

"Yeh, a little bit late, account of having to get a shave and a shine and put on a collar and tie. Your work is coarse, Johnson, but you don't lose no time. Wasn't taking chances on somebody else seeing her first, hey?"

"She's no waitress," said Johnson, following his own train of thought. "She never dealt 'em off the arm before. Anybody can see that."

"Sure," agreed Boggs. "No experience, but she sailed right in and took hold. She's willing, that's one good thing. I wouldn't say she's exactly beautiful ——"

"Was your opinion called for?" demanded Johnson coldly.

"Why—no. But I got a right to it just the same. Not so gosh-awful beautiful, but—well, attractive. That's it, attractive, and easy to get along with. Why, even Pearl fell for her, and Pearl's a mighty tough audience for an amateur hasher. If she can get by with Pearl she can get by with anybody. . . . Yeh, I'll say you'll have competition. It won't be no walkaway."

"Bring Me the Change, Sister," Said Devore. "I Got a Little Something to Attend to Here"

"Humpty," said Johnson, "you're crazy. You've been out here on the desert so long that your brain has melted."

"Oh, all right," said the fat man with a leer; "I'm crazy, but you don't catch me dolling myself all up to make a mash on a married woman!"

"Who said she was married?" Johnson released his shin and sat up straight. "Who said so?"

"Married," said Boggs calmly, "and probably got a no-good husband somewhere that she's supporting. You was so busy looking at her face that you didn't pay any attention to her hands, but I got a flash at 'em the minute she took off her gloves. Plain gold ring on the third finger of her left hand. . . . And that ain't all."

"Well?" said Johnson.

"She brought out a letter from the superintendent, and it said her name was June Carroll. 'Mrs. or Miss?' I asks her; and what do you think she came back with? 'Just call me June.' Yeh, like that. What's your notion?"

"It's a mighty pretty name," was the deliberate reply. "A mighty pretty name. . . . June. . . . It sort of suggests trees, and flowers in bloom, and green grass ——"

"Green grass widows, you mean!" snorted Boggs indignantly. "Come out of your trance! You don't get the point at all. She turns up here wearing a wedding ring—like as not she forgot to take it off—and she don't want me to call her Mrs. Carroll. Of course not! That Missus thing, it sort of scares the fellows away, especially when they don't know where the Mister end of the sketch is hanging out. Another point: What do you suppose a good-looking girl like her is doing out here on the desert this time of the year? She don't have to sling hash in Coyote Springs. What's she here for, then?"

"Is that any of our business?" asked Johnson.

"Well," said Boggs, "you can bet your sweet life she ain't here for her health. Maybe she came here to shake her husband, and if she should happen to run into somebody she likes better it won't be any trouble to her to explain about that wedding ring!"

"She ain't that kind of a woman," said Johnson.

"Oh, ain't she? And I suppose you think you can tell by looking at her what kind of a woman she is?"

"I do; yes."

"Say, looka here," and Boggs pointed a stubby forefinger. "Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, wasn't he? Present company excepted, of course. All right. Now you know and I know that no very wise man really craves to have a thousand wives running round the house. A dozen would be plenty—more as plenty, as the song says. All right again. Now then, the difference between twelve and a thousand is just the number of times old Solomon guessed wrong. And he had something on you for experience—you'll admit that. None of the limiteds ran by his place without stopping; he got a look at everything that was traveling on the main line. Yet you sit here on a baggage truck and make a crack that you can take one look at a woman and tell what kind of a woman she is! Johnson, you give me an ache, you do, for a fact!"

"Are you all through talking, Humpty?"

"Just about. Why?"

"Because"—and Johnson rose and stretched himself—"I think I'll go in and blow myself to a dab of ice cream."

"Ice cream is all out," grinned Boggs.

"Oh, well, maybe I'd just as soon have pie. . . . And anyway I want to tell her about her trunk."

"Go ahead!" grunted Boggs. "You and Solomon! And if she's ditched that wedding ring you better look out!"

Johnson looked down at the little fat man and there was a tolerant twinkle in his eye.

"Humpty," said he, "you're a slanderous kind of an animal. What have women ever done to you that you hate 'em so?"

"A couple of 'em married me," said Boggs simply. "Ain't that reason enough? And I'm here at Coyote Springs because the second Mrs. Boggs hates the very sight of the desert any time of the year. . . . But you're wiser than me of course. Yeh, you can tell by looking at 'em. Go right ahead, Romeo, but if you fall off the balcony and break a leg or two don't come belly-aching to me for sympathy, that's all!"

II

AT LEAST one of Boggs' prophecies came true—Johnson had competition.

June Carroll's popularity was as sudden and complete as it was easy to understand. Though not a beauty she was still the most beautiful thing in Coyote Springs, and, as old Jimmy Gassaway said, she beat sand and sagebrush all holler and it kinder rested the eyes to look at something that wasn't all dried up with the heat.

The lone tonsorial expert, who was also the proprietor of the pool parlor and much more handy with a cue than with a razor, had many requests for neck shaves—five cents additional—and an epidemic of fancy haircuts descended upon the town. Hank Osmun, proprietor of the general store, sold some pongee shirts which had been three years on the shelves, and there was a wild rumor, lacking confirmation, that a certain married man had purchased a large bottle of violet extract.

More than ever before the eating house became the center of attraction, and the male population showed symptoms of becoming addicted to the unhealthy practice of "piecing between meals." Boggs had to double, then triple, his ice-cream order. If the young woman was conscious of this remarkable tribute to her charms she said nothing about it to anyone, but continued to attend to her own affairs.

The eating-house counter was the dead line for all admirers. June Carroll was quite willing to be friendly and to chat with the regular customers on impersonal subjects such as the heat, the inborn cussedness of the average tourist, and old Jimmy Gassaway's amazing capacity for ice cream; but any attempts to turn the conversation into intimate channels were promptly discouraged. And the plain gold band remained conspicuously upon the third finger of her left hand. This gave Coyote Springs something to think about, and at least one regular customer made a bad guess.

A fireman named Cassidy—a bold and handsome youth—tacked a "sweetheart" onto his order for ham and eggs, but when they came from the kitchen it was the gaunt and severe Pearl who delivered them, together with a few brief remarks which were so warm that Cassidy's ears glowed gently for the rest of the day.

"You don't know a lady when you see one," said Pearl in conclusion. "Considering your bringing up it's no wonder."

Coyote Springs discussed the wedding ring quite freely and speculated widely upon the whereabouts of the absent Mr. Carroll. Public opinion voted him a no-good sort of a hound, because no man who was any kind of a man at all would let a pretty young wife go biscuit-shooting about the country.

"But maybe he's sick," said the charitable Mrs. Schultz, "and she's had to go to work. Look how often that happens."

"If it's sick he is," said Mrs. Shea, "she would have said something about him. Sickness is nothing to be ashamed of, and she would have told Pearl or somebody; but she's never mentioned him once—and she won't answer questions. I guess if the truth was known she's seen a lot of trouble. It's in her eyes that she shows it. . . . Poor thing, and her so young too. Ah, some men are the very divvle and all!"

"And some would like to be," remarked Mrs. Schultz severely. "There's that station agent, Johnson. Have you noticed him lately?"

"Noticed him! Could anybody help it? Dear knows, he's not the man he was a month ago. And it's putting on flesh he is too! In summer!"

"And why not?" demanded the other good soul. "He spends half his time eating."

"Ah," said Mrs. Shea, "'tis the only chance he has to talk to her. My Denny says it's a scream to hear him give an order. First he must ask about every blessed thing on the bill of fare. Then he must decide will it be this or will it be that, and what would she take if she was in his place? Just anything to be making a little conversation. Their talk is all about beefsteaks and lamb chops and fried pertaties and the like—never a word about anything else. . . . And it's for that, mind you, that he's slicked himself all up and shaves every day!"

"The last time I saw him," added Mrs. Schultz, "his pants was pressed. I wonder does he think she might be getting a divorce! The fool!"

"Well, anyhow," said Mrs. Shea, "he's a decent fool. He won't be trying to hold hands with her or getting gay like that black-headed ape of a Cassidy. Denny likes Johnson—all the men like him—but Denny says the best the poor fellow can get out of it is indigestion from eating too much meat this hot weather. She ain't playing any favorites, I guess.

"The thing I can't understand is why she picked out such a God-forsaken place as this. . . . Dear knows, if Denny could get transferred ——"

As the days grew into weeks the cynical Mr. Boggs was forced to admit the failure of some of his theories. This annoyed him exceedingly, for in spite of his two matrimonial disasters Boggs considered himself somewhat of an expert where women were concerned.

June Carroll puzzled him. He would have discussed the matter with the station agent, but Johnson avoided the subject and called Boggs a fat pink toad. Even a toad may have feelings. Boggs simmered and bided his time, and one afternoon he waddled into Johnson's office, grinning from ear to ear.

"June got her first pay check to-day," said he.

"That'll be all right with me," remarked Johnson, who was thumping an official communication out of an aged typewriter. "Don't bother me. I'm busy."

"You ain't too busy to listen a minute. I been waiting for that pay check. Yeh, I thought I'd get a line on her—and you can get a better one if you want it."

"Go away while you're all in one piece," advised Johnson.

"Aw, you can't bluff me," said Boggs, seating himself on the edge of the desk. "And besides, it may not be what you think. Listen. First thing she did was to get that check cashed—ten-dollar bills, she wanted. Then she went out in the kitchen and wrote a letter and put two of those bills into it. That letter is in her pocket now. She's going to put it aboard the train to-night. Going to stay up to do it. I heard her asking Pearl if there was a mail box on Seventeen." Here Boggs paused.

"So you've been sneaking round and watching her? You're a fine little secret-service agent, you are! . . . Well?"

"She could have put that letter through the post office here," Boggs continued, "but that might tip her hand. Hank Osmun would tell, of course. No, she'll slip it aboard on the Q.T. There's a reason, you bet. Now, if you want to know who the letter is going to, and where he is ——" And Boggs paused again.

"Well?" repeated Johnson.

"You could easy find out," finished Boggs. "McGee is on Seventeen. He'd tell you."

At this point Johnson rose swiftly and taking Boggs by the nape of his neck escorted him to the door.

"Here's a hole the carpenters left in the side of the house," said the station agent. "Crawl through it before I step on you and squash you. And if you prefer to remain healthy don't let me catch you fooling round that baggage car to-night!"

"But," gurgled Boggs, "don't you see that she's probably sending the dough to her —— Ouch! Leggo of my neck, you big stiff!"

"It's none of our business who she's sending it to!" snarled Johnson. "Get that through your fat head, Humpty. And if you bother me any more I'll kick those crash pants so high you can wear 'em for a necktie. Out!"

Boggs went away, rubbing the back of his neck and mumbling profanely.

There are times when a decent act entails a reward beyond the hopes or expectations of a modest man. Such a reward came to Fred Johnson, who had made it his business to keep an eye on Boggs until the departure of Number Seventeen. He saw June drop her letter into the mail slot on the side of the baggage car; saw her stand still and watch the tail lights of the train grow dim in the velvet darkness, and he felt as if he had been spying.

"Suppose she sees me here on the baggage truck," thought Johnson. "Better speak to her, so she'll know who it is."

June recognized the drawling voice which remarked that it was a wonderful night. She replied quite truthfully that all desert nights are wonderful.

"And a good thing they are," said Johnson. "You wouldn't—I mean, nobody would stay here if it wasn't for the nights. The desert is all right after dark, but in the daytime it's a holy fright."

"I love it," said the young woman. "There's something about it—I don't know just what, but it's so big and so quiet and always the same. It—it sort of rests you. Have you ever felt that way?"

"Yes, but I don't like to admit it. The desert gets people if they see too much of it. That's what ails all these old prospectors; the desert has got 'em. They can't live anywhere else. After a while they go sort of nutty. The desert makes you lonesome too. . . . I don't suppose you'd care to sit down and talk a little?"

"What shall we talk about?"

"About anything in the world but food," said Johnson earnestly; and wondered why he had never heard June laugh before.

So they sat on the baggage truck in the dark and talked about the weather; about the desert and its people; about the great stars burning softly overhead; about freight rates

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"Here's a Hole the Carpenters Left in the Side of the House. Crawl Through It Before I Step on You and Squash You"

THE LAST MAN—By George Pattullo

NIGHT, and the road choked with troops. There was a jam at a crossroads, and the long columns of infantry and artillery, and machine guns and engineers, and ammunition trucks and supply trains, were held up, every one of them demanding what the hell was the matter up there in front. Why didn't they move? The boche avions would be over in a minute!

A frantic M. P. was striving to straighten out the tangle.

"Who win the war?" jeered a doughboy from the dark.

Rose a sardonic chorus: "The M. P.'s!"

A lieutenant colonel filtered through the press and discovered that the block was caused by the obstinacy of the driver of a French camion, who had his truck turned straight across the head of the column and refused to back, though he could not advance. The colonel couldn't speak French; but the driver comprehended instantly the sort of English he employed and got his machine out of the way. The column moved slowly forward, with frequent halts.

Never was such a congestion. An entire division was going into action, and it had only half a road, the other half being taken by an unbroken line of trucks and supply wagons returning from the battle area—and a division on the march stretches out thirty-eight miles.

It had been raining for days and they sloshed through a thin layer of mud. Wagons creaked and groaned; trucks whined and boomed and back-fired; drivers cursed and fumed; tired mules set up a demoniacal braying at every stop; above the tumult of their crawling advance rose the sharp voices of officers in command: "Keep to the right!" Yet all the uproar merged finally into one sound—the slow steady tramp of innumerable feet.

A faint whispery drizzle fell on them and dripped sadly from the trees that bordered the highway. Presently it ceased; the clouds reluctantly dispersed and a pale moon shone out.

The Sore Spot in the Section

THERE was no rejoicing on that account. They damned the moon for all time. Captain Farwell, trudging at the head of his company, glanced up at it apprehensively. Well he knew what it would bring—and those long massed columns on the road!

A few minutes and they caught the familiar hum of a boche motor. Somebody made a profane remark, which raised a nervous laugh. On it came, droning like a monstrous bee. Where would it strike? They waited tensely, their eyes on the road as they hiked. Any moment that road might burst into jets of flame; but they could do nothing—only march, lest the column be broken.

The drone swelled to a savage fugue. He was close upon them now. Then—Whang! Whang! Whang! Three blinding spurts of fire, three tearing crashes, and deeper darkness. The column wavered and went on.

He had dropped his load ahead of Farwell's company. Had some failed to explode or did he still hold a few in reserve? Evidently the raider's stock was expended, for next they heard him swirling above the tops of the trees. Down he swooped like a devil bat and turned loose with a machine gun. The bullets crackled above Farwell's head and he involuntarily hunched his shoulders, for when machine-gun bullets crack they are very near; if they sing they are off at one side.

The boche flew homeward for more eggs; the column continued to advance. They were picking up dead and wounded from the road, and a truck stalled in a bomb hole; but the doughboys lifted the front wheels out and the line went round the spot.

"Now what's the matter?"

They had halted again. The delay ran into minutes. A high bank rose on their right and Farwell perceived a man sitting silently on a horse. He stepped out of the line to speak to him.

No response—not even a movement. He spoke again, louder this time. Still the rider remained voiceless.

"What are you doing there? What outfit're you with?" cried the captain angrily.

Neither man nor horse stirred. There was something eerie about their immobility. It seemed to Farwell that they were resting against the bank. He put out his hand and shook the rider by the knee; then recoiled in sudden horror. His hand came away moist with warm blood.

"Why, he's dead!" he cried.

"Dead, sure enough!" agreed a sergeant, making an examination. "Both he and the horse got it, captain."

There they stood, leaning against the wall of earth, upright as in life.

The rider still gripped the reins, was still upright in the saddle, with his head tilted a little backward.

The column got under way once more, only to be held up a few hundred yards ahead. The block was now such that a solo could not have penetrated it—and a motorcycle can sneak through a crack. The middle of Farwell's company rested near the junction of a small cart road with the highway. As they waited they heard the throbbing song of another plane, musical, threatening. The men dropped their voices to whispers.

"What the Sam Hill're you whispering for?" exclaimed a soldier. "Do you suppose he can hear you up there?"

The night killer drove straight for them; he circled a minute or two above their heads. Farwell discerned a point of light in the very center of the company and yelled fiercely: "Put that out!" The cigarette was snuffed in the wink of an eye, but it was too late. A hissing rush, and the world teetered about them. They lost three killed and eight wounded—because a man had been careless!

"Who did that smoking?" in a white fury.

A long silence; then one of the men spoke up:

"It was Grisett, sir."

"No, sir; it was not. I ain't touched a cigarette to-night. I seen Hall with one in his hand, captain."

"You did, hey?" answered Farwell, stepping close; but eying him did no good in the gloom. "What made you pick on Hall? Because he's a casualty?"

"No, sir. I seen him, honest to Gawd, captain, sir."

Farwell had an impulse to shoot him where he stood, for intuition told him that Grisett was the culprit. Hadn't he always given trouble, from the day he joined the company among a batch of replacements? Surly and dirty, malingering on every hike, playing sick when they were in the line, Grisett had been a sore spot in his section. Such a man can infect an entire platoon as surely as a cancer ravages the whole body. But questioning developed that only one of his comrades would name Grisett positively; the column began to move; and the captain perforce had to abandon the investigation until later.

Wet, weary and footsore, they trudged along, the men's heads bowed beneath the weight of the packs. The air was alive with enemy planes, but the company escaped further strafing. They heard the crash of bombs farther back along the road, but those sounds soon ceased, the moon hid her face, and their thoughts centered wholly on when they should reach their destination.

In the Ruined Village

FARWELL was sick and spent. For three days they had hiked across the face of France, doing from twenty to twenty-five miles a day. He had a touch of flu; fully a third of his command were suffering from its effects or from dysentery. But they kept on their feet with sullen doggedness and headed toward the great battle. Though shivering and miserable, now hot, now cold, they would not drop out. Some of them were whimpering with the pain of their feet and aching joints. Some wept in the despair of utter exhaustion. Ever so often came the clatter of a rifle, the clash of accouterments—only another fallen unconscious. Still they kept on.

"God!" he thought. "Were ever such men?"

He wondered, as he plodded along, how many of them would emerge alive from this show. They had heard rumors of an armistice, of peace within the month; but rumors are forever flying through the army and most of the boys scouted the hope. It was a cinch that an armistice would not be concluded in time to save them from this fight, and every sign pointed to a do-or-die effort. He knew what that meant.

Would he pull through this as he had pulled through the others? He wore two wound stripes already. Surely those were enough! It didn't seem fair that he should be going in again when so many thousands were sitting pretty in the back areas. He laughed bitterly as he thought of the trim young men who so often dashed up from army headquarters to inspect them in the rest sectors.

Just before dawn they entered a tiny village. A frightful stench stung their nostrils, and twice Farwell stumbled over something soft—the bodies of unburied dead. The boche had been driven from his place very recently and his shelling had been too severe to permit the conquerors to clean up. Even as the men threaded the pitted and littered main street, some 155's and a few "fast freights" burst on the edge of town.

The houses were tumbled heaps of stone and mortar. They took refuge

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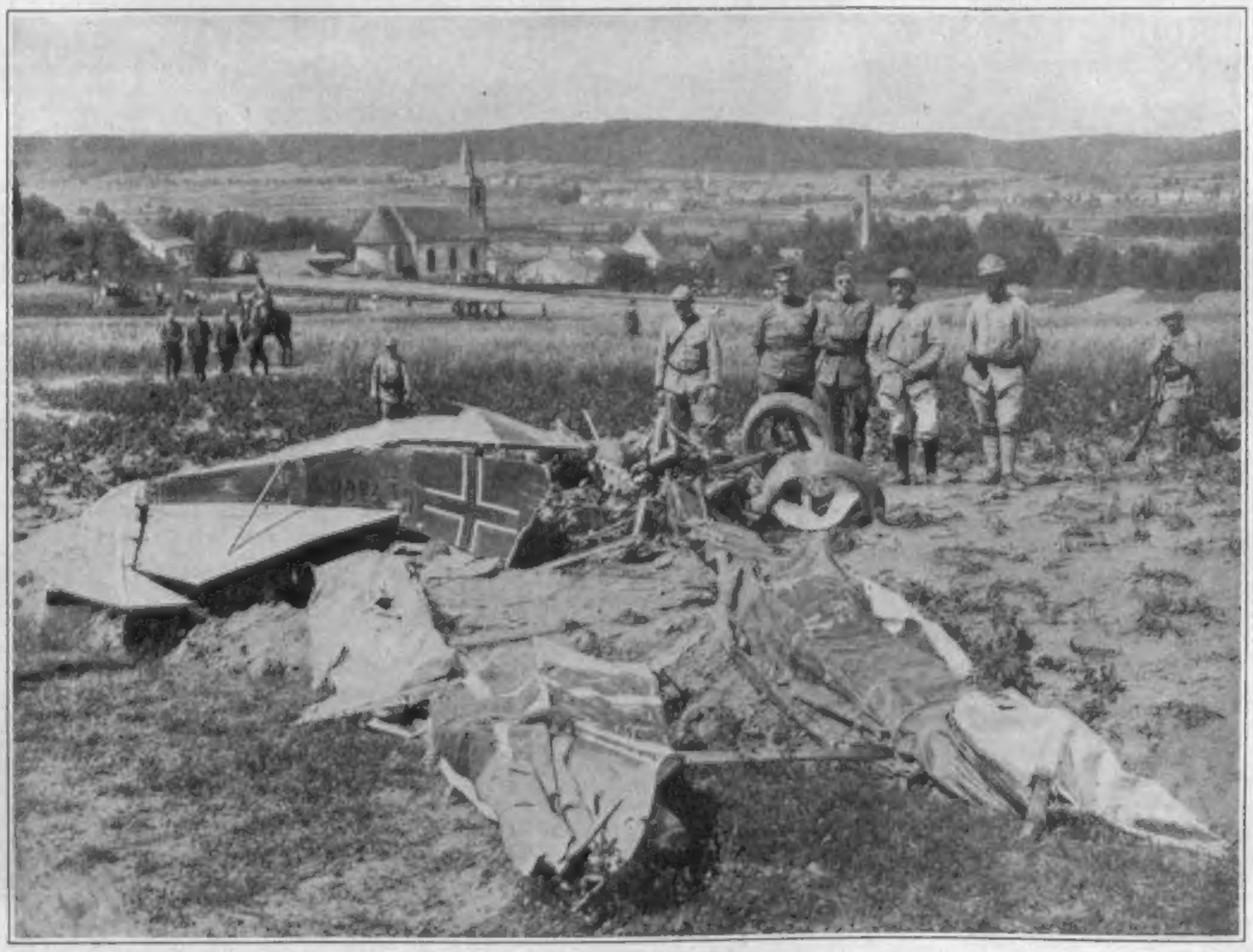


A German Plane Brought Down Behind the Allied Lines

THE FOUR-LEAVED WILDCAT

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"I don't bother work, work don't bother me,
Ise fo' times as happy as a buh-humblebee."

VITUS MARSDEN proclaimed to the world the content that filled his heart. Work was good enough for field hands and river niggers. Cutting the lawns that fronted white folks' residences on Legal Hill or taking an occasional r'ar at the gallopin' dominoes when the sevens and 'levens were feeling anxious to oblige a boy were the sources of an income sufficient for the day. And no man has seen to-morrow.

Vitus walked along a shaded back street. The sidewalk was made of soft red brick, which wore down unevenly so that young grass cutters would flap along and flap along until an old brick would try to bump hisself in an' live with a boy's toes.

In the left pocket of his adhesive shirt three silver dollars lay heavy as a crocodile's conscience. "Black shoes is three dollars, yaller shoes is three-fifty," thought Vitus. "Ketch me one mo' lawn—then watch out, yaller shoes! Ise a wil'cat f'r yaller, an' Ise on my prowl!"

The Wildcat was captured at the corner of Fourth and Elm by Mis' Minnie Morrison. "Name's Mis' Minnie but folks minds like she was a ol' whale an' them Jonah."

"Vitus, come here!"

The Wildcat responded with the muscular activity of his namesake. "Mis' Minnie, here I is."

"This lawn needs trimming. It must be trimmed evenly and with precision—eliminating, as far as your inferior technic will permit, the incongruous undulations consequent to a preponderance of clover."

"Yas'm! Is you got a whetstone?" The Wildcat's intellect sagged for an instant with the effort of remembering some of the heavy-set words for future use at the Argumentative Pleasure Club.

Ordinarily the business of trimming a lawn meant no more to the Wildcat than shuffling half a mile through a grass-strewn bit of life, but Mis' Minnie's specifications had made this a different proposition. Her vocabulary had made work out of a little old job of cutting grass.

"I don't bother work, work don't conflooperate no bumblebee-ee. I'll lend me a lawn-mowin' machine f'r this here ol' elephant of a lawn."

For half an hour after the lawn mower had been borrowed—on the strength of a promise to sharpen it up free "to show how good kin I make ol' grass eater cut"—the Wildcat marched with his feet flopping into a cascade of blue grass and clover which gushed from the whirling knives. He roughed down the incongruous undulations and trimmed the edges as best he could with the lawn mower, and was so relieved at the improvement he had wrought that he resolved to sacrifice the edge of his shavin' razor in an attack on the floppity bunches of grass along the margin of the lawn. He produced the razor with a movement similar to that which a fat man employs in scratching his back, and in a few minutes the margin of the lawn was enjoying the bristly status of its interior. The Wildcat raked up the results of the grass eater's activity, returned the machine to its owner with a request that he try it and see how good kin she cut now, and sat down to rest himself until Mis' Minnie might bestow the fifty cents.

"Black shoes, three dollars. Yaller shoes, three-fifty. Fifty cents, where at is you?"

The Wildcat Massaged the Dice Between His Magenta Palms. "Little Gallopers, Speak to Me! Shoots Fifty Cents!"

He regarded the flappy sole of his left shoe and discovered that the contents of the shoe consisted of about equal parts of foot and clover. He removed the shoe and shook the grass out of it.

Mis' Minnie appeared with the fifty cents. "From a casual inspection it would appear that your reputation has been substantiated in this instance by equivalent performance."

The Wildcat batted his eyes. "Yas'm, Mis' Minnie. Thank you!"

The fifty-cent piece clinked to its place in the pocket of the adhesive shirt beside the three silver dollars. Mis' Minnie walked into the house and Vitus sat down to put on his left shoe, from which the clover had been emptied. "Yaller shoes, three-fifty." The three-fifty clinked nobly as the Wildcat bent over to put on his shoe.

Pressed against the sole inside of the Wildcat's left shoe, outlining in placid green the perfection of its promise, lay a four-leaved clover.

"Cloveh! Li'l cloveh, us needs action!"

The three-fifty clinked in cadence with the Wildcat's gallop toward a place where sevens and 'levens were feeling anxious to oblige.

In the back room of Willie Webster's barber shop the Wildcat knelt in a circle of his kind, getting action on the three-fifty. A pair of mercury dice introduced by a lodge brother failed to respond. The Wildcat shot a dollar and let it lay for three passes. He picked up the accumulated wealth and warmed the dice with the breath of victory.

"Ise a fo'-leaf wil'cat, an' Ise on my prowl! Shoots five dollars!"

The lodge brother recalled the guaranty that accompanied the mercury dice. "Boy," he said, "roll 'em!"

The Wildcat rolled 'em, and his proprietary interest in the five dollars died a natural death. The lodge brother galloped the dominoes for two passes and whittled the Wildcat down to the measly fifty-cent piece that Mis' Minnie had given him for manicuring the ol' elephant.

The Wildcat massaged the dice between his magenta palms. "Little gallopers, speak to me! Shoots fifty cents!"

The little gallopers spoke to him. Their speech was not that which charms the ears of fortune's paramour. It sounded like the language of a steamboat man or deppity sheriff. The lodge brother grunted: "Wildcat, you is had your prowl."

The Wildcat retreated from the circle and made his way to the front room of the barber shop.

"Willie, how's chances for gettin' me a haircut on credit till I cuts me another lawn?"

The proprietor, wise to the financial condition of the victim who emerged from the back room of the shop, lost no time in stating his terms.

"We sells haircuts f'r cash; wartimes an' folks movin' away has me about bust now. They ain't no more credit till after the war is over."

The Wildcat shuffled out of the shop and prowled homeward. He paused in front of a grocery store long enough to figger he might eat a can of sardine fishes. He read the sign above the door "CashGrocery"—and resumed his course.

At the boarding house a white man waited for the Wildcat. The man carried a sheaf of folded-up papers in his left hand. The Wildcat recalled the fact that white men with folded-up papers never meant any luck for a boy.

"Ain't no 'stallment man—I finished up that 'stallment banjo an' that ol' 'stallment gold watch—how come this white man here?"

The white man challenged: "Boy, your name Vitus Marsden?"

The Wildcat saw no avenue of escape.

The white man pointed the folded-up papers at him. "You are drafted for the First Service Battalion. Report to the provost marshal in Memphis by to-morrow noon. You're 953,497."

"I sure is considerable. What is this here Fust Service Battalion?" Vitus Marsden, the Wildcat, mentally recorded his number.

"Service battalions are front-line construction troops. Your uniform and equipment will be issued as soon as you pass the medical examination."

"Front line—'quipment—'zamination!" The Wildcat took hold of his Adam's apple, figgerin' it might keep jumpin' round until it got lost. "You mean Ise a wah soldier f'r workin' in dis yere wah?"

"Wouldn't say you'll be in the war, boy"—the white man had his joy in his work—"you'll be sort of on the edge of it—the front edge, buildin' railroads f'r haulin' dead Germans away from in front of our cannons."

The Wildcat lost his health during the next three seconds. "Mister, my misery has got me bad ag'in ——"

"Before noon to-morrow at Memphis; the provost marshal's office. And if you ain't there you get a military burial to-morrow at sundown."

The white man offered this casual interruption to the Wildcat's complaint and departed in search of the next winner in the lottery.

"Uppity, I Ax You Where at Is de Artillery Parade Where I'se Consecrated to Carry Dese Mules?"

The military Wildcat curled up on his bed and removed his shoes so as to be footloose in his misery. Inside the left shoe, distinct against the dark leather background of the sole, lay the four-leaved clover.

"Cloveh, you fo'-leaf liar, wuz you a hawg I'd barbecue you with a rock."

The Wildcat scraped the four-leaved clover from the inside of his shoe. He clenched the talisman in a savage fist and heaved it from him. It fell on the foot of the bed and attached itself to the surface of a blanket. The Wildcat flopped himself down and tried to groan himself to death. He felt sleepy. He was pretty handy when there was any jobs of eating or sleeping to be done. Presently he dreamed of yaller shoes and cascades of four-leaved clover.

"Ise a mil'tary Wildcat, an' Ise on my prowl! Wah Germans is like gallopin' dominoes—only us boys hauls dead ones on railroads! Shoots five dollars—I needs action!"

The Wildcat's lower jaw sagged down something less than a foot. Without half trying he slept until an hour past noon of the next day.

The Wildcat awakened to face a threatening past and a tolerably measly future. The window of the room was clouded with a drizzle of rain. The smell of something frying in hot grease suggested that a little grub might come in handy for a hungry prowler. "Ain't et me nothing a-tall since Mis' Minnie consecrated me to cuttin' that ol' elephant of a lawn."

Dressing consisted of the simple business of putting on his shoes and hat. The floppity front end of the left shoe was lashed to contact with the sole of the Wildcat's foot by means of a piece of string. "Yaller shoes, three-fifty; I don't need you nohow in the summertime."

Downstairs the empress of the boarding house was rendering grease from some bacon rinds that a white lady had bestowed upon her. The Wildcat looked things over and suggested that a little breakfast might build up his run-down constitution.

The Amazon eyed him with the caressing look of an active rattlesnake. "Brekfus'—you beggin' brekfus', an' dinner cleared up an hour ago! Youse rollin' heavy if you gits any supper, you trifflin' fiddle-footed mushrat! Clear outen here!"

The Wildcat lost interest in breakfast. The white man had said something about a military burial in case the rendezvous at the provost marshal's office in Memphis was delayed beyond noon.

"Miss Lou, what time does the clock say now?"

"Inch past two o'clock."

Number 953,497 selected from the several evils which confronted him that one which led away from the military burial. Eliminating the Memphis quadrant from the circle of fate there remained the railroad track which led south; the impossible Mississip', on the west; and the Swamp Road, leading east. The Swamp Road was pretty fair except that a boy traveling that way had to pass the hangin' tree, where a piece of rope still dangled from a lower limb.

The Wildcat rolled up a blanket from the bed where he had slept and tossed it gently out of the window. In making his exit he was careful to avoid Mis' Lou. He sneaked down the back street with his blanket and headed for the railroad track which led south.

Farewell, muddy horseshoe bend in the rollin' Mississip'; farewell, hangin' tree on the Swamp Road; farewell, military burial.

Number 953,497 reached the railroad yards and headed down the track. The Wildcat was on his prowlin' way.

"I don't bother work, work don't bother me ——"

At the lower end of the yard a soldier stepped from between a pair of box cars and pointed a shiny new bayonet at the Wildcat's digestive system. Behind the bayonet was the biggest rifle the Wildcat had ever seen.

The soldier strayed a little from the words of the manual. "Nigger," he demanded, "where in hell is you headed for?"

After a while the Wildcat regained partial control of his lower jaw. "Provo' man's place in Memphis f'r 'quipment," he stated.

"Corp'l the guard—Post Number Six!" the sentry bawled. The Wildcat rolled his eyes. The corporal appeared, convoying an automatic pistol whose sagging volume was eloquent of military burials.

"White man with a paper tol' me my number an' could I git to Memphis. I got headed round somehow ——"

"Boy, head round again, an' head quick!" The Wildcat executed an efficient but technically imperfect About Face.

Ten minutes later, in a box car filled with twenty more high numbers, he was en route for Memphis. In an hour the car was disgorging its accumulation under the smoky train shed in the Memphis station. A group of officers confronted the Wildcat and his associates. One of these gentlemen with a long paper in his hand was reading numbers.

"Number 953,497."

"Gin'ral, here I is." The Wildcat stepped forward to whatever kind of military funeral might await him.

The officer consulted his list. "Son, is your name Vitus Marsden?"

"Gin'ral, yassir."

"Line up over there with those other boys—and don't call me 'gin'ral.'"

"Gin'ral, yassir!"

Anything to oblige was the present policy. The "gin'ral" had a low voice, like a good poker player. The Wildcat decided that the "gin'ral" was white folks.

That night the Wildcat slept in a long cotton shed. At quarter to ten a lusty bugler blew the call to quarters.

"What dat horn mean?" the Wildcat suddenly demanded of an experienced soldier in soldier clothes.

"Sign they's buryin' some noisy nigger," the experienced soldier informed him.

Taps blared with a suddenness to be expected of Gabriel only. "Buryin' us boys as fast as they ketch us," the Wildcat decided. He rolled his blanket round his head and resigned himself to whatever hand the fates might deal from their stacked deck.

Something tickled his ear. "Cotton creeper, mos' likely." He reached for the offending insect and inspected it. It was the four-leaved clover, considerably the worse for wear, which he had cast from him the night before in the boarding house. "Cloveh, you hell-raisin' houn'—Ise gonna eat you!" He ground the four-leaved nemesis to a pulp.

The sergeant in charge of quarters turned out the lights. The Wildcat kept thinkin' and ponderin' about military burials and hauling dead Germans in front of cannons. In his misery he decided to let the gin'ral help him worry. There was one man what acted like white folks. He fell asleep with the gin'ral between him and the military funeral and the dead Germans and the hangin' tree and the rest of the pesterin' things that wildcats hate.

So far the Wildcat had missed four meals.

Reveille sounded. The Wildcat blinked himself into the cold realities of life and sat up.

"Boy," he said to the ginger-faced youth next to him, "boy, what us needs is some side meat an' gravy an' biscuits an' —— When does us eat?"

He put on his shoes and sought out a soldier with three chevrons on his sleeve. "Podneh, where at is us boys' brekfus' 'quipment?"

The sergeant, old in the service, gave the Wildcat his second lesson in military etiquette. The Wildcat figgered that if there was any card lower than a deuce in the military deck he was it. For the balance of the day he waited for some other boy to start something. In the afternoon he passed the medical examination and stood in line for an hour until his uniform and equipment were issued to him. He was assigned to Company C of the battalion. At four o'clock the company formed for the first time. The Wildcat sized down to Squad Seven and took his place in the front rank.

"Company—'ten-shun!" The sergeant observed a sudden epidemic of protruding stomachs.

"Co'pals will be selected at retreat for their mil'tary bearin'. When I tells you 'At ease,' you eases; when I tells you 'At rest,' you talks. At rest!"

The boy behind the Wildcat talked. He talked at the Wildcat:

"Cap'n find that meat plow you's totin' you'll be at res'—after the funeral."

The weight of the Wildcat's shaving razor suddenly rested heavy between the shoulder blades of his conscience. "How come?"

"You know how come; an' it stickin' out agin' yo' coat like ol' hawg's backbone."

The Wildcat straightened up. At retreat he had shifted his razor, but was still acutely straight. The captain's "'Tenshun!" nearly threw him over backward.

Because of his military bearing the Wildcat became corporal of his squad.

One minute after taps the Wildcat gave his first command. "Lootenant says, 'Shut up when taps horn blows.' She done blow. Shut up!"

Out of the darkness came an impudent inquiry: "Who is you?"

"Ise yo' co'pal."

From another corner of the tent there came a whisper of derision: "Huh—when de lootenant's gone dey ain't no co'pals!"

The Wildcat fumbled round for an instant and then walked softly toward the source of the whisper. He lighted a match with his left hand. In his right there waved a razor with the meanest blade Squad Seven had ever seen. The match burned out. Until reveille Squad Seven snored heavily.

Mis' Minnie's Vocabulary Had Made Work Out of a Little Old Job of Cutting Grass

As near as the Wildcat could see, the war consisted of free rations, free clothes, a little prancin' round and considerable work with picks and shovels. Trench practice was the order of the day, and for three weeks the company dug trenches. A jack-rabbit, springing from Section F-63 of an advance sector running through the Skaggs' pasture, led two members of the Wildcat's family a chase that terminated

in the guardhouse. With this exception the squad had an excellent record. The colonel was pleased to remark the fact within hearing of the Wildcat; with cyclones selling at two cents a ton the Wildcat figured Squad Seven was about twelve dollars' worth.

Then, following rumor, came orders.

Box cars to an Atlantic port, a few hours on the long pier against which the transport lay, and then four decks below the surface of the harbor the Wildcat realized that as a boiled egg he was something under ninety seconds. All the steamboats he was ever on were made of wood and a nigger could look over the side and see land once in a while, but this old elephant of an iron boat was a jail with four or five cellars.

"What grieves my gizzard mos' is why is ol' boat so res'less an' uncertain where is she goin'," the Wildcat objected. "Rockin' round all the time like a bog-down mule."

The third day out a strange bugle call floated down from the deck above.

"Co'pal, what dat horn sayin'?" a startled member of Squad Seven demanded.

The Wildcat was pretty well scared himself but managed to pick his cue from a yell in the far corner of the compartment, where the sergeants bunked.

"Pay day, boy. Ain't you been a soldier long enough to rekonize money when she sings at you?"

An hour later pay day had gravitated to a group of hard-boiled professionals whose skill as crap shooters was advertised by their several accumulations of paper money. The Wildcat, still in the game and going stronger every second, was rolling some eloquent ivory. Restricted in the calisthenics of chance by the fact that his guardian knees covered two bales of greenbacks, about all he could do was to sweat and win money. Coming out, his opening palm spelled seven or eleven with monotonous regularity.

"Shoots fifty dollars; shower down, brothers, shower down! . . . Five spot an' a li'l deuce. . . . I lets her lay. . . . Shower down, brothers, shower down! . . . An' I six-aces fo' my home on high! Fade me, niggers, fade me! Ise a mil'tary wil'cat, an' I shoots it all. . . . Five an' six is 'leven! Li'l green leaves come back where at you growed. I rolls a hund'ed an' de boat rolls me. Shower down yo' money, brothers ——"

"'Ten-shun!"

At the foot of the companionway stood the lieutenant. Presently he began to read out loud from a paper:

"Special Orders Number Seven—Headquarters First Service Battalion: Gambling on board this ship by members of this battalion is forbidden. Offenders will be placed in arrest, in confinement and tried by special court. Signed: Colonel Commanding."

The lieutenant added an emphatic verbal indorsement: "If I find any of you niggers shootin' craps I'll skin the livin' hell out of you."

The Wildcat sat on the edge of his bunk and counted up as high as he could. "I figgers I wins sumpin' like a thousan' dollars; an' here is me an' the money, safe an' sound."

From a sack of mail delivered on board at the hour of the ship's departure a letter addressed to the Wildcat reached him as he finished counting his money. He laid the money beside him and summoned a school nigger.

"Boy, read me this here letter what she say."

The school nigger opened the pages of the letter and read it.

"Letter come from Mis' Lou at de boa'din' house sayin' 'Where at that blanket you took an' three dollars boa'd an' here is a fo'-leaf cloveh fo' good luck, an' how is you all? Good-by, an' Lawd bless yo', savin' you a jar of pussonal preserves what you likes.'"

"Where at de cloveh?"

The school nigger shook a flattened green talisman from the envelope. The Wildcat picked it up.

"Cloveh! Li'l cloveh, here is you an' here's mo' money what I ever see. . . . Money, where is you at!"

The bale of greenbacks had disappeared.

Mess call blew a minute later but the Wildcat wasn't hungry.

Ten days later at a base port in France the ship discharged her brunet cargo.

"Feet, lemme see kin you trod de ground!" The Wildcat felt middlin' good in spite of the incidental discomforts of the voyage. Explosive eggs, stewed liver and the restless rockin' round of the uncertain boat were forgotten, and in their place a hundred happier impressions formed:

I eats when I kin git it,
I sleeps mos' all de time,
I don't give a dog-gone if de sun don't neveh shine,
Dat's why I'm as happy as a buh-humblebee-ee —
I don't bother work, an' work don't bother me!

"Fall in!"

Company C formed and counted off as far down the line as the tenth squad without getting balled up, and executed a Squads Right that found only about half its members running wild, and finally hit up a route step for the long hill that led to camp.

"Where at is we headed fo', co'pal?"

"Res' camp; us needs rest."

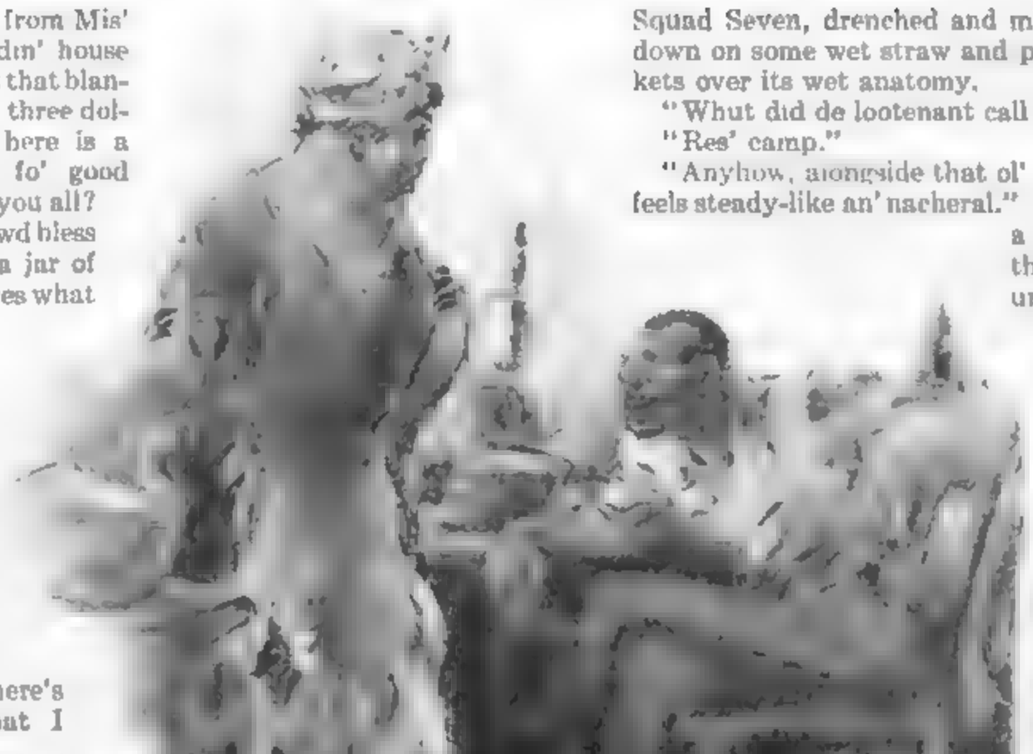
At nine o'clock that night the company reached camp and dined on bully beef and coffee. For the next three hours they erected tents and dug ditches round them. True to tradition the evening clouds of the Gironde condensed to a cold rain which endured throughout the night. At midnight Squad Seven, drenched and middlin' miserable, lay down on some wet straw and pulled some wet blankets over its wet anatomy.

"Whut did de lootenant call dis camp, co'pal?"

"Res' camp."

"Anyhow, alongside that ol' boat dis yere dry lan' feels steady-like an' nacheral." The Wildcat diverted a rivulet of rainwater that suddenly flowed under his neck.

"What you mean—'dry' lan'? Git to sleep!"



"Brekfus'! Youse Rollin' Heavy if You Gits Any Supper, You Trifiin' Fiddle-Footed Muskrat!"

At midnight three hundred miles farther along the road to Berlin a general commanding brigade headquarters lay down on a potato sack in the corner of a roofless stone barn and smoked the front ends of three cigarettes. Then in a sulphuric bass rich with the tremolo of passion he cursed the qualified rain and the Service of Supply and called for an orderly.

"Ask one of the artillery officers to come in here a moment, and then get G. H. Q. on the wire." The orderly saluted and faded into the adjoining room, where, in a stall once tenanted by a large red cow, a signal-corps man sat in front of a twenty-pair board.

"Git G. H. Q. an' ring the Ol' Man when you git 'em," he ordered. He sought another section of the barn and addressed an officer who was stuttering some orders on a rusty typewriter: "Sir, the general presents his compliments and wishes to see you in his quarters."

The general was sitting up on his potato sack when the artillery colonel reported.

"Jim, what's the maximum barrage range for to-morrow's advance?" he asked.

"Eight miles, general; not over eight."

"Our Front is four miles ahead of your guns—leaving four to go. I've ordered two miles kicked out of the line. Two miles is two miles on paper, but when the babies start it's hard to hold 'em—and if they make it five or six where in hell are they at?"

"Beyond the barrage—and where you said; the ones who get through."

The telephone beside the potato sack rang. The general spoke slowly: "General commanding censored Brigade speaking. Let me have Artillery Staff. . . . This is general commanding censored Brigade. How in hell do

(Continued on Page 45)

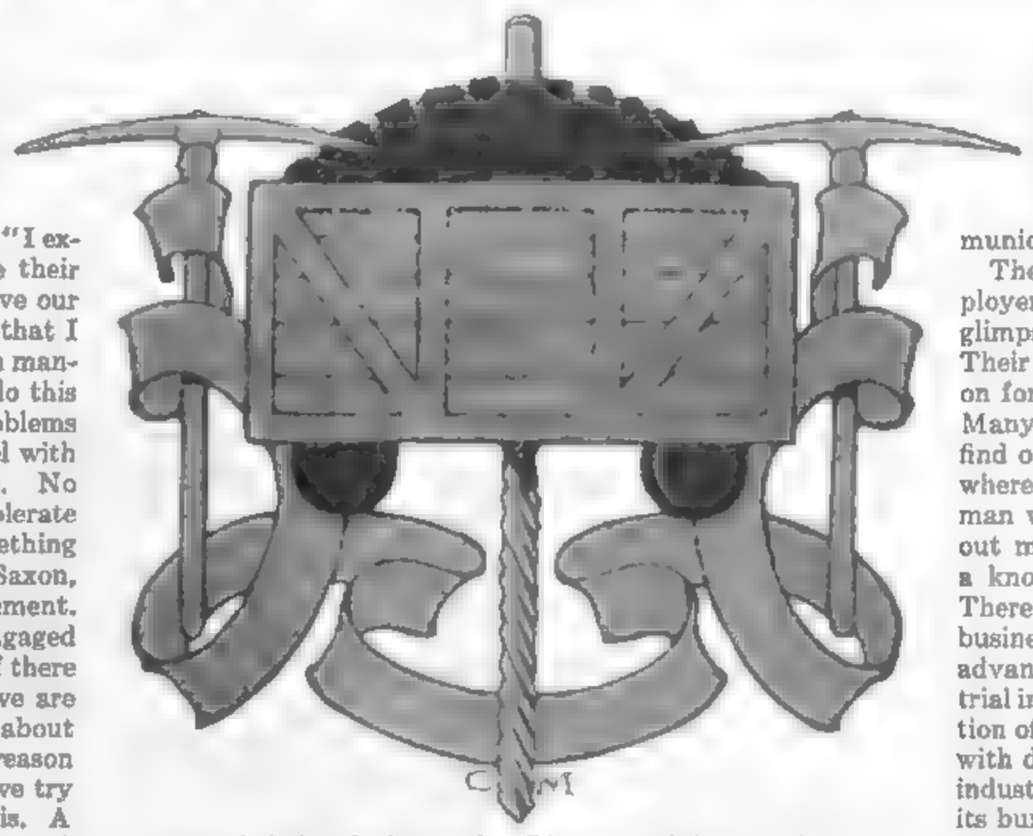
The Barrage of the Zero Hour Rocked the Earth Round Them—the Mules Charged Across a Field That Began to Bloom With Shrapnel

Sidelights on Industry in Great Britain

By Meyer Bloomfield

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE business of handling a large force of men is no longer a mystery. It is something which can be put into words plain enough for the average man to understand. Keeping an organization going through power over other men takes far less brains than does the winning of their coöperation by appeal to their intelligence and their interest." A leader in British industry voices in these words an important change in the viewpoint of industrial executives. "I expect all my fellow employees, whatever may be their work, to help. I know that they can help improve our organization and our product. And they know that I appreciate such help. I want to see them grow in management skill and point of view. One way to do this is to open up opportunities for all to know the problems we have to meet day by day, and to take counsel with them. Our men see things which we cannot see. No man can be a judge in his own cause. If we tolerate this we have the formula that might is right, something that we have just defeated. We want an Anglo-Saxon, not a Prussian, ideal of industry and its management. That ideal is of service on the part of every man engaged in it—or we all move in a kind of living death. If there is no ideal service we have to find out how far we are the cause of this failure. Men ordinarily give about the response we look for in them. There is no reason for any failure to make employment a service if we try hard enough. But we must believe first that it is. A few years ago I was interested in a company started to trade on the Gold Coast. We decided to limit our profits to a reasonable figure, and to turn over the surplus for the benefit of the inhabitants of the country with which we were trading. There was no cant, no humbug or charity about it. We did not sell silk hats to the naked natives. We sought a fair trade, gave good value, and used the fund to supply real wants, such as medical care, for which there was no extra charge. It was our idea that the country had already paid us for this service through our trade." —



Problems in Human Nature

PRODUCTION of the goods for which a shaken world is waiting does not altogether depend on how much the man at the bench will extend himself, though more solid effort all round is needed; nor on how far workmen will collectively throw over practices which hold production back. They will do this, given certain assurances. Nor does it rest on the changes in plant and tools which the employer is introducing, though all those things will help and go a long way. It hangs on things that go deeper into essential human nature, and the wise man is he who takes careful account of those things. Management of men is just management of human nature, and this human nature after a long siege of war strain and of danger, alarms, and situations which have stirred the brain cells of the multitude is not quite the human nature that it was before the war. There can be no doubt that everywhere you sense a wish to settle down, a longing for quiet and for the ordinary routine of everyday life. That settling down will not take place until certain difficulties are adjusted and a certain uneasiness appeased. Unless these things are done disaffection will be there to harass and disturb.

Some share for this unsettled state of mind which one glimpses in going up and down industrial centers can be traced to sharp resentment against the kind of supervision under which the men have been working. Not that this supervision has been always harsh or incapable—such an assertion would be unfair and exaggerated. In many instances there has been wisdom, understanding. But while employers have theorized and experimented the workers have been thinking hard on the whole management proposition, and they cherish certain strong convictions as to how they should be dealt with. These convictions are not always clearly stated; but the purpose is clear enough, even though the phrasing favored by the more aggressive would, if carried to its conclusion, undo all organization and tumble industry into a heap.

But, I repeat, the men have been busily brooding over notions of something better in shop relationship than they have had before, and as thoughts are facts it is worth while trying to understand what is behind their feeling about the conduct of the workshop and their part in it.

Having worked at full tilt throughout the war, and believing that they were sharing, as never before, with foremen, managers and employers in a common business directed to a common end—namely, that of winning the war—the workmen, take them as a whole, have developed in this war experience a new interest in the industrial organization of which they have been a part, and a new sense of their relation to it. They are giving up, if they have not already abandoned, the idea that they are mere sojourners in their place of employment. All through the war they were told again and again—and they were disposed to believe it—that in their hands lay victory or disaster; that they were needed just where they were; that they were the heart and the solar plexus of the organization; and that nothing could excuse any slacking or shifting about—in short, that they belonged very much right where they found themselves.

Every effort was made to steady the working force. For a time men were not allowed to flit from job to job. Pressure of all sorts was used to hold them to their work. And when the pressure—that of the war regulations especially—was relaxed, public opinion and shop opinion against the floater and the job hobo came in to help. So the number of job changes was kept down. Every man was expected to do his duty, and if he was a workman exempt from military service there was an additional reason to stand by. And the men stood by; and the longer they stayed the more they made comparisons, both mental and vocal, of the personnel that gave them orders and instructions and had the say over their comings and goings.

Every plant on war work and very many others have been under a most lively public scrutiny. Everybody seemed to know all about their inner workings. Whatever may have been the privacy they once enjoyed, the strictly internal affairs—the domestic gossip, as it were—of every great establishment became common property. Eating places, the canteens, the pubs, the smoking coaches—all were daily centers of exchange, quotation, the ratings of managerial idols—or the contrary, as the case may have been, and often was. And out of these informal and universal juries certain notions as regards management and the man power under its ordering came into view, as I have already intimated, and though of low visibility at first it yet was of sufficient significance to furnish the abler among employers with food for thought.

This is the lesson that struck home the hardest: That the chain of management is never any stronger than its weakest foreman link. By foreman I mean any of the variety of in-between officials of the plant—overseer, boss, leading man or whatever the local designation may be—for the man who comes directly in contact with the men stands in their eyes for management as a whole, and rules their shop life and duties. This foreman, unfortunately for industry, appears in the drama as more or less of a pocketed, sidetracked individual, though his part is that of intermediary between the man at the top and the rank and file. He was neither expected nor encouraged to broaden his own industrial outlook. He had been put into a niche and was left there so long as he didn't give any trouble and delivered the output according to schedule. Conferences there were aplenty, but he was not among those present; executives met to shape up far-reaching policies, but he never sat in. As of the poor, short and simple annals only were expected of him.

The only trouble with this proposition is that the situation does not lend itself to any such simplicity. There is not a man on the whole industrial general staff who influences as much the temper, tone and smooth working of an industry as does this same unconsidered foreman person. He deals with human nature every minute, and that same human nature deals with him about as frequently, and the action and reaction of these forces, to use laboratory lingo, is a subject suitable for minds well above the freshman grade. To sidetrack this foreman then—that is, to fail to help him grow in insight—is to choke up a vital channel of communication between management and men.

The folly of it has come home to those abler employers before mentioned. They are getting at least a glimpse of their men's real attitude and intention. Their enlightenment is not sudden. It has been going on for years, the war merely accelerating the process. Many men of affairs having the interest or desire could find out the best that was being done or thought anywhere. They could read or travel and talk with any man whose industrial opinions they cared for. Without much trouble they could give themselves as wide a knowledge of industrial questions as they pleased. There is nothing disparaging in pointing out that the business executive to-day is, on the whole, decades in advance of his immediate predecessors as regards industrial insight. Assuredly there is coming up a new generation of industrial leaders in Britain, bred in a sympathy with democracy, which promises much for the future of industry and for right relations among those who share its burden.

And one of the first improvements concerns that yawning mental gap between the man who has the power to give orders and those who take them. The building up of an enlightened foremanship is one of the big and as yet mainly untackled jobs of management. That here and there good beginnings have been made only strengthens the sense of need. As clear and decisive is the need, if management is to win the respect of the managed, for finer tools than have thus far been used. The man power that is enlisted for the world's reconstruction will have to be dealt with in terms that suggest an understanding of its hopes and sense of values. To grasp this is to have the secret of successful management in the days to come.

At the other end the masses, the rank and file, the working forces—however we choose to put it—have also been undergoing a mental overhauling. The extent of it is even yet hardly realized by the man who leaves his office after the day's work, sees the men flow through the gates, and then proceeds to his home or club, where he meets those who think as he does, have about the same kind of information as to what is going on, and where he never gets a glimmer of a life which takes on fresh vigor and fervor after the factory windows are darkened.

New Aims of Executives

TO GET an idea of what is really happening to the workingman one must go to the sources of his inspiration—to his meetings and gathering places, to the evening school, the public school, the free lectures, read the press and the literature of the crowded quarters, and browse among their dingy bookstalls and pushcarts laden with the solidest reading matter outside of the specialists' reference shelves. And these are only a few of the stimulants of the modern workman. Intelligent executives are aware of these stirrings and are not unsympathetic with them. They are, in fact, earnestly trying to square their own ideas of handling the working force with this new self-respect of their employees. The motive that prompts them is not wholly selfish. They welcome the coming of an organization in which the lowliest member may feel that he has something to chip in of suggestion, criticism and idealism.

Industrial unrest in Britain can no longer be accounted for by dissatisfaction with wage rates or hours of labor, as in the early days of trade-union agitation. There was a time, not long past, when it was possible to ask in regard to a particular dispute "How much do they want this time?" An increase of a penny an hour or a couple of shillings a day represented generally the extent of the demands. Sometimes the men resented bad factory conditions or objected to the manners or lack of manners of their foremen, and ceased work in protest; sometimes they wanted a shorter working day, less overtime, a rearrangement of rest days, and the like; but broadly it may be said that until a few years ago the workers as a class were not much in revolt against any system as such or acutely conscious of there being anything wrong with their place in industry. Within a short period, however, a marked change has taken place in attitude. A new note of criticism crept into their propaganda, denying the claim that industry was already well managed and could not be improved.

Among large sections of the workers, especially among the younger men, a new temper has appeared.

Their ideas are easy to dismiss with a contemptuous shrug as half-baked notions of the imperfectly educated. Imperfectly educated, indeed, the younger workingmen may be, and victims of phrases; but these men are tenacious; one creed is expounded with fluency by the men of the guild movement and the shop-steward movement, which declares that the worker is no longer a cog in the industrial machine. It infuriates the worker to be described as a "hand"; he repudiates sometimes with oaths the notion that he ought to be content with a slow amelioration of his lot. Much of his dislike of the welfare schemes put forward by employers, his contempt of profit-sharing arrangements, still more his suspicion of "scientific management" cannot be explained except by reference to his stubborn suspicion that his claim to be treated as a human being is subtly being circumvented. It is less and less possible to humor him. What he wants is to be treated as an equal. It is quite likely that things will not work out exactly as he expects, but one has only to come into contact with these groups of which I speak to realize that increases in wages, shorter working hours, welfare schemes, pensions and even a share of the profits, though desirable in themselves, do not go far enough. The active spirits among the rank and file are bent upon raising the status of their class.

Professor Murray's Story

THE amount of quiet but effective education going on among the workmen of these isles is barely understood by the public at large. Ask the man on the street what he knows about the Workers' Educational Association and he will probably tell you that he has never heard of it; or, if he has, the chances are that he harbors a misty notion of its being some highbrow sort of thing. Nothing could be farther from the truth. This association and other like activities among the men have in view the big, long-headed purpose of fitting the British worker for a large place and responsibility in the conduct of industry. The rank and file are taking in hand the job of improving the man-power quality of the country, doing this in the strong conviction that only as they fit themselves can they hope to get and keep a bigger rôle in the management of industry. Oxford University has been in this undertaking a noteworthy assistance and inspiration. Some of the brightest and ablest graduates of this and, indeed, of other universities, too, have been leaders and teachers in this work.

What is the Workers' Educational Association, or the W. E. A., as it is better known? Founded in 1903 by a group of trade union and coöperative society members the W. E. A. now comprises nearly three thousand organizations, such as trades councils, coöperative education committees, workingmen's clubs and teachers' associations. Its local branches cover the industrial centers of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa. Support for this work flows from a large number of small contributions and from government grants. Workmen enroll for as much as a three years' course, and keep up a good attendance. In the summer school for workingmen at Oxford you will find a roomful of men—potters, plumbers, carpenters, miners and machinists—wrestling over economic questions with professors of world-wide fame.

Prof. Gilbert Murray, the famous Greek scholar, tells this incident:

"There was a close friend of mine, once my secretary, who gave up that post to become a W. E. A. teacher. In this new work he had a very small salary, and hard work. He had offers at higher salaries, but he refused them all for this teaching of workingmen. When the war came he enlisted, and after he had received a commission he found himself commanding some of those North Country miners who before the war used to form his classes in history and political science. When he was mortally wounded some of his men almost gave up their own lives in a long and brave effort to save him. One of these men later received the Victoria Cross for his effort to save his teacher commander."

Ruskin College, at Oxford, was founded to bring workingmen under university influence, and among other activities it has been carrying on correspondence courses for the men who could not become residents. The Central Labor College is a rebel offshoot of this institution, and operates through the Plebs League. This college is supported by the National Union of Railwaymen and the South Wales Miners' Federation, though the active elements in the work are only a small minority who are in sympathy with its extreme teachings. The state of the mind of the Plebs League is sufficiently indicated by its motto: "I can promise to be candid but not impartial." A monthly, the Plebs Magazine, was issued until suppressed by the government, it is generally believed for its revolutionary activities during the war. The Commission on Industrial Unrest found that the propaganda of the Central Labor College was one of the chief sources of trouble in the South Wales coal district. In March, 1917, the commission states, nineteen classes were being conducted in South Wales, with some five hundred men in attendance. But the influence of the work could not be measured by the small membership of these classes. This influence is, as the committee points out, "deliberate of purpose," and forms a leaven which can on occasion ferment considerably.

How many men if they were asked what was the greatest business enterprise in the British Empire—greatest in volume of trade combined with the largest number of shareholders—could answer offhand "The coöperative movement"? Here is one of the giant enterprises of the present day. It is the biggest school of business on earth, providing workmen with experience in business management such as nothing else gives; it is the recruiting and training station for industrial leaders to a degree which warrants my giving more than passing mention to the workings of the coöperative movement.

In origin the movement dates back to the days of Robert Owen and the Rochdale Pioneers—the first coöperative store being that founded at Rochdale in Lancashire by the now historic twenty-eight poor weavers, who in December, 1844, opened the Auld Weyvurs' Shop, in Toad Lane, as a grocery store. This shop at first was open only on Saturday and Monday evenings; one member acting as salesman, another as secretary, a third as cashier to a trade of about ten dollars a week, while a fourth was custodian of the capital, amounting to less than one hundred and fifty dollars, gathered by dint of hard saving. To-day the coöperative stores are the recognized medium of supply for the household necessities of not much less than half the industrial population of Great Britain.

The Rochdale Weavers

THE device that made the Rochdale Pioneers the type of all time and established the movement was the division of "profits" or surplus on the purchases of all the customers.

From the humble beginnings of twenty-eight members the movement has grown, until to-day the United Kingdom includes fifteen hundred societies with an aggregate membership of three and a half million shareholders. Its annual trade is now no less than one billion dollars; its capital in shares, loans and deposits amounts to three hundred and forty millions; its reserve fund equals four hundred millions, with a "profit" or surplus of one hundred millions a year. The value of its land, buildings and stock is one hundred millions, and it has at least fifty millions invested in house-building schemes for its members. The persons employed directly in the movement number one hundred and sixty thousand, and the annual wages bill is sixty millions. More than six hundred thousand dollars annually is set aside for purposes of education, propaganda and recreation; a similar sum being devoted to charitable purposes.

When it is remembered that the whole of this colossal undertaking is managed by workingmen, such as colliers, engineers, weavers, spinners and carpenters, who give their scant leisure without any fee or reward, and travel up and down the land in the interest of this movement for bare expenses, we realize at once that something deep and strong must be acting on the minds of this great army.

J. S. May, the general secretary of the International Coöperative Alliance, told me: "One of the fundamental principles of the movement is that it shall have no dealings with the liquor traffic. In spite of the grocers' licenses this principle is rigidly adhered to, and so far from weakening on the question as the movement develops the tendency is, for example, in acquiring land either for business purposes or the many housing schemes of the societies, to extinguish existing licenses, and certainly to prevent them from operating on coöperative soil.

"Of course the great contribution which the movement has made to the well-being of the people lies in facilities for thrift. In the first place, the system of cash payments for all goods has worked a revolution in the habits of the people once compromised by the system of 'truck' which many employers set up in their factories. Robert Owen made the first practical experiment to combat this evil at his works at New Lanark in the early days of the nineteenth century by establishing a cost-price store for the use of his workpeople. Their wages were paid in the full instead of being set off against their score at the shop of the master and they were at liberty to spend their wages at the store which Owen had provided or to go elsewhere. Such a scheme was then considered quixotic in the extreme, but the modern coöperative movement has done much to secure the passing of the Truck Acts which abolished the whole bad system."

Eating Oneself Into a Home

"THE plan of building up share capital by small payments of six cents and upward, together with the later rule that dividends on purchases should be capitalized up to the amount of the minimum shareholding, made the thrift of the members nearly automatic. Many a family to-day realizes to the full the truth of the saying that 'an Englishman's house is his castle' simply as the result of the saving thus practiced. They have literally eaten themselves into their own house and home.

"The boards or committees of management consist solely of working men and women, who are elected and usually serve for one year. Their services are gratuitous except in the case of the coöperative wholesale societies, where they are required to give their whole time to the work, and are therefore paid salaries, the highest of which is under twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

"After the committees of management come the business managers and secretaries. The training of such men has been a fairly long and varied process, which will best be illustrated by one or two examples. Alexander McLeod, the late general manager and secretary of the Woolwich Society, was a working machinist in the Royal Arsenal over fifty years ago. He and his shopmates decided to establish a coöperative society in Woolwich. They began in a small back room in a side street near the entrance to the factory, and announced in the workshop that they would attend on certain evenings in the week to distribute the chest of tea purchased by the aid of the combined contributions of their shopmates. Eventually a shop was taken in the town and the society grew until to-day it numbers over fifty thousand members and its trade approximates to one half million sterling a year. It is the largest and most successful society near London.

"In more recent times the movement has been compelled, by reason of its rapid increase and the dearth of men acquainted with the peculiarities of coöperative trade, to train its own managers. Generally speaking, this is practicable because each society is autonomous, and begins in small ways. There is little difficulty in obtaining from an existing society a man trained in the methods of buying and selling who is capable of controlling operations at the start of a new society, especially when assured of the assistance and advice which the central federations of our societies place at his disposal in the matter of purchasing,

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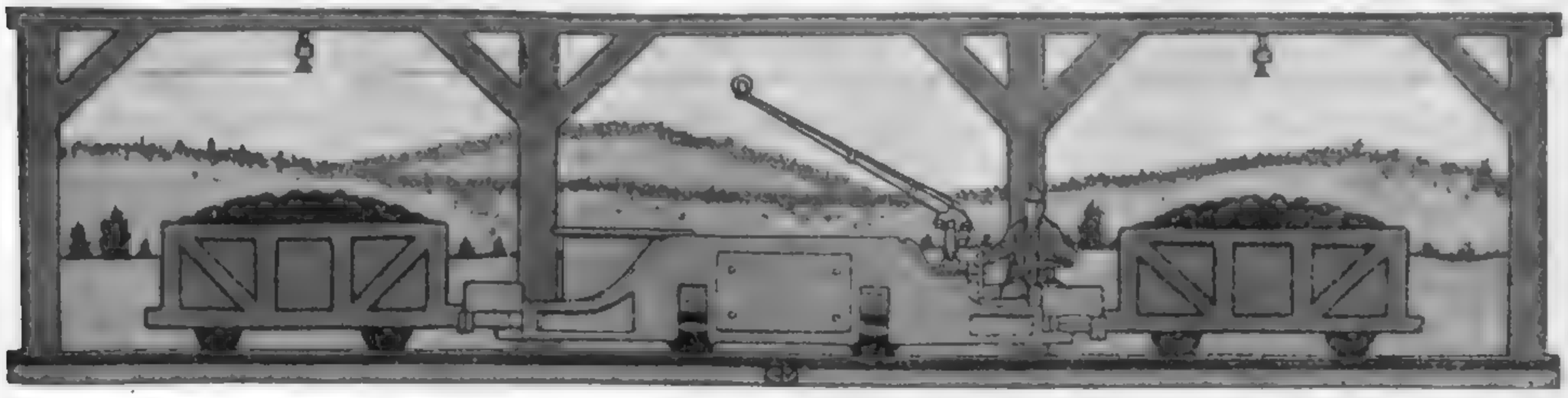

WHEN HE CAME HOME

"He's as Much Hoss' as Anything Else. Don't Matter What He Is. He's My Bunkie. An' He's Glad to See Me. That's Good Enough!"

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE mixed train was chugging jerkily up the first bit of stiff grade from the bottom lands to the West Virginia mountains. Cinders and dust were sifting drowsily through the warps of shut windows, adding their quota to the grime that had long since turned the poisonously crimson plush of the day-coach seats to the hue of smoked sunset.

To one passenger this train had formerly seemed a miracle of speed as well as of matchless elegance. Now to the fancy of this passenger—a lanky and leather-visaged mountaineer—the locomotive seemed to be pacing the run of some trackside snail.

Not that Cassius Wyble had become accustomed to faster or more commodious trains during the endless months since Uncle Sam's draft net had yanked him from his mountain shack and had dropped him, protesting like a teased wildcat, into the Camp Lee training mill for soldiers.

In France, when Cash had been so lucky as to travel by rail, his journeys had been made in cars whose announced capacity was "Forty Men; Eight Horses." And the switch-line train that was now bearing him mountainward had lost none of its glamour.

But at a speed of a thousand miles an hour he would still have fumed wrathfully to-day at the engine's slowness; for Cash Wyble was going home!

For much more than a year he had pictured this supreme hour. Throughout his drudgery at the training camp and the mingled boredom and stark excitement of his foreign service, Cash had never once been free from the mordant homesickness that had been almost physical pain.

Perhaps mountaineers alone can understand this gnawing nostalgia—mountaineers who hitherto have never strayed fifty miles away from their birthplaces. The ache had been with Cassius Wyble night and day, in battle and in billet. And now the grinding anguish of it was over. He was going home!

Blessed or cursed with a flaring imagination, Cash had visualized a million times the home-coming. On his mental retina were stamped every billowing curve of his home hilltops, every mountain gorge and crag, every detail of his mean hillside farm and hidden moonshine still. Oftenest and clearest of all he had pictured the slab shack wherein he had been born and where he had lived until the draft caught him.

The shack, his old-time comfortable clothes, his rifle, the gorgeous laziness and freedom from iron discipline! No trapped wildcat ever pined for its rock den more keenly than did Wyble for the things summed up to him in that one word—Home! And the ever-closer approach to that paradise alternately roused him to fury at the train's slowness and to an awed ecstasy of fulfillment.

At last—a long tedious last—the train wheezed to a stop at the two-thousand-population mountain-side metropolis of Clayburg, a scant thirty-two miles from the Wyble shack. The rest of the journey must be made on foot or by mule over a neck-breaking trail that local custom had flattered by the name of road.

Up to eighteen months earlier Cash Wyble had been calmly certain that Clayburg was the largest and most magnificent city on earth. Stoical surveys of such places as Paris and London had shaken his lifelong ideas as to Clayburg's rank in the world's list of giant cities, but had left unmoved his belief in the mountain town's architectural splendor.

Now as he alighted from the train he stood for a full minute on the edge of the station's platform, blinking heavily about him. Something had happened to Clayburg. Someone had played a measly trick on the wonder city of Cash's dreams.

The splendor of the place had departed. Cash saw it to-day as a ragged cluster of wooden buildings—only a handful of them above two stories in height—fringing the station and the squat, red-brick bank. The nine streets were unpaved and rutted. The sidewalks were of splintered and sagging wood. Bony hogs and bonier mongrel dogs lounged in the roadways.

Cash Wyble had never cultivated the Muses; for, like his mountain ancestors, he held poetry and music in the same category as reading and writing—namely, as things a grown and busy man had no time to bother with. Hence he had not heard the ancient heart cry of the returning Wanderer:

The streets are narrow and the houses mean!
Did I or Fancy leave them broad and clean?

Moreover, in his own mind Cash felt no such doubt. He well knew he had left Clayburg a city beautiful. And he returned to find it a dump. He waxed vaguely resentful. Someone, somehow, was to blame.

One or two loafers nodded casually to Wyble from the steps of the North America Store across the gullied street from the station. They were glad to see him back. He was thrilledly glad to see their home faces. Yet—as both he and they happened to be sober at this hour of the day—the mutual greetings took the form of grim nods, punctuated by throaty growls that none but fellow hill folk could have translated as "Howdy!"

An hour later, with eighty pounds of supplies packed on his wide shoulders, Cassius Wyble hit the trail for home. He resisted the temptation to stay overnight in Clayburg, there to squander a slice of his hoarded pay on a celebration spree. He resisted the temptation because a yearning fifty times stronger was dragging him toward his own shack. Though the aspect of Clayburg had changed, he well knew his home could have lost none of its dear glamour.

All night he trudged, and sunrise found him on a bluff edge looking down at his shack, a furlong away. Long and tensely he stood there staring at the goal of his eighteen months' pilgrimage. In such surroundings and in the hush of the dawn a pigpen itself must have been beautiful. Here, at least, was no wrench of disillusion. The place was as he had always dreamed of it.

In the rapture of the moment Cash gave vent to his emotion by shifting his quid from left cheek to right and by an unconscious intake of breath. Then he ran down the bluff to his home. He flung wide the slab door and stood on the threshold.

One foot across the doorsill, he halted—with a suddenness that drove the pack straps painfully into his flesh. Something had happened!

One half of his mind told Cash the cabin was in every respect as he had quitted it—except for eighteen months of added squalor. The other half of his mind ceased from its orgy of silent jubilation and fought angrily for its bearings.

The shack's one-room interior was vivid in the sunlight and it smote upon more than one of Wyble's senses. A smell of dirt and of mustiness and of years of unwash hung heavy in the airless room. Lightly coated by dust, the higgledy-piggledy arrangement of the few bits of furniture was mercilessly distinct. The bunk, for instance, with its swirl of ragged and grimed blankets; the chairs with their burdens of heterogeneous litter; the clothes corner, crammed with soiled apparel in varying stages of decay, the cupboard with an array of uncleaned tin dishes and its skillet, to which tufts of blue-molded bacon grease still clung!

In former times—yes, and in his transatlantic memories of the shack—all this had seemed to Wyble not only normal but cozy. Now for some mysterious reason it sickened him. He could not understand the cruel revulsion of feeling. Dimly it struck him as disloyal.

Cash Wyble had been yanked out of the most primitive form of American life, and had been planted, sorely against his will, in the very center of the world's most up-to-date drama. He had shown his resentment at such treatment by keeping his eyes and ears fast closed against any influence the new life might have exercised upon him. Steadfastly he had refused all chances of broadening his mind by contact with the new existence. He gloried in this and in the smug belief that he had come home unchanged by all he had been through. He was a West Virginia mountaineer, with the standards of his mountain forbears. That was enough for Cash.

Yet—like every other man, high or low, whom the war breath had fanned—he was forever changed; not the less so because he did not know it.

For eighteen months Wyble had been forced to wear underclothes and socks for the first time in his career. Daily he had been forced to wash and to shave. The sharply taught gospel of personal cleanliness and of rigid neatness had been hammered unceasingly into him until such cleanliness and neatness had unconsciously become matters of prideful habit. He had been taught to guy the fellow rookie who was down-at-heel and who lacked spruceness of aspect and of motion—even as he himself had been right merrily guyed when first he joined the Army.

Weeks of kitchen-police detail—penalties for insubordination and slovenliness—had grafted upon his sulking cosmos a reluctant zest for cleanliness in cookery and in culinary appointments. As the drill had taught him the clean-cut use of his legs and to walk with chest ahead of stomach, so his inner man had perforce been taught still more important things; and all in the square and angle of his work—none of it by any wish or realization on the part of Cash himself.

With the new eyes he had spent a year and a half in developing the home-comer glowered at the former center of his universe. He found it disgusting. Presently, setting his lank jaw, he prepared to carry out a program he had rehearsed a thousand times.

Unfastening his pack, he put it unopened in a corner. Then he stripped and burrowed into the ruck of garments in the clothes corner. Emerging from the chaos with a butternut shirt and a pair of ragged trousers, he donned this once-loved raiment. And he wiggled his toes in the joy of going barefoot once more.

Now that he was outwardly the Cassius Wyble of yore, he made ready to set forth on a leisurely round of morning visits among the nearer span of hills. If these calls were prompted by social yearnings Cash did not admit it. He wanted to collect various treasures from people to whose care he had intrusted them when he went away. His married brother, for instance, in a hovel a mile southward, was custodian of his beloved rifle. Bemis Clay, over the ridge, was taking care of Wyble's equally beloved yellow "houn' dawg." Zach Irons, his still partner, was harboring the Wyble mule. And so on.

Cash had pictured himself again and again as faring forth in his exquisitely comfortable rags, and barefooted, to hobnob with these worthies and to receive from them his household gods. And he reveled now in the closeness of the prospect.

His first step outside his own door wrung from him a growl of discomfort. His bare left sole, softened by more than five hundred days of shoe wearing, trod solidly on a sharp flint in the dooryard. And to neither of his feet was the feel of the pebbly ground alluring. Indeed, it was actively distressing.

His body, from long swathing in underclothes, resented the greasily rough contact of butternut shirt and patched trousers. The actively dirty aspect of his clothes, too, was more than annoying to some new part of his consciousness. Cash felt as might some oft-combed Persian cat that is plumped into a garbage pail.

He did not understand. He was angry with himself; but he was ten times angrier with his rags and with his protesting soles. He had a sense of nameless degradation which he did not try to explain. He caught himself glancing furtively round for a superior officer who might reasonably be expected to give him a tongue-lashing and a sentence to the "hoosgow" for his rank untidiness.

And the furtive glance showed him a wholly new type of superior officer advancing upon him from the trail.

She was a girl of perhaps twenty-two. She was not especially pretty, because her soft wavy brown hair and softer brown eyes were counterbalanced by a jaw whose gentle curves could not hide a decided bulldog prominence. A physiognomist could have read much from that queer set of her jaw. A veteran student of women could have read still more.

The student of women could have told Cash—who would not have understood a word of the explanation—that this type of woman is infinitely more perilous than any stereotyped siren; that her eyes bespoke a wealth of tenderness and of love power more motherly than wifely; that her jaw marked her as the sort which never lets go.

Police reporters know the type at a glance. They have seen it countless times in a woman who clings—not like a vine, but like a life belt—to some superworthless husband or son; a woman whom beatings cannot shake loose, whose gentleness is terrible, whose self-appointed guardianship ends only when the ambulance surgeon gives place to the seventy-five-dollar undertaker.

None of which Cash Wyble knew or cared about. He recognized the intruder as one Jean Evans—a "foreigner" from over Huntington way—who had come to take charge of the district school in the gully a month or two before Cash was drafted. He had met her only once—when she had rounded up the region for pupils and had stopped at his bachelor shack in the course of her quest.

She and Cash had not exchanged fifty words on the occasion of that fruitless call. Wyble's chief recollection of her was one of faint interest in the facts that her hair was not slicked back into the peeled-onion coiffure so fashionable in the mountains, and that she was neither slab-fronted nor of a meal-bag figure, as were most of the hill women. With some slight difficulty he recalled the memory of her now. And he marveled at this second visit to his shack. Surely she could not be simple enough to imagine he had married and raised a family of school-going age during the past eighteen months!

The quaint idea brought a half grin to his leathern lips. The girl seemed to take the grimace for a sign of welcome, for she answered it with a smile that did pretty things to her mouth and her eyes. Advancing into the dooryard she held out a brown little hand.

"Welcome back, Mr. Wyble!" she greeted the unresponding mountaineer. "It's good to see you again. I caught a glimpse of you from my window when you came over the bluff just now. It must be fine to be home! Isn't it?"

"I reckon it's all right," he mumbled ungraciously, his mind suddenly turning inward with a jolt of shame that this perfectly groomed foreigner should see him barefoot and in his soiled and malodorous butternuts.

Again he wondered at the queer sensation. When Jean Evans had stopped at his shack that other time he had been appareled as now. And he had had a ten-day beard and a face that had been guiltless of more than a sketchy wash for still longer. Yet he had known no embarrassment then. He had felt no emotion other than the calm superiority of a grown man toward a mere woman—especially toward a foreigner and one who picked up a livelihood by teaching children such folderols as reading and writing and ciphering.

Now he stood awkwardly, seeking to make his bare feet as inconspicuous as he could, and morbidly aware of the tatters and stains on his clothes. Mystification at his own embarrassment left him even less gracious than usual.

"I've come over to ask a great favor of you," pursued Jean, keeping her eyes on his face and ignoring his costume. "Please don't say you won't do it! I want you to drop in at the schoolhouse some day—any day you like—and give the children a little talk about the war and—the things you saw and—and did over there. And "

Her voice trailed away. The bravely begun request faltered under the man's scowl of amaze.

"Lord!" grunted Cash, breaking in upon her as she sought to catch up the threads of her plea. "What in blue blazes are you-all tryin' to git at? I ain't no speechmaker. I'd most likely hem an' haw, an' set 'em all to gigglin'; or else I'd git int'rested in what I was gassin' 'bout an' cut loose with some cuss words. Either way there ain't nothin' I c'd say that'd be wuth their list'nin' to. I jes' been over to the war 'cause I was made go. An' I've come back like I went."

None the less, Cash was mildly surprised at the way the proposition tickled his fancy. That anyone should really want to hear of his adventures—that anyone should be asking him to make a speech—was a curious balm to his jarred feelings. It gave him a strange sense of importance, even though the petitioner was only a woman—a foreigner at that! Not that he was going to do such a fool thing; but it was monstrous pleasant to talk about it.

"You see," Jean was saying, as she took a fresh grip on her courage and set her bulldog jaw, "you see, Mr. Wyble, up here the war has been the very biggest thing in our lives, as it has been to everyone everywhere. And so many of the people in the mountains have had such uncertain notions about it they couldn't make it all clear to their children. I've tried to as best I could. I have explained to the children, for instance, that the war was not waged for the fun of fighting or for gain, or out of wickedness; but that it was fought so the world should always be a better place to live in, and so we could have peace forever—just as people are willing to suffer a while from vaccination so they may never have smallpox again.

"Perhaps I haven't the right idea after all; but I've tried to make them understand it as I understand it. And, whether I've succeeded or not, they're all tremendously interested. You are the first man from round here to come home from the Front. And if you could give them a little talk about it—not a speech, but an informal talk about what you have seen and done —— Oh, it would be such a splendid thing for them to remember! Won't you?"

Now to some men God has imparted a sense of humor, while from other and luckier men he has withheld it. Cash Wyble, uncannily vivid of imagination,

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For a Fraction of a Second Wyble Stood Still, His Body Aquiver, His Mouth Writhing. The Murder Mood Was Afire in His Brain

The Revolution in the Village

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant

IT WAS Easter night, 1916, and all the village of Bouromka was assembled in the church or in its garden on the hill top, listening to the chanted service of the Resurrection, bowed low to the ground in prayer, and following the ancient service with all the respect and devotion which the war had renewed. The three great doorways were thrown wide open, as were the windows; and the fragrance of spring blossoms and new leaves, damp earth and soft incense, mingled agreeably in the warm air. A starry night, long to be remembered in the history of this quiet corner of the world, where generally modern inventions were unknown, and one lived still almost as in the Middle Ages.

The people from the castle were present in their own loge; above the multitude they stood in feudal power. The handsome elderly Princess, with her well-drawn French features, unmistakable Paris smart clothes and coiffure, was the center figure behind the balustrade, and she stood by her children and grandchildren. Between her genuflections she gently beat time to the measure of the chant and gazed about at the peasantry below her, noting with pride the splendor of the beautiful church decorations and the rich service, as well as the prosperous air of her people. She could take much credit to herself for their progress of late in such branches as she had encouraged and for the well-being which she had brought them with her French ideas.

At midnight the Hallelujah Chant, the most beautiful in all the Orthodox services, began, and the priest intoned his "Christ has risen," and was followed higher and higher by the thrilling vibrating chorus of melodious Slav voices: "In verity He is risen." Up and up it soared until the splendor of rejoicing reached the high blue-painted dome of the church.

In every hand appeared a tiny lighted taper at this moment, and the procession formed to march out and round the church garden; the priest leading, with his deacons spreading incense; the Princess and her children following; then intendants and retainers, the village elders and all the congregation, down to the last poor mendicant, fell into line. It was a wonderful sight in the perfumed night of Little Russia, which the twinkling stars gazed down upon. After this came the mass, with its tale of death overcome and vanquished for the saving of the world; and the tapers were extinguished, and all was quieted, save the voice of our young priest intoning slowly and impressively.

The wandering attention of my twelve-year-old girl led her eyes through the doorway over the heads of the crowd, out to the château park and the ancient grass-grown *gorodok*—or fortress—which in the Middle Ages had been a stronghold of the Cossacks against attacking forces from the plains. Little Bertha's soft big brown eyes lost their dreaminess, and she grew intense.

She leaned toward her uncle and spoke in a vibrant whisper: "Uncle Guishka, do look! Over there on the *gorodok*, see what is happening."

He, too, looked up sharply, and with a muttered exclamation he disappeared from the back of the loge, dragging with him out of the church the head intendant, whose aids followed, and the village chief of police. They held a short consultation, and my brother-in-law pointed toward the park. Then six men seized their horses and with click of spurs mounted them and were gone.

The Miraculous Omen

GUISHKA returned to the loge, where every eye was on him; and all the family, who by this time had been informed of little Bertha's discovery, were staring with anxious expressions in the direction of the overgrown fortress.

"What an idea!" said the old Princess audibly, and then she put up her lorgnon and turned pale. The country churchgoers were naturally distracted from their devotions, and in open-eyed amazement they looked out into the night, while Batioushka finished his service lamely, said a hasty benediction, took off his gay-flowered robes of brocade and joined his flock.

"What is it, my children?"

"Eh, Batioushka, see; it is the signal. A great disaster threatens; over there the fire dances, and we all know what that portends. Tell about it, Diadia Ivan."

And Uncle Ivan stepped forward, leaning on his stick, and told how in the ancient times the Cossacks had robbed and tortured, then murdered some innocent victims here in their fortress; and how in memory the souls of these returned from time to time through the ages, as dancing torches of flame, to the spot of their martyrdom. "The last time it occurred was at midnight on Easter of the year when our Princess Marie-Alexandrovna died!"

This had been a terrible blow to Bouromka and: "Who knows what calamity menaces us at present, with the war still going on?" Again: "See, Batioushka; there dance the torches now, several of them over above the *gorodok*. I heard His Highness telling Michael-Pétrovitch and the other intendants, as well as the police, to go fetch the miscreants who could invent such a masquerade and frighten us all to-night. True, Batioushka, it means disaster, unless it is a game of the youngsters. For never has the miracle been seen without foreshadowing great trouble to our people."

The apparition of the torches had somewhat dampened the spirit of revelry appropriate to Easter, which probably returned, however, after the peasants had scattered to their spread of Easter dishes, with which tradition and the church bade them break their three days' fast. At the château the Princess tried to overcome the general weight of anxiety with her Western skepticism and Gallic wit; but seeing faces still preoccupied round her she finally changed the subject of conversation until by her effort the supper table became gay again.

A Much-Beloved Princess

WHEN later the police returned and reported they had gone over every foot of the old earthworks and not a single soul was found there, and the phenomenon of the torches was not visible to them so long as they stood on the spot, though it was visible to them and everyone once outside the boundaries, their tale was merely treated as interesting by the Princess, while the rest of the family remained cast down with a premonition of trouble. The children were delighted to have "seen a fairy tale," and each one wondered what would be the outcome, while the old Princess finally decided with perfect cheerfulness it must mean her death within the year!

But the war went on, and neither the Princess nor her soldier sons had died. Nor did any scourge strike Bouromka village and its inhabitants. On the contrary, after eleven months came news of the revolution, and that all men were free and equal. And the people began to prepare for a millennium, for were not the magic words of "land given away" part of each motto, announcement or speech made by the new government?

To our peasants this was always synonymous with progress, riches and happiness. Of late years their needs and troubles had been less felt with the acquiring of their lands. So with hearts full of hope our people of Bouromka embraced the new ideals of the revolution, as they understood them.

Months passed; the revolution was a year and a half old, and it was the autumn of 1918, the season when the Slav peasants like to think of a long peaceful winter ahead; and to sleep with a well-mended roof above, a high pile of firewood near the door and with grain and other food in their barns, to be used for fattening cattle as well as men. All this was true and good in days before the revolution, and there had been also then a share of comfortable ready money in each man's pocket, which had been paid by the château near by for harvest work. Now things were very different, however, and had grown dreadful in spite of the new liberty; worse even than when as serfs on this place the people had lived under absolute masters, for the latter were kind and paternal. Those among the peasants who had been employed in the great household had been treated like her children by the Princess Marie-Alexandrovna. She had loved them and felt responsible for their happiness. Her own grandfather's mother had been a peasant woman, married to the village priest, and living in poverty until her son became prime minister and was made vastly rich by the sovereign's gratitude; and among the family portraits at Bouromka hung that of the quaint old creature in her national dress, with a pleased smile upon her face, perhaps to find herself among the great lords in uniform and the ladies in court frills. Old Moses-Kousmitch and Uncle Peter, who were still respectively the retired butler and the eldest gardener, dimly remembered Spéransky in their childhood; and they had served first his daughter and then his granddaughter, the Princess Marie-Alexandrovna.

The latter had been the one they all adored, for she had cared for her peasantry with her own hands during the cholera epidemic of the sixties, when all over the province the people had died like flies, save only on the fair domains of Bouromka. There she had built a great hospital, and she herself had stayed in it for many weeks among the ailing, giving them drops and pills, which helped to cure the scourge. They had refused to take medicine from the government doctors, because rumor had said these men were sent to give the serfs poison, so even if they escaped the cholera they would die of something else.

Memory held many anecdotes of Princess Marie-Alexandrovna. She had allowed her peasants to marry as they liked, and had treated them always gently, as no one had ever done before. All those who served her were devoted to the house. She had lived at Bouromka through her whole lifetime, save when now and then she made a short trip to Italy or to Odessa, and once or twice to St. Petersburg. And the money drawn from her land had been mainly spent there too. Her boy and only child had been brought up there, and he loved the place and studied the people and their needs with his mother. Before he went to the university the old Princess had asked to have him bear the name and title of her own grandfather, Spéransky, who had been the priest's son and had become the great man of his time. This favor was granted by imperial decree, and the young Prince Cantacuzène became Count Spéransky also. He went out into the world then to study, married and had children, and Bouromka, with its steppe lands and forests and its three large villages, was administered by his mother until her death. She had faced alone the abolition of the serfage and since that time the many problems that had come up as results therefrom. There were heavy taxes, and the peasants' work in house and field must be paid for, and yet the brave old woman had not despaired, but labored on, using the small sums of which she could dispose for improvements and for her boy's education; also to help her people still, though she no longer owned them except in their voluntary allegiance. In the eighties the old lady died, and was deeply mourned by the people, who venerated her memory.

After her death the young Prince with his French wife came back to reign in Bouromka, but he himself was of fragile health and lived but a few years. His share in the estate's development consisted mainly of some handsome additions to the château and of farm buildings built on the newest lines. The people were fond of him, mainly for the memory of his youth, which had been spent among them at his mother's side; and they spoke of him and his kindly ways, and wept sincerely when he was laid near Marie-Alexandrovna on the hill top by the picturesque church, which they had built together.

From Serfdom to Freedom

BOTH these people had managed to avoid the fate that had overtaken most Russian proprietors in the years following the emancipation. In spite of the necessity of paying heavily for labor they had kept clear of debt. The government's compensation had been very small for the serfs' value and for the property given these, which consisted of a half of Bouromka's land. Though it meant great loss, in acres and in "souls" which had belonged to the ex-masters, by careful living the Prince and his mother left to their heirs estates free of all mortgage, and a contented populace, full of affectionate gratitude, surrounding them.

The French Princess brought many theories from her country; also immense energy. With conviction she pressed upon her Russian people reforms and developments such as she had seen in her own land. Under her direction much was done, and with great effect, to bring the peasants forward. New instruments and seeds, new plants and trees, new blooded cattle, new buildings, much new machinery, a distillery and a mill marked her road through life. The servants coming from the village to work in the château were introduced for the first time to beds with sheets and pillowcases, instead of having to sleep on the stoves or under the tables in kitchen and pantry. They were taught to do work regularly, methodically, thoroughly and together, as an organized machine, and to keep the house clean, while the lands were cultivated as they had never been before; and though the place lost some of its charm of Slav ways, and national costumes almost disappeared, and though perhaps the villagers loved the château somewhat less, and drifted away from the intimate patriarchal relations of the past, there was real progress about one and a new stirring; and as the Princess would proudly say, "Bouromka is more civilized; almost like abroad."

In the village the people remained truly Russian, happy-go-lucky and casual, almost to the point of tragedy. The usurers exploited them, and they were lazy and helpless in their own fields and homes. They felt it was easier to do nothing on borrowed money and to drink than to follow the château's example and grow prosperous. So the 1905 revolution found them a shiftless, helpless, inert, benighted crowd, and seemed to have but small effect on the village

of Bouromka, which was too far from railroads or factory centers apparently ever to have talked politics or built themselves positive ideals. By the arrival of certain propagandists, who formed a village committee and urged the peasants on, they did hold meetings and listen with dull ears to promises and to tirades as to their misery—which was real enough, judging by the aspect of the town. There was no uprising, however, at Bouromka, and our three villages lived through the troublous epoch with only some few hot-headed, discontented men to show for it. Cossacks who came to police the property settled down with happy illogic among the villagers as friends, chose Bouromka women for wives, and remained for good among us.

But elsewhere disturbances, which were much greater, had shaken the government into various new measures, making for advance and reform, and our district profited by these as well as others. Since the emancipation all lands of the peasantry had belonged to the communes, or *Mir;* now it was divided up among the individuals—in terribly small plots, of course, but still each was owned outright, and could be bought and sold, or cultivated by the man to whom it belonged.

Our people realized this advantage immediately, and some wishing to enlarge their fields worked and saved and bought of others, who did not love the country, but caring for other things went with their acquired capital to the large cities to work in shops and factories; or even emigrated to far-away Siberia, to find new interests in a broader atmosphere. Their going made agricultural workmen rarer, and raised the wages.

How Bright Peasants Got Ahead

THIS was all to the peasants' advantage, for we proprietors felt inclined to hold our people, trained or untrained, as best we could, especially those who showed intelligence; and so we gladly paid the price. We could use to advantage on our estate all men with modern ideas and increasing ability, and we encouraged the new development by every means in our power. Thus it came about that among others, one leader in the villagers' revolutionary group became our head machinist, and was paid city wages and given a cottage in our courtyard. From being called "Thou" he became "Mr. Tiltzoff," and took tea on occasion with the superintendent, who before had looked down upon him. In the new order of things he was one of the mainstays upon whom our administration leaned. There was another man, too, handsome, of a high-bred type of face, Avxentieff, who, with flaming eyes and Greek features and with the grace one meets often in Little Russia, doffed his cap as if he were at court, and could make his men and cattle do anything. A natural leader, he was, though he drank on occasion, could neither read nor write, and had the reputation of being very "red." He had shown his mettle once at a fire, when he had organized the arrangements for life-saving; and again, when there had been a marsh to dig away to produce a lake in the park grounds, he had forced men and horses by the sheer strength of his will to do work considered impossible before. We admired him, though we were told of his defects. Considering his good qualities outweighed his faults, my husband had used his influence to give the young fellow a serious place of responsibility, and he was gradually promoted to being head of the farm courtyard, and second in command for the agricultural work on the estates. Proud of his place and of the implied confidence, he had thereafter shown himself admirable at his work and entirely trustworthy. When ten years later the great war came suddenly no vodka and large pay made the village rich. The place and people were good to look upon, as never before, and though many of the best men physically were mobilized as soldiers they returned on leave occasionally and brought back news which developed the multitude, giving them some idea of the outside world, by talk of East Prussia, Poland and Galicia, where the husbands had fought. They had seen many sights of interest, and had grown to know a civilization much more advanced than was that of their home.

Meantime, also, the women of the village were learning much, and could do men's work on our land and on the village fields. They handled their incomes well and decided the daily questions of their own and their children's lives, guided their households, and learned to spend money at will for food or for ribbons and furniture and clothes.

The Austrian prisoners had been elements of education also in many ways, and the greatest influence of all was that of Batioushka, the new young village priest. He had come with his wife to Bouromka just before the war, and had not found time to grow tired with age or inert from discouragement; and he worked and lived among his people, teaching them not only to pray and confess their sins but to build up their fortunes, and their health and spirits too. He even trained them to amuse themselves, which they had never done before, and he put new intelligence into their heads, and new zest into their bodies. Their houses grew better, their food more varied and healthful, and the village life was busier and gayer. But even with all this there was still a long distance to travel for our semioriental country to catch up with the west of Europe.

Then came the winter of 1916–17, when vague rumors reached us from the north—of factory hands who were striking in the cities for lack of food; of misery at the Front, where even the soldiers were not being so well fed as heretofore, where discontent was rife with the hard life, and ammunition was still woefully lacking from causes of bad transportation. And who was to blame? asked the people; and the answer always was: The government. Had not the strange German Party, with the Empress and her protégés in charge, done many wrong things? They had sent the Czar to the staff, one heard; and driven the Grand Duke away, who loved the people and knew about making war!

Now it was said by Peter or by Ivan, who returned to Bouromka on leave, that a man had visited his regiment, and had there told that he knew all of what occurred in Petrograd, and that it was quite true that some ministers were trying to sell us to the enemy while the soldiers fought and died; and some at court were writing to the enemy's government; and provisions were being held back from the Front; while there was less bread and meat even in Petrograd, and almost no food or fuel reached the poor of the capital, though those who stole from the people lived there in the height of luxury. One could see how things were going, since even here in the village tea and such small luxuries were becoming scarce.

Insidious Propaganda Work

LATER on came travelers to the village, who also were "wise," and who knew what was occurring in the world, they said; and they remained a few days, fraternizing with the people, reading newspapers to them and saying many curious things—among others, that the Germans were not really bad, but much like us; that soldiers might fight battles and yet between times be friends with the enemy and exchange provisions occasionally between trenches, receiving coffee or other excellent things for loaves of the black bread which wearied our men. What was bad was only the German Government and the Kaiser; but had we not troubles with our own government and the protected few at its head? It was impossible that one Czar should know what happened everywhere, and how many there were who cheated. He could not possibly see to all.

Now the Russian Government was selling bonds for a loan, and one of the strangers said there was no more gold to repay these, so the bonds would be good for nothing, and the peasantry had better not buy them. Of course, he added, officers, police officials and the bureaucrats would say one must do so; but they were all in league, and had always been ready to exploit those beneath them. They did not even want the masses to know how to read or to have any comforts; and now, also, they were down on the duma, which would soon be closed by proclamation from above. The people were strong, however, at last, and were learning to understand; and the tyrants must beware.

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Teacher's Back

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

There Came in 1853 to the Thirty-Third Congress a Youngish, Dapper and Graceful Man, Notable as the Only Democrat in the Massachusetts Delegation

WHETHER the War of Sections—as it should be called, because, except in Eastern Tennessee and in three of the Border States, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, it was nowise a civil war—could have been averted must ever remain a question of useless speculation. In recognizing the institution of African slavery, with no provision for its ultimate extinction, the Federal Union set out embodying the seeds of certain travail. The wiser heads of the Constitutional Convention perceived this plainly enough; its dissonance to the logic of their movement; on the sentimental side its repugnancy; on the practical side its doubtful economy; and but for the tobacco growers and the cotton planters it had gone by the board. The North soon found slave labor unprofitable and rid itself of slavery. Thus, restricted to the South, it came to represent in the Southern mind a "right" which the South was bound to defend.

Mr. Slidell told me in Paris that Louis Napoleon had once said to him in answer to his urgency for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy: "I have talked the matter over with Lord Palmerston and we are both of the opinion that as long as African slavery exists at the South we cannot recognize the Confederacy. We do not demand its instant abolition. But if you put it in course of abatement and final abolishment through a term of years—I do not care how many—we can intervene to some purpose. As matters stand we dare not go before a European congress with such a proposal."

Mr. Slidell passed it up to Richmond. Mr. Davis passed it on to the generals in the field. The response he received on every hand was the statement that it would disorganize and disband the Confederate Armies. Yet we are told, and it is doubtless true, that scarcely one Confederate soldier in ten actually owned a slave.

Thus do imaginings become theories, and theories resolve themselves into claims, and interests, however mistaken, rise to the dignity of prerogatives.

II

THE fathers had rather a hazy view of the future. I was witness to the decline and fall of the old Whig Party and the rise of the Republican Party. There was a brief lull in sectional excitement after the Compromise Measures of 1850, but the overwhelming defeat of the Whigs in 1852 and the dominancy of Mr. Jefferson Davis in the cabinet of Mr. Pierce brought the agitation back again. Mr. Davis was a follower of Mr. Calhoun—though it may be doubted whether Mr. Calhoun would ever have been willing to go to the length of secession—and Mr. Pierce being by temperament a Southerner as well as in opinions an extreme pro-slavery Democrat, his Administration fell under the spell of the ultra-Southern wing of the party. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill was originally harmless enough, but the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which on Mr. Davis' insistence was made a part of it, let slip the dogs of war.

In Stephen A. Douglas was found an able and pliant instrument. Like Clay, Webster and Calhoun before him, Judge Douglas had the presidential bee in his bonnet. He thought the South would, as it could, nominate and elect him President.

Personally he was a most lovable man—rather too convivial—and for a while in 1852 it looked as though he might be the Democratic nominee. His candidacy was premature, his backers overconfident and indiscreet.

"I like Douglas and am for him," said Buck Stone, a member of Congress and delegate to the National Democratic Convention from Kentucky, "though I consider him a good deal of a damn fool." Pressed for a reason he continued: "Why, think of a man wanting to be President at forty years of age, and obliged to behave himself all the rest of his life! I wouldn't take the job on any such terms."

The proposed repeal of the Missouri Compromise opened up the slavery debate anew and gave it increased vitality. Hell literally broke loose among the political elements. The issues which had divided Whigs and Democrats went to the rear, while this one paramount issue took possession of the stage. It was welcomed by the extremists of both sections, a very godsend to the beaten politicians led by Mr. Seward. Rampant sectionalism was at first kept a little in the background. There were on either side concealments and reserves. Many patriotic men put the Union above slavery or antislavery. But the two sets of rival extremists had their will at last, and in seven short years deepened and embittered the contention to the degree that disunion and war seemed, certainly proved, the only way out of it.

The extravagance of the debates of those years amazes the modern reader. Occasionally when I have occasion to recur to them I am myself nonplused, for they did not sound so terrible at the time. My father was a leader of the Union wing of the Democratic Party—headed in 1860 the Douglas presidential ticket in Tennessee—and remained a Unionist during the War of Sections. He broke away from Pierce and retired from the editorship of the Washington Union upon the issue of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to which he was opposed, refusing the appointment of governor of Oregon, with which the President sought to placate him, though it meant his return to the Senate of the United States in a year or two, when he and Oregon's delegate in Congress, Gen. Joseph Lane—the Lane of the Breckenridge and Lane ticket of 1860—had brought the territory of Oregon in as a state.

I have often thought just where I would have come in and what might have happened to me if he had accepted the appointment and I had grown to manhood on the Pacific Coast. As it was I attended a school in Philadelphia—the Protestant Episcopal Academy—came home to Tennessee in 1856, and after a season with private tutors found myself back in the national capital in 1858.

It was then that I began to nurse some ambitions of my own. I was going to be a great man of letters. I was going to write histories and dramas and romances and poetry. But as I had set up for myself I felt in honor bound meanwhile to earn my own living.

III

I TAKE it that the early steps of every man to get a footing may be of interest when fairly told. I sought work in New York with indifferent success. Mr. Raymond, of the Times, hearing me play the piano, at which from childhood I had received careful instruction, gave me a job as "musical critic" during the absence of Mr. Seymour, the regular critic. I must have done my work acceptably, since I was not fired. It included a report, by the way, of the première of my boy-and-girl companion, Adelina Patti, when she made her début in Sonnambula at the Academy of Music. But, as the saying is, I did not "catch on." There appeared a more promising opening in Washington, and thither I betook myself.

The Daily States had been established there by John P. Heiss, who with Thomas Ritchie had years before established the Washington Union. Roger A. Pryor was its nominal editor. But he soon returned to Virginia and came to Congress, and the editorial writing on the States was being done by Col. A. Dudley Mann, later along Confederate commissioner to France, preceding Mr. Slidell.

Colonel Mann preferred to work incognito. I was taken on as a kind of go-between and, as I may say, figurehead, on the strength of being my father's son and a very self-confident young gentleman, and began to get my newspaper education in point of fact as an amanuensis to Major Heiss. He was a practical experienced newspaper man; had started the Union at Nashville as well as the Union at Washington and the Crescent—maybe it was the

Delta—at New Orleans; and for the rudiments of newspaper work I could scarcely have had a better teacher.

Back of Colonel Mann as a leader writer on the States was a remarkable woman. She was Mrs. Jane Casneau, the wife of Gen. George Casneau, of Texas, who had a claim before Congress. Though she was unknown to fame Thomas H. Benton used to say that she had more to do with making and ending the Mexican War than anybody else.

Somewhere in the early thirties she had gone with her newly wedded husband, an adventurous Yankee by the name of Storm, to the Rio Grande and started a settlement they called Eagle Pass. Storm died, the Texas outbreak began, and the young widow was driven back to San Antonio, where she met and married Casneau, one of Houston's lieutenants, like herself a New Yorker. She was sent by Polk with Pillow and Trist to the City of Mexico and actually wrote the final treaty. It was she who dubbed William Walker "the little gray-eyed man of destiny," and put the nickname "Old Fuss and Feathers" on General Scott, whom she heartily disliked.

A braver, more intellectual woman never lived. She must have been a beauty in her youth; still very comely at fifty; but a born insurrecto and a terror with her pen. God made and equipped her for a filibuster. She possessed infinite knowledge of Spanish-American affairs, looked like a Spaniard and wrote and spoke the Spanish language fluently. Her obsession was the bringing of Central America into the Federal Union. With Major Heiss she divided my newspaper education, her part of it being the writing part. Whatever I may have attained in that line I largely owe to her. She took great pains with me and mothered me in the absence of my own mother, who had long been her very dear friend. To get rid of her, or rather her pen, Mr. Buchanan gave General Casneau, when the Douglas schism was breaking out, a Central American mission, and she and he were lost by shipwreck on their way to this post, somewhere in Caribbean waters.

My immediate yokemate on the States was John Savage, "Jack," as he was commonly called; a brilliant Irishman, who with Devin Reilley and John Mitchel and Thomas Francis Meagher, his intimates, and Joseph Brennan, his brother-in-law, made a pretty good Irishman of me. They were '48 men, with literary gifts of one sort and another, who certainly helped me along with my writing, but, as matters fell out, did not go far enough to influence my character, for they were a wild lot, full of taking enthusiasm and juvenile decrepitudes of judgment, ripe for adventures and ready for any enterprise that promised fun.

Between John Savage and Mrs. Casneau I had the constant spur of commendation and assistance as well as affection. I passed all my spare time in the Library of Congress and knew its arrangements at least as well as Mr. Meehan, the librarian, and Robert Kearon, the assistant, much to the surprise of Mr. Spofford, who succeeded Mr. Meehan as librarian.

Not long after my return to Washington Col. John W. Forney picked me up, and I was employed in addition to my not very arduous duties on the States to write occasional letters from Washington to the Philadelphia Press. Good fortune like ill fortune rarely comes singly. Without anybody's interposition I was appointed to a clerkship, a real "sinecure," in the Interior Department by Jacob Thompson, the secretary, my father's old colleague in Congress. When the troubles of 1860–61 rose I was literally doing "a land-office business," with money galore and to spare. Somehow, I don't know how, I contrived to spend it, though I had no vices, and worked like a hired man upon my literary hopes and newspaper obligations.

I Was Living at Willard's Hotel, and One of My Volunteer Nurses Was Mrs. Daniel E. Sickles, a Pretty Young Thing

Life in Washington under these conditions was delightful. I did not know how my heart was wrapped up in it until I had to part with it. My father stood very high in public esteem. My mother was a leader in society. All doors were open to me. I had many very dear friends. Going back to Tennessee in the midsummer of 1861, via Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, there happened a railway break and a halt of several hours at a village on the Ohio. I strolled down to the river and sat myself upon the brink, almost despairing—nigh heartbroken—when I began to feel an irresistible fascination about the swift-flowing stream. I leaped to my feet and ran away; and that is the only thought of suicide that I can recall.

IV

MRS. CLAY, of Alabama, in her Belle of the Fifties has given a graphic and true picture of life in the national capital during the Administrations of Pierce and Buchanan. The South was very much in the saddle. Pierce, as I have said, was wholly Southern in temperament, and Buchanan, who to those he did not like or approve had, as Arnold Harris said, "a winning way of making himself hateful," was an aristocrat and wholly under Southern and feminine influence.

I was very fond of Mr. Pierce, but I could never endure Mr. Buchanan. His very voice was an offense to me. I was directed by a periodical publication to make a sketch of him to accompany an engraving, and I did my best on it. Jacob Thompson, the Secretary of the Interior, said to me: "Now, Henry, here's your chance for a foreign appointment."

I now know that my writing was clumsy enough and my attempt to play the courtier clumsier still. Nevertheless, as a friend of my father and mother "Old Buck" might have been a little more considerate than he was with a lad trying to please and do him honor. I came away from the White House my *amour propre* wounded, and though I had not far to go went straight into the Douglas camp.

Taking nearly sixty years to think it over I have reached the conclusion that Mr. Buchanan was the victim of both personal and historic injustice. With secession in sight his one aim was to get out of the White House before the scrap began. He was of course on terms of intimacy with all the secession leaders, especially Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, like himself a Northerner by birth, and Mr. Mason, a thick-skulled, ruffle-shirted Virginian. It was not in Buchanan or Pierce, with their antecedents and associations, to be uncompromising Federalists. There was no clear law to go on. Moderate men were in a muck of doubt just what to do. With Horace Greeley Mr. Buchanan was ready to say "Let the erring sisters go." This was the extent of Mr. Pierce's pacifism during the War of Sections.

A new party risen upon the remains of the Whig Party—the Republican Party—was at the door and coming into power. Lifelong pro-slavery Democrats could not look on with equanimity, still less with complaisance, and doubtless Pierce and Buchanan to the end of their days thought less of the Republicans than of the Confederates. As a consequence Republican writers have given quarter to neither of them.

It will not do to go too deeply into the account of those days. The times were untoward, out of joint. I knew of two Confederate generals who first tried for commissions in the Union Army; gallant and good fellows too; but they are both dead and their secret shall die with me. I knew likewise a famous Union general who was about to resign his commission in the army to go with the South, but was prevented by his wife, a Northern woman, who had obtained of Mr. Lincoln the promise of a brigadier's commission.

I Strolled Down to the River and Sat Myself Upon the Brink, Almost Despairing—High Heartbroken

V

IN 1858 a wonderful affair came to pass. It was Mrs. Senator Gwinn's fancy dress ball, written of, talked of, far and wide. I did not get to attend this. My costume was prepared—a Spanish cavalier, Mrs. Casneau's doing—when I fell ill and had with poignant regret to read about it next day in the papers. I was living at Willard's Hotel, and one of my volunteer nurses was Mrs. Daniel E. Sickles, a pretty young thing who was soon to become the victim of a world scandal. Her husband

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Democracy at Work

IN THREE weeks the Peace Conference accomplished more in the direction of disposing of the great problems before it than Congress, for example, would have accomplished in six months.

In view of the number, size and complexity of the problems it may be doubted that Congress would have got that far along in a year.

That is because affairs at Paris were in the hands of a few men with great power and great responsibility. A dozen men sitting round a table with free, open, brisk interchange of opinion and information could easily do all the work of an ordinary session of Congress in sixty days—and do it better, if they were the right men.

The traditional democratic method—a big assembly with a public gallery on one side and a press gallery on the other—is a monstrously slow, cumbrous machine for the dispatch of public business. There are times, like this present winter, when it seems a coming question whether Congress will not break down and have to be supplanted by a body that can dispose of the work before it in reasonable time. Democracy fairly began in mass meetings like the New England town meeting. Nowadays it has to work through delegates. By and large, its present idea is that a hundred delegates are better than ten. It may have to reverse that idea.

Graded Taxes

A SIXTY-ACRE farm and a six-thousand-acre farm are taxed at the same rate, two cows are taxed at the same rate as two thousand cows, and a small stock of goods at the same rate as a big stock. Then why should a three-thousand-dollar income be taxed two or three per cent and a thirty-thousand-dollar income twenty-five or thirty per cent?

Every now and then we get a letter asking substantially that question. Apparently a good many people are puzzled over it.

Of how much benefit is government to any particular man? There is no way of telling. If one man used two yards of government and another twenty yards we might sell it to both of them at the same rate a yard. But government is not used that way. There is no way of allotting its benefits among individuals. It is not left to anyone to say how much or how little of it he will take. So intelligent nations have leaned more and more to the idea that a citizen should contribute to government according to his ability.

One acre of land is about as useful as another acre, whether it belongs in a sixty-acre farm or a six-thousand. One cow is about as useful as another. So the property tax is levied at a uniform rate. But the net yield of the sixty-acre farm goes to one family, and the net yield of the six-thousand-acre farm goes to another family. The small farm provides its family with little more than a living. It is not able to contribute much to support of government. The big-farm family has a large surplus over living expenses. It is able to contribute twenty per cent of its income.

A property tax must be substantially at one rate. If the rate on a big farm were ten times as high as on a small farm nobody could operate a big farm. But when income gets into the hands of a given family or individual, government is quite right in levying at a progressive rate on the surplus over the family's reasonable needs.

Waterways

WE ACKNOWLEDGE receipt of a pamphlet reporting the proceedings of a waterway convention. One speaker, having spent years studying the subject and being copiously fortified with engineers' opinions, statistics of freight movement, and the like, is sure the proposed canal will be of immense benefit to the city and to that entire region. Another speaker, who has likewise given the subject diligent study and is also liberally supplied with citations and statistics, is equally sure the canal will be a sheer waste of money and energy, never doing anybody any real good.

That particular region, as it happens, has been discussing that particular canal for twenty-five years. So far as we can see it is no nearer a decision about it—to build it or to drop it—than it was a quarter of a century ago. Probably there are fifty canal projects or waterway-improvement projects in about the same state. As a matter of fact, the whole subject of inland waterways is in pretty much that state.

The country makes no decision about it—makes no approach to setting up a national policy based on comprehensive scientific study.

There has been twenty years of discussion all over the country, but the subject is as much up in the air now as it was in the beginning. We are as far as ever from having an authoritative body of experience and opinion by which any given project can be judged intelligently and a fairly satisfactory conclusion reached about it.

We are making no tangible progress in that direction. We can make no real progress until the Federal Government takes up the subject seriously, with an organization and a body of experts capable of leading toward an intelligent national policy. Mostly we just sit round and talk more or less aimlessly.

If the effort now expended on many detached schemes were directed to getting a permanent expert waterways commission better progress might be expected.

Disappearing Gold

PROBABLY the world has had its last sight of gold except in jewelry shops. Five years ago gold pieces were in common circulation over nearly all of Europe. They have practically all been impounded in the big central banks now and it is not likely they will ever again be released for circulation. Paper substitutes will be used, as in the central and eastern parts of the United States for many years. Even our gold certificates have mainly disappeared from circulation. The Federal Reserve Banks have them—issuing their own notes for circulating purposes in place of them. Other banks hold very little actual gold.

Early in the war Europe shipped tons of gold to America in settlement of trade balances. Probably that will never happen again. They are working now to establish an international depository of gold—probably in London. Hereafter, when England or France wishes to ship us twenty millions of "gold" she will simply put a bundle of the depository's certificates in an envelope and mail them over, just as our banks used to transfer "gold" to one another by handing over treasury or clearing-house certificates for the metal.

Nearly all the gold in the world is now locked up in a few big depositories, the greatest hoard being in the treasury vaults at Washington. Receipts or certificates for this gold will change hands from time to time, between banks and between nations. But except a few watchmen and auditors nobody will ever see gold as money. The metal itself will lie unmoved from year to year and decade to decade. All the trade of the world will be based upon something as to whose existence only a handful of men will have any proof.

A convention accepted and agreed upon is the solidest thing in the world—the most real thing in the world.

The Leaky Pail

THE Government asks a billion or more in connection with its wheat guaranty, three quarters of a billion for the railroads, and as much more for the naval program. There will be a billion for interest on the funded debt, some hundreds of millions for merchant ships.

All good and necessary objects, of course. But as these appropriation estimates roll in you see how war has magnified the Government's fiscal ideas. A billion actually makes much less talk now and provokes much less misgiving than a hundred millions did five years ago. The bore has been greatly enlarged. Government shoots money now with a fourteen-inch gun instead of a four-inch, and on the whole takes it rather less seriously.

We shall never get back to four-inch again. But unless there is far better fiscal organization and control at Washington, Government waste is going to be a ponderable handicap on the country's prosperity. Government expenditures are set on such a scale that we simply cannot afford the waste.

Probably a new Congress will convene soon—a Republican Congress. In a short time you can tell absolutely whether it is brass or gold—as readily and certainly as a chemist tells by applying acid. If it does not move seriously for fiscal reorganization and a budget it is not to be trusted out of sight.

The Old Industrial Order

WHEN the Russian curtain finally lifts and we can get a dependable view of the situation there, it will no doubt be found that things have been falling back into their old pattern to a much greater degree than our meager conflicting reports have indicated. Apparently the Soviet government has offered to acknowledge and assume the external debt of the old Russian Empire in return for recognition by the Allies. But unless Europe went Bolshevik it would have to assume that debt anyway, for even agricultural Russia is industrially dependent on Western Europe and America. Finally it must trade with them and get credit from them. A repudiator cannot get credit.

Probably the Bolsheviki have been making headway in getting Russian industries organized and at work. Probably, wherever they have made such headway they have called in the old bourgeois class to manage the industries—paying them very handsome salaries for doing it, by all accounts.

Acknowledging the old debt reintroduces capitalism. High-salaried industrial managers reintroduce the despised bourgeoisie. Since Bolshevik Russia is evidently existing and putting forth considerable military power it is tolerably certain that things industrial have been getting back a good deal into the old pattern.

Profits and Crime

THAT arch munitions maker, the Steel Corporation, earned three hundred and thirty-three million dollars net in 1916. As a result of the war, which Socialists say it egged the country into for its own benefit, profits fell to a hundred and ninety-eight millions last year—due to war taxes and war price fixing.

On the other hand, net profits of the Federal Reserve Banks increased last year fivefold. Taken together, they earned more than sixty per cent on their capital. The bank at New York earned more than a hundred per cent on its capital.

They are agencies of the Government operated primarily for public benefit rather than for profit, but war threw a great profit into their hands.

Looking upon a concern's profits as the measure of its crimes is an easy way of disposing of the matter; but as it happens it is not a true measure.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVII

ON THE night of Mrs. Plummer's club banquet John went home for supper, partly because he really enjoyed being a martyr, as he had once accused Densie of being, for he knew there would be none. He waited patiently while the Scandinavian handmaiden laid some weird concoction at his plate.

Miss Sally was out with her friend, he was told upon inquiry. And gulping down boiled green tea and a little dish of sauce John rummaged in the living room to find something to read, something to make him forget everything—Sally and her mysterious Rex, the shop, Kenneth, Harriet, and the Golden Rule Syndicate, whose methods jarred and irritated him, though he felt he must stay at the post now that the die was cast.

Densie came home with Kenneth in a cab—another step in advance. She wore a gray silk dress and real violets, and she looked quite pretty as she stood pulling off her gloves and saying: "Well, John, did you get enough to eat? Kenneth gorged on chocolate cake and mayonnaise and I must not let it happen again. Do you remember the time you were 'dying' in the woodshed and we interrupted Aunt Sally's whist club?"

"Yes, I remember; and those were pretty good times too." He was a bit sulky, for he was mentally adding, "Aunt Sally had no shop."

"We had a pleasant time to-night." She tossed him a program. "I heard nice things said about the exchange."

"Do you think you ought to keep it?" He did not glance at the program. "Don't I provide for you?"

"With food and fuel and a roof—yes." She had prepared for this moment long ago. "But your life lies away from mine, and so of necessity mine must lie away from yours or else I should become a burden. I am necessary only to my boy, and I have him with me. I don't mean, my dear, that you have stopped caring," she added impulsively; "only that you care in a modern fashion. That is the best way to express it. I know you wonder why I fuss and work so hard in the shop—it is because someone appreciates it. I've been so weary of having meal after meal stand untouched or tasted, or hastily gobbled without comment; so tired of staying home night after night, and when you returned of not daring to ask you questions. Isn't it strange, John, how we are always courteous to the passer-by and rude to the ones of our household? If the children wanted me here, to keep the home as I was taught, I should never have looked farther. But I never really pleased you—so I set to work to please someone else. Not a bad arrangement, is it?"

"I did not say you did not please us," he retorted.

"Ah, but you acted it."

She left him abruptly, without their customary good-night kiss.

Meanwhile Sally and Rex had come to a distinct rift in their affair. Sally was beginning to understand the awful terror of doubts—for the first time in the two years of knowing Rex she was learning that it was selfishness which made him anxious to have her happy; it disturbed him if she was not in high feather and he therefore saw to it that she was.

She was beginning to see, dimly as yet, the truth of the prophecy, "a time waster"—and when she met Dean Laddbarry and he begged to come see her or have her go with him to some jolly informal place, she refused from a stubborn sense of pride. The glitter and sparkle of hotels and expensive restaurants, motors, roadside inns, theater after theater and dances palled on her. She felt as if she had long had a diet of bonbons and cream puffs and wished for some sweet crust of bread.

Sally was only surface shallow; underneath she was of the same quality and loyalty of heart as Densie. But Rex saw only this shallowness, or rather he preferred to see no farther. By staying light-hearted and frivolous one remained young, he had made himself believe. Besides, if he ever went to imagining the past in all its realities he would become a wreck, so he trespassed on only the lightest layers of his scarred self and influenced Sally to do likewise.

Sometimes Sally became a bit of a bore; her extreme youth, which was her great asset, was also tactless and too frank. Her moods were like an April day, and even though she cried prettily and did not sniffle Humberstone felt as if he had undertaken the direction of a day nursery rather than a stimulating young fay!

At first Densie had protested against his beautiful gifts to Sally, but it did no good. So she bided her time and said nothing. Indeed she rarely saw the man unless for a curt good evening; he regarded her as someone with impossible ideas and manners and treated her accordingly. Rex despised manual work of any sort, but it was he who had made Sally lazy. Originally Sally was not at fault, but Rex knew how to ridicule in a peculiar stinging fashion whenever she suggested that she really work; and when she told him of some very idle, useless day spent in prinking or buying nonsense, or reading an entertaining story which she would retell to him, he would always give her the impression that she was the very acme of common sense, and gradually this latter way of spending her days became a fixed habit.

"Listen, My Child—You are Too Young to Marry. You Can't be Sure Yet"

But the greatest harm Rex had done Sally was to teach her to be untruthful! It often so happens. He had caused her to magnify her wrongs and her abilities unconsciously. His life, highly colored from fast living, made her own seem drab and colorless. To keep his interest top hole, as well as to satisfy her romantic little self, Sally began to magnify certain happenings. Dean became a jealous monster who had almost kidnaped her, and other young men whom she casually met and enjoyed herself with for an evening suddenly assumed the proportions of terrifying and frantic rivals who badgered her with mysterious letters and telephones, and sent her expensive presents which she promptly returned.

Sally knew this was wrong, but no one but herself was held accountable for it, she argued, and it amused Rex! She loved this older man with a terrible sort of infatuation. He could not do wrong. He was absolute in all he said or told her to say or do. There was no one else in the world but Rex Humberstone. She used to lie awake consumed with jealousy because of other women he had casually mentioned as having been in his life, and terrifying doubts as to her ability to hold him. Very skillfully had Rex made the shadow seem the substance!

This was the main reason why Sally deliberately fabricated about her charms—a strained ruse and eventually a useless one; but all women try it at some time or other in some way. Little Sally, who had never had so much as a proposal from anyone save Dean—and then in boy-and-girl fashion—began to invent romances concerning herself, to pretend to be almost swayed toward this one and that one, and would end by graciously telling Rex she really liked him best of all! Rex saw through the game, but it amused him and told him how much the girl had come to care for him, so he listened politely and let her believe he trembled lest she turn from him to accept one of these out-of-town Chesterfields who seemed to spend their days and nights writing Sally Plummer threatening love letters and tragic appeals.

Nor was this untruth confined to the romantic side alone; it crept like an ugly little thread into the beautiful pattern of Sally's soul and showed unexpectedly in all she did. Sally could not be accurate about anything, she was not truthful with herself, she could not look things in the face and acknowledge facts. She rouged and used an eyebrow pencil and let Rex buy her a handsome fur coat, which she told her mother glibly she had earned. Densie knew it was not true, but she could not have made Sally give it back—so she let it pass as if she credited the story.

Her boy-and-girl friends dropped away. Sally was never home, Mrs. Plummer was never home, and besides, Sally knew that funny man, lots older—"he takes her to hotels like an actress"—and that funny man would never have gone for a hayrack ride or a simple dance or a ghost party. They knew better than to ask him, so Sally went nowhere except with that funny man, and Dean concluded that she really was engaged and let the matter rest.

Several months after Densie's shop was acknowledged to be successful Sally had her first quarrel with Rex, in which she lost far more than the issue involved. It was Thanksgiving week and Densie was unusually rushed with orders for homemade pumpkin pies. She and Kenneth scarcely came home at all. John wandered between the club and the house in an undignified state of mind, and Sally, who was supposed to be housekeeper, let the Scandinavian handmaiden have her own way while she finished a turquoise satin dancing frock and a black velvet cape which had ermine for a collar. She was going with Rex to a fashionable concert and supper party afterward, and she wanted to look unusually enticing. She was concocting another dream romance to make him more than ardent

and was just completing the details to her satisfaction when the bell rang and she answered it, to find him standing there dressed in his usual exquisite fashion.

Sally crimsoned with mortification. She wore a pink lawn dress, pretty enough in its way but a trifle rumpled, and her hair was carelessly tossed on top of her head. Rex had never seen her this way; she would have given worlds to have not had it come about.

"What brings you here?" she began gayly, attempting to carry off the situation. "I'm just finishing my frock—want to see it? Everything is very dusty, I'm afraid. You don't mind, do you? You see, mummy is rushed to death and I'd rather sew than sweep. Sit down here."

Somehow the moment Rex entered her home the place became dwarfed and shabby in appearance; he had that power of making Sally see it through his eyes.

"I just ran up to beg someone's pardon." He dropped a corsage of violets in her lap. "Sally, I'm going away over Thanksgiving—a business deal in New York; and so we'll have to postpone our engagement. We'll have a carnival to make up for it as soon as I'm back."

Sally's lips quivered. "I won't have any Thanksgiving without you," she said slowly. A ponderous family dinner would be a bore, and she would have no excuse to go away. Densie had said she would have Maude Hatton and Lucy Parks over.

"I know, my dear, but if it is business ——"

Sally began to cry.

"Come, come, don't be childish!" he urged, at a loss for words. "I've not been out of town since we first knew each other. I should think you would be tired of me."

Her temper rose to the surface. "I want to know what you are going to do about me," she cried; "we've known each other quite long enough, haven't we?"

"Do about you?" The mocking eyes seemed to dance, the mouth took on an ugly twist.

"You know what I mean—what are you going to—to ——"

"Well?" He was not going to help her.

"Oh, Rex, don't make it so hard. Everyone is beginning to wonder about it, we've known each other so long, and ——"

It was difficult for Sally, and yet her childish jealous heart seemed stabbed at the mere thought of his leaving town for the holiday on which she had set such store for weeks.

"Say it all, Sally, and don't be too long about it. I haven't time to waste on weeps ——"

"Are you going to marry me?" Sally's eyes flashed with a spark of her great-aunt's determined spirit.

"What an idea! Must I ask you that, Sally, in order to know you at all?"

"Girls are not supposed to know men so much older than themselves unless they are engaged," Sally answered weakly. She wished for her mother very much.

"In this day and age we don't have to be engaged to every woman we know, do we?"

He came to sit on the arm of her chair. Sally noticed how many small lines were in his face. The afternoon sunlight was quite merciless. She began to feel ashamed and bewildered.

"Where is the harm," he was saying, "of being pals—comrades? Come, Sally, I know how deadly marriage is. Take your own home for example—have your parents kept their romance? You have told me not yourself. Look about you—what married people have? I could never see marriage as the goal for happiness! Besides, you are only a child ——"

Tears rolled down her cheeks. "Ah, but I love you," she said simply.

He looked at her critically. She was so young and lovely and it would be rather strenuous to have to find someone else equally young and lovely who would please and adore him as Sally did.

"Listen, my child"—he stroked her hand gently—"you are too young to marry. To-day women marry at thirty-five far more than at twenty. And a jolly good thing too. You don't know whether you would want to marry me—you can't be sure yet. You've ability in many lines, and I would not feel right to gobble you up without your first having a chance to mature properly."

"I'd rather belong to you," said Sally miserably. Once in the situation she was determined to see it through.

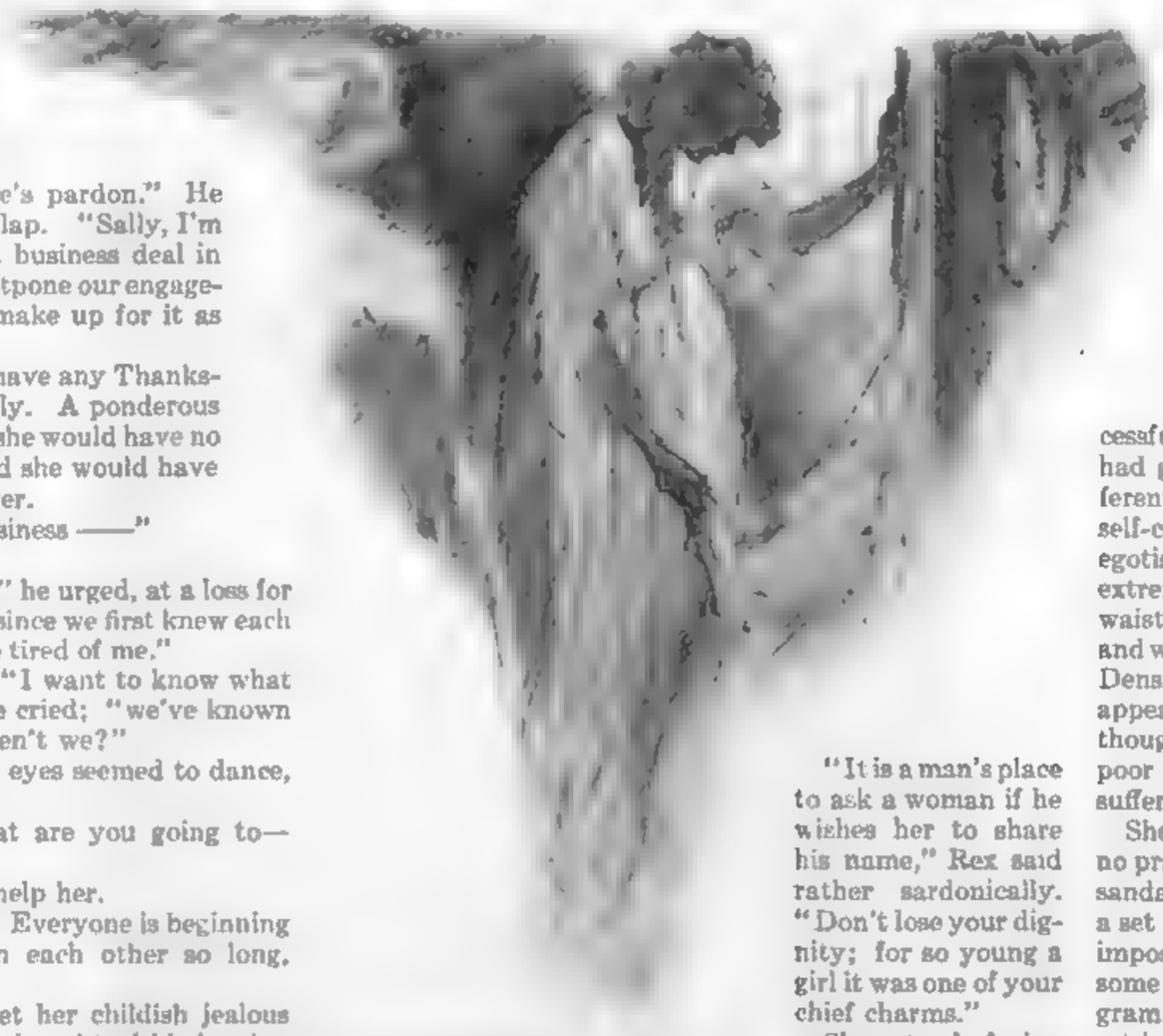
"I'd be proud and happy to have you, but I'm not a domestic sort," he assured her. "I love you, Sally. There—stop crying! You're a darling infant and I want you for my pal as long as you want me. But I don't—flatter myself," he added cleverly, "that I could hope really to win you. Just let me stay pal as long as there is no one else, will you, dear?"

She kept on sobbing. Then Rex bent and kissed her. He had never taken liberties with Sally before. His attitude toward the girl was a cold-blooded one of personal delight in her society. Besides, no one else would believe in him as Sally did—he had not the same influence over older, more sophisticated women.

She sprang up. "You must not kiss me unless we are to be married, please—please." She went to the mantel and put her head down as she cried.

Rex frowned. "I've pulled a hornets' nest about my ears," he said half jokingly. "Come, Sally, don't cry! Buck up and have a good time Thanksgiving. Give an absent chap a thought—there's the girl. I love you for my pal and I will never have another."

"But it isn't right; I want to be right or not at all." She began to be hysterical.



She Felt a Rejected, Despised Spinster Whose Few Pretty Possessions Were Only Wasted Ammunition!

"It is a man's place to ask a woman if he wishes her to share his name," Rex said rather sardonically. "Don't lose your dignity; for so young a girl it was one of your chief charms."

She stood facing him, flushed and unlovely. "I will not be your pal, Rex, I love you too much—it will have to be a proper engagement or we cannot know each other."

"Then it is my dismissal?" His copper-colored face was a trifle more copper-colored, the nearest he ever came to a blush.

Sally hesitated. If he went away angry at her, never to see her again, the joy of existence would be gone; it would no longer be fun just to be alive and see what would happen next! She could not bear it. He had so mesmerized her, distorted her viewpoint and given her a false standard of values that she would be unable to find the way back alone. She could not bear the thought; unconsciously she held out her hands to him.

"No—no," was all she said, drawing in her breath like a frightened child.

An ugly expression had crossed the copper-colored face. "You've no claim on me, Sally," he said a trifle roughly. "A man cannot be humbugged into marrying anyone."

She beat the palms of her hands together sharply. "Is that the way you think of me—humbugging you?"

"No; but you don't seem to understand the way of the world. It is not the way of your father and mother, thank fortune, but the modern, independent way, that gives the individual time and circumstance to his own liking. If you insist on my engaging myself to you, Sally—well, I can do only one thing—tell you I am sorry to lose a splendid comrade. But marriage and domesticity are impossible as far as I am concerned."

Sally walked up close to him, her soft red-gold hair standing out like a halo with the afternoon sunlight on it. "If you love someone, you want to belong to them; but if you do not want me there is nothing more to say. You see, I thought all along that you did; you used to joke about it and say things—things such as Dean said, only in a nicer way; and I know Dean meant them."

Rex shrugged his shoulders with impatience. He was getting into reality, a thing he pledged himself never to do.

"Think it over, Sally, and when I come back tell me if you want to be my pal. I'll never have another one. Some day, perhaps, I might come to feel different, but for now—I'm honest, and you know that is always best."

"Are you going away right away?"

"To-night." He picked up his coat.

Sally bit her under lip. "Very well," she said dully

She felt humiliated. She had asked someone to marry her! Modern though it was it made her ashamed and she did not want to look at Rex again.

"Good-by, little girl." He held out his hand.

But she shook her head. "I must think about it," was all she would let herself say. An amused look showed in the dancing eyes.

After he left she threw herself across her bed and sobbed the despairing sobs of a woman—but no one but the Scandinavian handmaiden knew anything about it!

XVIII

THANKSGIVING was a wretched affair all the way through. Sally was lackluster and wan, scarcely noticing anyone or answering questions save by a monosyllable, eating but little and moping most of the time in her room.

Densie knew there had been some quarrel with Rex, since nothing else would have seriously disturbed Sally. She hoped it might be a permanent disagreement, and set to work to clean the flat thoroughly and cook the very best dinner of which she was capable.

Harriet came from New York as a surprise—she felt it her duty—and made the family circle complete. Lucy Parks and Maude Hatton dressed in their rusty best tottered in early in the afternoon to hear all about New York—to Harriet's horror. Harriet had improved rather than not; the period since she had last been at home had been a successful and happy one according to her views, and she had gained in tolerance and poise from contact with different and invigorating minds. But she was even more self-centered than formerly, and was imbued with a quiet egotism not apparent to a casual observer. She wore extremely mannish tailored suits and beautifully made waists to go with them; her hair was allowed to grow again and was rather prettily tucked into a knot low on her neck. Densie rejoiced to see the evidences of feminism make their appearance. Harriet had no idea of the value of money, though she could tabulate sums for distributing among the poor and her chart had been used in relieving earthquake sufferers, thereby winning her no small praise.

She brought everyone a handsome present—things of no practical use but in excellent taste. Sally's was a quaint sandalwood box with a key of hammered silver, Kenneth's a set of Chinese stories. Her father was presented with an impossible but artistic shaving mirror, and Densie found some sort of rare green-china plates marked with her monogram. Harriet told her she intended to give her the entire set by degrees.

"It is the best way, mummy," she said gently, "when one has nothing in the way of good china to get a little each time and have it of the best."

Densie meekly accepted the gift. She was pleased with Harriet's change in manner and appearance—though she maintained a formal politeness indicative that she considered herself a guest, first and last, and would conduct herself accordingly.

The difference between the two girls was an interesting one upon which to reflect. Sally stayed at home and made, according to herself, the greater sacrifice. But in a thousand and one small ways she was unbearably trying and nerve-racking. Nevertheless, Sally stayed at home. Harriet had refused to stay home—but once away she was graciousness itself in her small pleasing attentions. Densie wondered which she preferred; she could not have honestly told herself.

As for Sally's moping over her quarrel with Rex, Harriet took a "polite" view of the matter. She ignored it; and generously praised Sally's little daubs of paintings and said she must visit New York and see the galleries. Sally responded to the politeness; she, too, became a polite artificial manikin. Everyone kept "bucked up," as Kenneth said, in front of Harriet—she had a way with her, there was no denying. One could not go into hysterics before her or lose one's temper without a great deal of provocation.

"The Woman's Exchange is very nice, mummy," she told her mother. "Of course, I don't particularly care for that sort of thing—hammered brass stores and Japanese print and old book shops are more to my liking. But I can see that you have made use of being so old-fashioned."

"Sometimes I wonder if I ought to go back to staying at home—but it did not seem as if it mattered, and your father has had such a hard time of it."

"I shall add my bit presently," Harriet offered. "Oh, yes; I can afford to." She relinquished the last hope of possessing a real Japanese print which she had adored from without the showcase for many moons. "It makes me feel better if I do. You can give it to Sally for pin money."

Harriet returned to New York the day after Thanksgiving. She was sweetly smiling and formally polite until the train pulled out of the shed and she had waved to the group on the platform. Then she gave a sigh of relief. That was done—it would not be necessary for another two years—and two years is a long time in which to be alone and at peace with the world. She took out a notebook and fell to studying—and the home people were erased from her memory as much as the menu for the Thanksgiving dinner! Such was Harriet.

(Continued on Page 24)

"Come, Mr. Ox! Get along!
Your vigor and muscle belong
In a skilful combine with vegetables fine
To make us ambitious and strong."

A health-building food.

You need such fortifying diet in weather like this.

It combines the invigorating nourishment of meaty marrowy ox-joints, the wholesome regulative properties of choice vegetables and fine herbs, the strength-giving qualities of selected barley. It is a food both delicious and satisfying—

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

We use only Government-inspected ox tails of medium size—the best for this purpose. From these we make an especially rich and nourishing stock to which we add sliced joints separately cooked and containing all their original nutriment. We blend with this stock a fine tomato purée, small diced carrots and turnips, sliced fresh celery, chopped parsley, an abundance of barley, a little onion, white leek and delicate flavoring to enhance the tempting savor.

You cannot insure the hardy resistant powers so necessary at this time of year without the most careful attention to the daily menu. Every item of every meal must do its part to reinforce the system and build up a rugged physique. This is the only real safeguard against this blustering and treacherous season. And you will find this health-promoting soup a most effective and consistent help.

Keep a supply on hand. Enjoy it often, and always serve it *hot.*

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

Densie tried to ask Sally about Rex the night after Harriet had left. She felt it was her duty, though Densie had become like a swift lovely river coated over with ice, the real current flowing deeply and in secret.

"I am sorry if you are going to let this man upset you, Sally. I assure you he is not worth it," she told her younger daughter. "It is not the right way for affairs to progress, and if you have quarreled do make it a definite one and begin again—be mummy's old Sally!" She held out her arms.

Sally shook her head. She was standing looking out at the cold fall night.

"You don't understand," she said slowly. "I made an awful mistake—I said something I never should have said."

And she could not be prevailed upon to say more. Over and over Sally had relived that brief good-by between herself and Rex. She felt humiliated and mortified, realizing she had acted in his eyes like a poorly mannered child. She wondered if he would call her up or write her; she wondered how it would seem to have to go on living without Rex Humberstone. How terribly, horribly monotonous life would be—everything would pall and grate on her. She would never be able to pass by the Century Club where he lived without feeling dizzy and faint; she would scream if she ever met him face to face—and the thought of his paying anyone else the same wonderful attentions that had once been hers—— Sally's eyes grew black and her nails cut into her rosy little palms.

She lay awake, tossing restlessly and wondering what was best to do—whether or not she should make an advance to him. She knew it was wrong; she ought to wait and let him speak. Had he returned? Was he utterly disgusted with her childish lack of self-control? Men did not like to have women throw themselves at their heads—and she had thrown herself at Rex in undeniable fashion. She could not take back those words. She hated herself. Then she began to analyze how it had come about, just what had made her love him so dearly? Why did she feel dependent on him for the joy of existence? Why did she feel ashamed of her mother—even of her father—and her home when Rex was about? What baffling, uncanny power did he possess? She sat up in bed, finally she rose and walked up and down the floor of her room, her hands clenched together. Moonlight stole in, to show her the edge of the unworn turquoise dancing frock which hung in the press; it maddened her. She felt a rejected, despised spinster whose few pretty possessions were only wasted ammunition! She shut the door of the press abruptly and continued her walk.

Why not telephone the Century Club and ask if he had returned? She paused, horrified at the thought. It was half past twelve. Would her mother and father hear her? She could not sleep unless she knew whether he was back or not—and she must sleep. She could call up quietly and just be sure. Supposing he was back and had not telephoned her!

Well, better she know the worst. She slipped into the living room and closed the door; the ticking of the old-fashioned clock seemed to reprove her action. Almost in a whisper she called the Century Club and after a long wait the night man answered.

"Is Mr. Humberstone in town?" Her hands trembled so she could hardly hold the receiver.

"Yes, ma'am—just a minute," the porter answered, and before Sally could stop him someone had lifted the receiver and was saying in the familiar drawl: "Well—what's wanted?"

It was Rex.

Sally's voice deserted her, every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush to her forehead and cause trip-hammer pulses to beat rhythmically.

"Hello—hello there," he kept saying.

"Rex!" she finally answered.

"Who is it? It isn't—not—not Sally?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you think you're doing up at this hour?" He was pleased she had called him.

"I wanted to know if you were home." She was too wretched to pretend. "It worried me—that is all."

"I came in to-night, but I did not phone you because I thought you might be having guests or be out. How have you been?"

He was enjoying the victory, and he proposed to make Sally surrender unconditionally.

"I had a miserable holiday. I wasn't well. My sister came from New York and we had a sort of family dinner—I guess you would call it that, but I wasn't very keen about it." She tried to laugh.

She Was Growing Old. Without Her Make-Up and Skillful Hairdressing Her Face Was Haggard

"I'm glad you didn't like it as well as if you and I had had our dinner," he assured tenderly.

Sally's heart beat happily once more.

"Are you?" was all she said.

"When can I see you? Let's have dinner to-morrow night at the Raleigh—then do something afterward. I want to give you something pretty."

"All right," she said meekly. "What time?"

"I'll send for you at seven. Now scamper to bed. I'm quite set up to think you called me. But it's two to one you just tumbled in from a party and your conscience rebuked you!" He was the old bantering Rex again.

"No, no! Truly, I haven't done anything to-day except wish for you—and wish I had not been so silly."

"You're never silly, dear—just an intense little girl. Good night, until to-morrow."

Sally turned away from the phone. Her mother was standing in the doorway.

"My dear, what was the matter?"

Sally burst into tears—the tension had snapped.

"I had been rude to Rex; he went away and I was afraid he was angry and would never want to see me again. I love him. I cannot help it. It is more to me to have his friendship than anything in this world or the next. I know it was not proper to call him, but I couldn't sleep. Mother, don't be cross. You know what it means to love someone else better than yourself, don't you?" She clung to her mother piteously.

Densie shook her head. "Poor Sally," was all she said; "I'm afraid it is going to be very hard!"

The next night at dinner Rex gave Sally a jeweler's ring box, which she opened with tremulous delight. A beautiful two-carat diamond was inside, set in platinum. Sally's eyes matched it for brightness

"Is it for—for me?" she whispered.

Rex looked at her carefully. Sally had seldom looked more beautiful. She wore the turquoise satin frock and her black cape was draped on her chair. She was a trifle pale—interestingly so—her gold hair was in curly confusion peeping from under her hat. She was staring at him as if he were a saint aloof on his pedestal. It stirred even Humberstone.

"For you, my dear—a pal peace offering. Come, we shan't waste any more time having bad scenes, Sally. You know me and I know you, and this is the twentieth century. Call that ring our pal-engagement ring. You wear it and let people think what they like. When someone comes along for whom you care more than you do for me give it back or toss it aside and marry them and people will know you would not marry me. Isn't that a fair arrangement?"

Sally slipped it on the third finger of her left hand, holding it up to watch the sparkle. "It is wonderful—a pal-engagement ring!" She seemed a trifle doubtful.

"Doesn't that muzzle Madam Grundy?" he insisted. He wanted to drive home his point. "I missed you, too, Sally dear; your loneliness wasn't a one-sided affair. I thought over all you said and decided this was the best way out, for I'm not the marrying kind and yet I cannot bear to lose you. I know people chatter like old women if a man does take the most beautiful girl in the world about; and the ring protects you, Sally—yet you can feel free to marry anyone else you like at any time. Isn't that fair?"

"I shall never want to marry anyone else," she whispered softly.

"Well"—Rex shrugged his shoulders—"then if you hedge me into a corner—I suppose I'll be quite at your beck and call, won't I?"

"Don't you think that after a little while—a year—even two years—you would want to marry me? How splendid to really belong to you!" She was so serious she did not realize her abandon.

"We'll see. There will never be anyone else for me—not so long as you choose to have it so. Just take pity on an old bachelor and let him live in peace at the club. Meantime, here's to my pal—the prettiest, wittiest, loveliest girl a man could ever love!"

Sally raised her glass in answer to the pledge, the diamond flashing as she did so. It almost satisfied her, for he had given her a bona fide engagement ring, even if there was a string to it. Surely, if she chose to develop and improve, Rex would come to want her for his wife, and then heaven would be hers ahead of time. Meanwhile she must be content with his palship, and the world could think what it liked.

She did not realize the grave ethical wrong—it never occurred to her that the wearing of Rex Humberstone's ring was like the closing of a prison door upon herself as regards other men's attentions; that few men are prone to be attentive to another man's fiancée, and that a two-carat diamond and five engagements a week with the same person tell the world but the one story—that she is his fiancée. So Sally shut herself away from the world of romance, and the ugly strand of untruth grew larger by necessity—for the acceptance of the ring involved the telling of many falsehoods.

She showed her parents the ring, and in answer to their half-pleased, half-anxious comments she said: "Please don't say anything to Rex or anyone else. It is just between ourselves; and I—I am not quite sure of myself yet. I want lots of time."

Which was Falsehood Number One.

"Suppose you don't wear the ring until you are sure," suggested her mother; "it seems like an outward pledge."

(Continued on Page 26)

Said— Smiling California to Busy, Rich New York

"YORKIE, you're some little advertiser. Why, your cities and your power are the wonder of the world. Some call you stiff and formal, but Yorkie, pal, I've heard your heart beat and I've been told of your lakes and mountains and wonderful people. Have an OWL, New York!"

"Thank you, Cal, both for the OWL and your kind words. As for being an advertiser, I don't know where I'm much ahead of you. How about your fruit?—Your climate?—Your wonderful lands?—Your skies? And do you think they're not big 'ads' for you?"

* * *

Yes, OWL and WHITE OWL are high favorites in New York, in California—and every state between. They're dependable—that's why. If you've never believed that a dependable cigar could be made at such a moderate price, try OWL or WHITE OWL—Yes, *now!*

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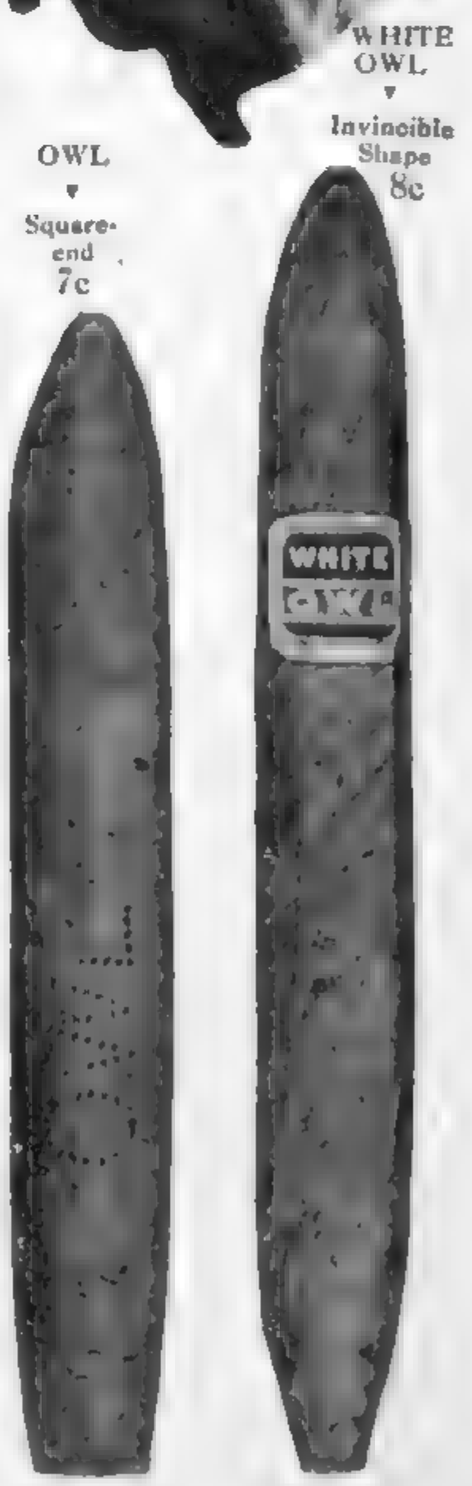


Branded for your protection — Banded

(Continued from Page 24)

"It used to be, but people have changed. It is a pledge in a way; Rex and I will never marry anyone else. But we must be positive we want to marry each other. I'm very happy—but I'm very young and there is lots of time."

Which was all she could be persuaded to say about the matter.

Christmas afternoon Dean Laddbarry came to say good-by. He was leaving the next morning for his long-awaited West. He had heard about Sally Plummer's beautiful engagement ring and had forced himself to watch the society columns to see if the engagement was announced. When it had not appeared he wondered if they considered it bad form, and finally plucked up courage to go and ask Sally.

He found her resting because of a last night's dancing party and in anticipation of the evening's frolic. The flat was rather forlorn with its artificial tree and a few careless-looking Christmas packages. The spirit of the day was not to be found. Densie had worked until midnight sending off packages, and she had ordered a roasted turkey from a restaurant, the Scandinavian handmaiden having unexpectedly taken a few days off. John was restless; something seemed to annoy and tempt him. He kept tramping round the rooms, protesting about useless gifts and telling Kenneth to stop beating his drum. He missed something—it was not just clear to him what it was, but he kept recalling the Christmases when he and Densie were children, when the day started with family prayer, and the mammoth, real pine tree, aglitter with candles and tinsel and heaped with cotton snow, was hidden behind screens in the dining room. Then Uncle Herbert, dressed as Santa Claus, would hand out the presents after breakfast, not even forgetting a new harness for the ponies. After this came church, driving there in the sleigh, and they had half a dozen lonesome folks in for the one o'clock dinner—and such a dinner! Man alive, the women had worked two weeks to prepare it—endless courses and endless laughing and jokes, and kindly family memories recalled, and Uncle Herbert always stood up, wineglass in hand, to sing Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms, to Aunt Sally, who, after being coaxed and pretending to be annoyed, would respond by singing Dear, Dear, What Can the Matter Be! This was her Christmas annual; no one knew why, but it was the song with which she responded to Uncle Herbert's serenade.

In the afternoon the neighborhood children came to compare new possessions or John and Densie went to the neighborhood children's trees while Aunt Sally and Ellen Porch packed baskets of food to send by Barney to families who would have had no Christmas otherwise. And the evening passed with a delicious cold supper, and more toasts and singing, and the children's being playfully told to go to bed as was customary on usual nights, and their finally being allowed the "extreme limit of the law," as Uncle Herbert declared. There were the string quartet to play delicate little tunes and Aunt Sally to accompany them, and usually the minister recited The Cataract of Lodore, and charades or guessing games followed.

At eleven o'clock they would all bundle up to their chins in Aunt Sally's stately guest room and begin to say an old-time cordial good night, while John and Densie would be found half asleep in the recesses of chairs.

That was a real Christmas—with no hollow pretense at a holiday, a tired preoccupied wife and a silly little daughter running about with someone old enough to be her father, his other child in New York having a high tea and delicatessen food! It irritated John just as the Golden Rule Syndicate irritated him; he was worried about his own position with them now that they had taken over his store. The firm was undeniably cheap and "legally" dishonest—always staying within the law. He sat down to watch Kenneth with his construction set.

"What are you doing, pop?" Kenneth demanded presently.

"Wondering where we're going to fetch up," he said wearily. "Go into the next room now—I want to nap."

John had not seen Dean; he had made but a brief stay.

"I want to ask if you are engaged," Dean said to Sally, "before you call the family. Just tell me that."

His honest gray eyes looked at her left hand.

"What about it?" she bantered, really annoyed that she could not name her wedding date and thoroughly shock him.

"Are you engaged to Humberstone?"

She held out her hand. "Yes," she said with bravado. "Now do you believe me?"

He turned away. "Best wishes," he mumbled. "I'm off to-morrow."

"Good luck, Dean. You're a cheerful sort, I must say." Sally was loath to have him go.

"I can't say any more when I know what kind he is."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose it's the new sort of romance—but it would never be the way I'd do ——"

"You've said quite enough," Sally's head tossed haughtily. "Good-by, Dean Laddbarry."

"There isn't any use, is there? I mean to keep on loving you."

He spoke so simply that it made her eyes glow tenderly. After all, Dean was Dean, there was no one quite like his rude precious self.

"There isn't," she said honestly; "you'll find someone lots nicer. Then you'll forget all about me."

"You don't know how much I care," he answered hoarsely, and before she could speak again he had left the room and she invented polite good-bys to the family from Dean.

She had forced herself to make capital of the incident to amuse Rex. It served to please him Christmas night, a highly colored version of how Dean had gone away and had wanted her to go with him, and how she had shown him her ring and he knew then she was engaged to Rex Humberstone.

"I'm really quite important in your scheme of things, I can see that; but I say, Sally, don't pass up any young millionaires or captains of the Coldstream Guards—you know they're not to be had twice running. I'm sure to surrender to rheumatism or something like that that will shove me on the shelf. Look out for yourself first, y'know, just as we agreed."

Sally laughed gayly, determined not to let him see how much she cared. As yet the intense selfishness of his attitude had not dawned upon her.

XIX

AFTER Densie had been running her exchange some three years with increasing success a new element came into John Plummer's life—something which as a young man he had never fancied could be so. It was during the summer when Densie boldly rented the adjoining store to her own and started a quilting department, with white-haired women working in the windows to attract passers-by.

John Plummer met another woman! At first it horrified him, but the years of small selfishness and neglect, the continual contrast between his wife and other wives had weakened moral perceptions and the stamina with which he had been endowed.

First of all, he told himself rapidly, he still loved Densie—of course he did. But he had come to see that there are different ways of caring for different people, and that his way of loving Densie was a passive, obligatory affection. At least, so he analyzed it. What had really happened was that now that Densie was economically independent and of no further use to him in small coddling attentions he regarded her in the past tense rather than the present.

This new woman was a "comrade," he very bravely named her, blind to her sensational and cheap tactics. She had been a second-rate actress, and failing in a career she had married and divorced her husband, and had a fruity bundle of domestic wrongs to tell anyone who cared to listen. Long, long ago, she had a baby and it died. She had also written. "Just the little things that breathed of my very heart, and of course no editor would publish them. The real things never are published, you know," she told John, who agreed with her.

At the present time she was giving dramatic recitals of plays, and readings, and private elocution lessons. John met her accidentally through The Golden Rule Tea Store. She bought some things and there was a mistake in the order. She came down to rectify it and was referred to John. He had asked her to sit down and explain it, and as she talked to him about the "sugah" and the unfair measure of cereals he began to feel fascinated. She told him her name was Mrs. Iris Starr and she lived at Morningside Courts—"a wee box of a place." She had large, pale-blue eyes and flaxen hair, noticeably flaxen; and she was tall and thin, her white organdie cross-stitched with black emphasizing this appearance. Her hat was a floppy leghorn with plump little roses punctuating the brim, and she wore strings of coral which hung below her waist and had bangles on the end, and numerous rings on all her fingers.

But she knew how to look at one appealingly and pretend she was going to cry, and she had a faculty of making a throaty quiver come into her voice as, for instance, when she spoke of her "broken life" or her "brave little attempts at keeping a home."

John felt very sorry for her. She seemed so graceful, like a girl, and her voice was vibrant and pleasing. She had a humorous side to her, which developed at a spanking pace directly on the heels of tears. She told him she could cook a dinner or go hunting, make a dress or play poker equally well. "And of course my work—that comes first of all!" Which led up to his asking when the next recital would be. She gave him the name of the hall and the date, two days away, and he took a dollar ticket.

He kept thinking of Iris Starr the rest of the day—what a splendid sort she was, game yet beautiful, efficient yet attractive. Densie lost a great deal of caste after the advent of Iris Starr, and Mrs. Starr received the most generous order of groceries the Golden Rule had ever been known to send forth. She wrote John a tiny pink note scented with lilac, thanking him and saying she would look for him at the recital.

The evening of the recital John industriously got into his tuxedo and groomed himself diligently. No one was at home, so no one paid any attention to his actions. He arrived rather early at a mediocre side hall, the recital being given under the auspices of some church society.

He was impatient with the preliminaries—home-talent orchestra, and so forth—until Mrs. Starr made her appearance in a black chiffon frock embroidered with gold lilies and a great deal of sparkling jet jewelry.

She did the conventional numbers—scenes from Shakspere, with Riley's There, Little Girl, Don't Cry as an encore, and a little of Stephen Phillips, topped off by Paul Dunbar's Adam Never Had No Mammy, and finally the old stand-by, which proved very popular with the audience—The Lady of Shalott!

After the recital John found himself lingering in hopes of congratulating Mrs. Starr. He supposed she would go home in a cab with a bevy of admiring friends and he felt he would be out of place. But the hall cleared quickly and only the treasurer was left, counting the money. In a street dress and hat Mrs. Starr came into view, carrying a bag. She hailed him with a delighted smile.

"How awfully good of you," she began, holding out her hand.

"I think I'm the lucky chap," John responded.

Mrs. Starr cast an anxious eye toward the treasurer.

"Do wait a moment, I must settle this. I want to ask your opinion if you have time." She fluttered across the room and returned presently with a rather rueful expression.

"This is barnstorming!" she declared vehemently. "Think—my night's work nets me twelve dollars and sixty cents! You see I was on a percentage. It doesn't seem very much when you give your whole self to it, does it?"

She had put her hand on John's arm in a sort of shy fashion and they were walking downstairs.

"I should think not!" John championed ardently. "What a shame! You deserve ten times as much—it must be a terrible strain on you, and you did magnificently."

They had reached the foot of the stairs and he looked about for her cab.

"I have no coach and four," she remarked wistfully. "I'll tell you a secret—elocutionists have to walk these days! But then, I make the best of my poor little life." She paused as if to bid him good night.

"You must not go home alone," he urged. "I'd be happy to see you to your door."

"You're so good," she accepted the offer hastily, and John found himself more amused and interested than he had been in years during the too brief walk to Mrs. Starr's apartment. She did not ask him to come in, but he learned the date of her next recital and promised to come. Each understood that he was to see her home as well.

He walked back jauntily. What a woman she was! Clever, simple, beautiful, and a good fellow—she had been very wise in all she had told him!

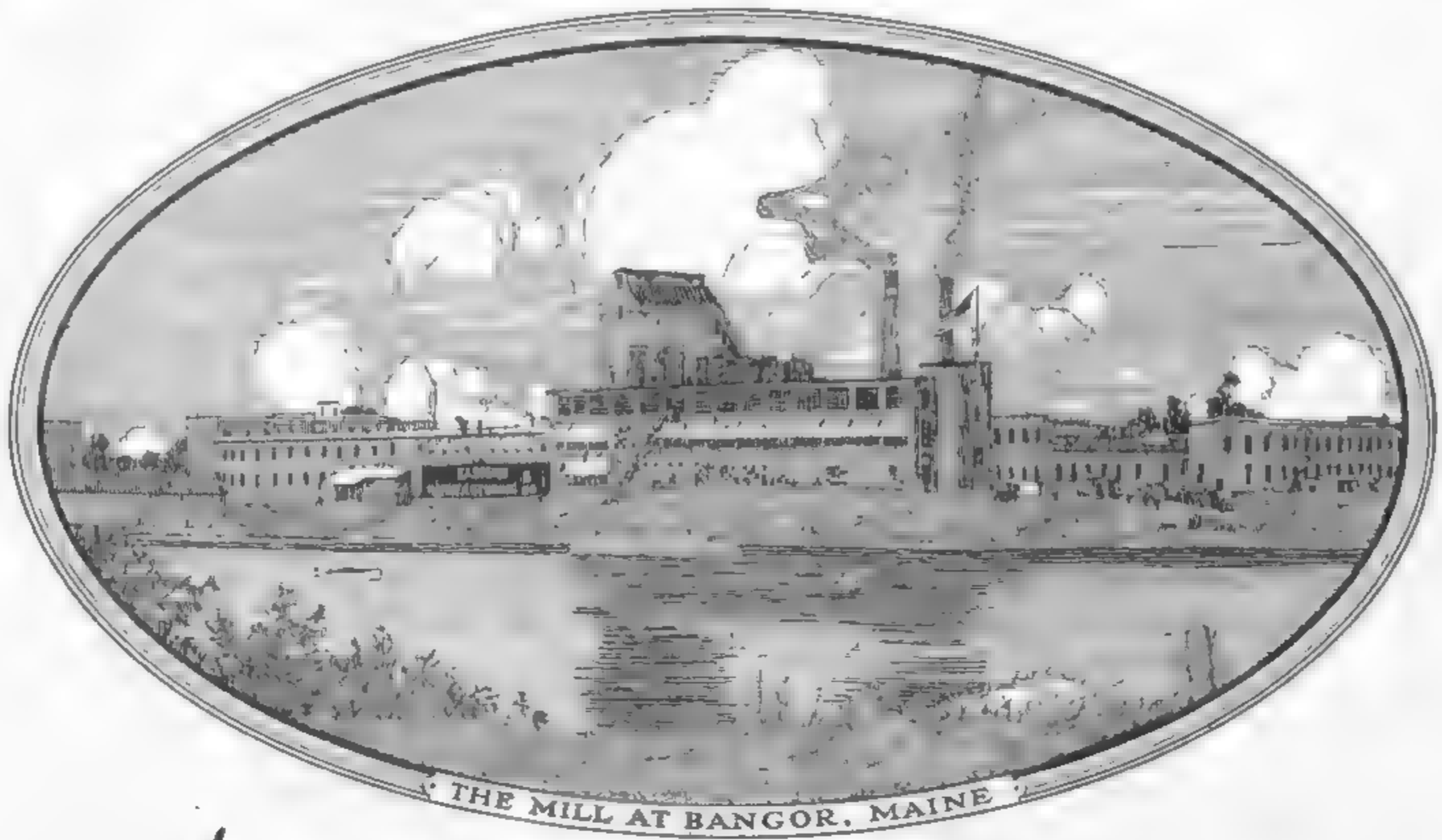
When Iris Starr undressed that night she looked anxiously at herself in the glass. She was growing old. It was a weary age of the heart as well as the body. Without her make-up and skillful hairdressing her face was haggard. She counted over the money again. Then she thought of John Plummer. She knew as little of the business world as John did of the artistic. She supposed he must be a rich man, and she knew his wife kept the Woman's Exchange on Dundas Street. Indeed, she had often gone in to lunch there. She could see he was lonely—and handsome—and gullible. And that he had always been loyal to his wife except in vague thoughts.

"I wonder," she mused, turning off the light—"I wonder if I've enough ambition left in me to amuse anyone again." Then in the darkness she smiled as she thought, "It wouldn't take very much brains to amuse him—he's quite lambish!"

John attended the next recital, and the next, and every recital thereafter, accompanying Mrs. Starr home each time. He procured an engagement for her through one of his clubs, and she appeared at a downtown hotel, creating quite a little success. By this time John went in to visit with her at her apartment and was thoroughly conversant with her bruised little life and planned to make

Gradually She Won From Him the Fact That He Felt His Wife and Himself Had Married Too Young

(Continued on Page 28)



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(Continued from Page 26)

her a Shaksperean actress, which she certainly was destined to be. The Sothern-Marlowe revival had stirred her with envy, she confessed, and John gallantly assured her that she could not only do as well but better.

The whole secret of Iris Starr's fascination for him was her undiluted flattery of him. Densie never flattered. She adored one, but when that adoration was rejected or ignored she turned to other things. To flatter was not in her make-up. Iris Starr had always made her living by flattering both men and women. And she was spending her last years looking for a husband who could not control his generosity. John was an easy victim. He was always kept in a stand-offish position—she always impressed on him the fact she was jeopardizing her reputation by being friends with him because he was married, yet she could not help it, he was so wonderful! That in itself was a ten-strike with John, and she knew it. Then she had wonderful little suppers which she cooked herself, and sometimes she asked in an unattractive woman friend—she always saw to the fact of her being unattractive. She allowed John to send her flowers—and sometimes groceries, humorous as it seems—and gradually she won from him the fact that he felt his wife and himself had married too young, they had not known their minds. She learned about Harriet and Sally and Rex—she had seen Rex and admired him from afar—and that his wife was making a mollycoddle out of Kenneth. Diplomatically Iris Starr laid the wires for John's open rebellion against his wife.

Densie did not hear of the affair until the following year, because it was the very last thing that she would have believed. But Sally came home from a hotel dinner with the news that father had that elocutionist there and had tried to hide behind a palm lest she see him. It disturbed Sally far more than it had John. Rex had laughed at it—it made him rather secure with John Plummer, and he told Sally that she could not expect a young, handsome daddy to stay home reading Foxe's Book of Martyrs until the exchange closed!

With customary reserve Densie made light of the matter before Sally. She waited until she was alone with John to ask as to the truth of it.

"I've nothing to say," was his answer.

"You were there—Sally saw you," she remonstrated.

"Yes, I was—and I've been to see her. You don't care what I do, Densie, and there is nothing wrong about the thing. There isn't a finer, nobler woman than Iris Starr. Talk about a hard life—that woman's experiences would fill any two books! I met her accidentally—fate, she calls it—and I'm sure there's no harm in knowing her. I'll ask her up here if you like."

Which was a bluff, and Densie knew it.

"Don't bother. I'm content if you are. Only how would you like to see me taking dinner with a strange man?"

John laughed. It was so impossible to think of Densie's so doing. "Come, dear, maybe I shouldn't have taken her to dinner. It was the first time, on my honor. But she has a rocky time of it to make her way, and a little cheer helps her out. She interests me because she is different from anyone I know. We are merely good friends. You and I are man and wife," he added brutally, "but, by Jove, I've come to see that we are not friends."

"Have you?" she said sadly. "I'm so sorry."

"You wouldn't give an inch in your ideas—which never does in any partnership."

Densie did not answer.

Presently John burst out: "What about Sally and Rex and their engagement? Is that any worse than my taking Mrs. Starr to dinner?"

"Don't you know only guilty people try defending themselves by comparison?" she asked soberly.

"I'm not defending myself, but if you have a business of your own and run it to suit yourself I have a right to run my business and my affairs ——"

"Do you want to marry her?" she said in the same sober manner.

"Great heavens, no!" Though he began wondering at that very instant whether or not he did want to marry Iris Starr. "What are you driving at?"

"Because if you do—you can," she informed him. "We don't seem to make each other any the more happy by being together."

"I've no idea of upsetting everyone at this stage of the game. I just said early marriages are a mistake."

"I see."

And Densie refused to speak of the matter again. Whatever came to her ears she kept her own counsel concerning; she did not even discuss it with Sally, who made indignant protests. It was John's problem; let him deal with it as he would. Densie had seen Mrs. Starr once, and she smiled in amusement at the disillusionment that was waiting for John should his good fortune ever fail him. But to all appearances she remained the childlike wife of a man who did no wrong in her eyes, and she devoted herself to the exchange so that at the end of the year she figured up she had made as much money as John and had paid her fair share of the expenses besides buying her own and Kenneth's clothes. Iris Starr comrades are expensive trifles.

Lucy Parks died at the holiday season; she had been ailing a long time, only Densie had seen to it that she had care. There was enough money to bury her decently, and the Plummer family and Miss Hatton, more eccentric than ever these days, were the sole mourners.

The little old lady's death sobered them for an instant; she recalled memories, and again reminded them that there must come an end to all things—even Rex Humberstone and Iris Starr and the Woman's Exchange. Kenneth took her death the most to heart.

"Why didn't she marry and have lots of children to bury her?" he demanded several days afterward.

"Because her lover was killed at Gettysburg, and she was loyal."

"Couldn't she love someone else?"

"People didn't—as much as they do now."

"Isn't it right to love someone else?"

"I guess so, Kenneth—why?"

"I was thinking how nice it would be if you loved someone else, and daddy loved someone else, and Sally loved Dean instead of Rex, and Harry would love someone—and we'd all start in again."

"Why don't you want us to stay the way we are?" his mother asked thoughtfully.

"I don't know—all the old loves seem to have worn out." Then he added: "I guess I'll have to get a girl myself. All the boys have one. Cy has a girl, and Mark has a girl, and so has Tommy Kane. I'd like Cy's girl, but Cy wouldn't stand for it. I could have a girl, but I don't want her; she's an Eyetalian and when she hands out the papers in school she whispers 'I love you,' when she passes me. That don't go—I'd rather be the one to whisper it."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Densie between a tear and a laugh. "An old-fashioned son!"

The next week a great honor befell Densie, as unexpected as had been the success of her exchange. She was elected state president of the federation of clubs, because of her unusual achievement in the matter of the exchange. She had not realized how victorious she had been. This meant she must give less of her time to the exchange and more to club life. She recalled the shabby little delegate to New York some years before, and how she would now wield the gavel and greet other shabby delegates.

When she told John the news he went out and bought Iris Starr a gold watch and chain. After a soulful talk, inspired by said watch and chain, Iris said diplomatically: "It seems to me divorce is quite as ethical as marriage. You must remember we are living in a new age and people are being divorced for many reasons. They seldom wait for horrid, sordid happenings. The main reason and the most ethical one is that they are true to their own selves."

John had listened spellbound as she concluded: "The only real sin about caring for someone is the hiding it. When a woman fails to grow and develop with her husband she should renounce him without question when he has found a true love. That is only justice."

With a whirling head John agreed and felt strangely elated.

XX

DURING the year Maude Hatton became a princess, with a different frock for each hour of the day, and she called Densie her lady-in-waiting and rebuked her when she failed to carry her pink satin train as she wished! The old lady's mind had failed sadly since Lucy Parks' death, but she stayed on in her solitary room, too feeble to work except at odds and ends for Densie's exchange, and protesting vigorously if anyone attempted to do anything for her.

They finally sent for Densie, and after a little management Densie took the princess to her palace—for to the faded old eyes the asylum was a veritable mansion of red brick with lawns and gardens and many courtiers waiting for their queen! She was quite happy, for she felt she had come into her own, she told Densie, and she was willing to say good-by and be left in state, her gray head nodding and bobbing royal greetings to all who passed.

Densie left her with a greater feeling of regret than when she had driven home from Lucy Parks' funeral. With tender pity she looked through the insane woman's possessions—such a stunted, meager little life as it had been, after all. In the brass-bound trunk, which had been Maude Hatton's father's, was the history of her life—the scraps of her first party dress, yellowed old letters, and in a faded plush box lay the evidences of her one great romance, the little bangle bracelet, the picture of a soldier lad taken in Sixty-One, a few letters—they were clear and legible even yet—a poem he had copied for her in a flowing beflourished hand, Who is Sylvia? and one of her favorite hymns.

Densie burned everything; she felt no one else had the right to pry into the spinster's withered dreams. Had she been at the Little House they would have been put in the attic, but in her present circumstances the furnace was the kindly alternative.

No one missed Maude Hatton. It was a relief to Sally and Kenneth, for they had long been messengers up to the old lady's rooms. When Densie told John what had happened he said he wished she might not last long, that growing old was a mighty monster after every last one of us —— He merely thought of the incident as applying to his possible future.

For John Plummer and Iris Starr were at that delightful stage of a mild, middle-aged intrigue wherein they were longing to begin all over again, "knowing what we do now" and planning to remodel the universe on original lines.

Densie knew something of what was happening, but she paid little attention to it. Pride caused her to seem indifferent, and whenever she saw Iris Starr her sense of humor got the better of her and she could have scolded John as she scolded Kenneth. She was amused at the pensive attitude John assumed when she was at home with him, the bored way in which he sat at the table and kept up a desultory conversation, and how he rushed away to go to Iris Starr's apartment and be properly appreciated by having a "soul massage," as Densie named her treatment of him.

Once when she had asked John about the ending of the affair he vigorously protested against the thought of a divorce; that held a certain old-time horror for him. There were the children to consider, though many of his friends were divorced, even after their own children had married—men who married "too young to know their minds," he told Densie.

"It is not fair to Mrs. Starr, John, to take up her time," Densie had argued; "and it is not pleasant for Sally to keep meeting you like an eloping couple at every secluded dining room in town." She did not mention herself.

"I wish you'd understand the thing fairly. Why are women narrow-minded?"

"It seems to me I understand it very well; ordinarily I should have been lost in tears and reproaches."

He looked at her a moment without speaking. Then he said: "I don't think the less of you, Densie; you're the children's mother. Only we have different ideas, and nowadays one is not expected to coop themselves up in a two-by-four run and not be permitted any frankness of opinions."

"Don't apologize!"

"By the way, I've had a squeeze for money this month; could you manage with half the allowance?"

John was thinking and had been thinking that if a woman earned as much money as Densie did it was only fair that she use some of it for expenses in the house. Ten years ago he would have protested against such an idea. But it was in keeping with the rest of his modernism.

"Certainly," she said. "I've expected this for a long while."

Despite his splutterings she would not argue the matter.

John's affair with Iris Starr was as laughable as a grown dog's trying to chew up cook's rubbers and a little soap. It was a puppy-dog sort of escapade which should have taken place twenty years ago—and, like all grown-up dogs who attempt chewing up rubbers or soap, everyone called him mad and gave him a prompt court-martial. John was really misjudged.

Iris Starr did not misjudge him, for she was clever in her shallow way and could understand the exact circumstances. She knew she had a difficult hand to play, and unless she played it skillfully she would lose the chance to marry him. She wanted to marry John—he was attractive personally, she could domineer over him, and to her way of thinking he held a "wonderful position." His wife did not understand or appreciate him; nowadays to get a divorce round forty-five or fifty and marry someone else was quite a common occurrence. Iris had known the seamy side of romance far more than John suspected. She saw to it that he looked upon her as a helpless, injured woman with unappreciated genius, due to her timid ladylike ability not to make herself heard; and with all this was the longing to be his home keeper, his mental inspiration, his romantic ideal!

Iris had managed to convey this impression gradually; she could see that John had been the father of a family for so long that it would require clever handling to lead him boldly into the divorce court. She also made him feel that her present position in the matter was almost tragic unless it was short-lived; that to acknowledge John Plummer, a married man, as her great friend was damning to her work and her conscience, and yet—here the pale blue eyes looked like stars with a hint of tears to veil them prettily—she cared so much for him that she was willing to brave social ostracism and to wait until he could divorce his wife or vice versa and they be married. Iris had been divorced—a pitiful tale as she told it. She said the judge was very tender with her and had denounced her husband bitterly from the bench.

This propaganda was accompanied with a good steak nicely broiled and swimming in butter sauce or some other delicacy John liked and did not have at the flat since the advent of the Scandinavian handmaiden; or else it was told him when they were sitting on the roof of the apartment house, which she had converted into a little box garden, John swinging in the hammock and smoking in contentment, and Iris in a lavender silk with fluttering silver ribbons sitting opposite in a steamer chair, her pale yellow hair in thick braids round her oval head.

She used to send John home at half past nine very punctiliously, and whenever he came home with her from a recital she always had Katiebel Drummond—a cross-eyed spinster with the additional charm of a goiter—waiting to be a proper chaperon, and contrast.

In a very short time John adored Iris; he looked upon her as a "pale blossom which must be tenderly cherished," and so forth, and told himself to be careful never to shock or startle her in any way. One could have smiled at John's careful toilet, the slicking-back of his hair and flaunting of new ties. At John's age it was pitiful to behold.

"We can't drift, Iris," he said one winter evening when they were having one of their feasts. "I wonder if I have the right to—to ask my wife for freedom."

He winced as he spoke of Densie before her; strangely enough it seemed a sacrilege.

"I don't see why you can't," Iris said almost too eagerly. "She doesn't want you—no woman wants a man if she goes into clubs and keeps a shop. I'm so lonesome!" She held out her slender white hands dramatically.

"It is a little hard—after all our lives together ——"

"Habit," she answered harshly. "Besides, I've no doubt she'd rather have her freedom. Your children are growing up. Let her take your boy, and let the girls look out for themselves."

Then she realized she had spoken a little too honestly and she became noncommittal and shy during the rest of the evening. But before John left she had his promise for a talk with Densie and the loan of a hundred dollars.

"Just consider it business, Iris, and think of me as if I were a bank and you borrowed it at six per cent," John had argued.

She had had several of these "loans from a bank." After he left she went about the house humming. It seemed that here was

(Continued on Page 30)

ASK any Hupmobile owner to tell you how easily his car handles whenever uncommon quickness of *pickup* is essential to his *comfort.*

Driving is made infinitely more pleasant to *The Comfort Car* owner by the certainty that he can always depend upon this instant response.

He uses it not merely to meet an emergency in crowded city streets, but for the sheer joy of turning on at will a *flood of power* that never fails him.

(Continued from Page 28)

a haven at last. She was weary of hand-to-mouth existence and she would not do any regular work. John was going to marry and take care of her—as long as she had brains enough to make him want to marry her! She smiled triumphantly and nodded to herself as she passed a mirror.

"I think you'll be wise enough this time," she told herself.

While John Plummer and Iris were planning to rebuild their world to their liking Sally Plummer was learning that a dishonest, unreal love breeds ugliness in one's soul, and that she was at a standstill with Rex Humberstone though caring for him in the same infatuated manner.

With her impetuous nature Sally was becoming tragic and unreasonable, perverted in her viewpoint and addled as to a proper sense of values. She told herself she had a hold on Rex, blushing as she did so. He would not dare cast her off like a worn-out glove. She could remain his fiancée to everyone's opinion if she chose to do so. She had lied so much for and about him and to herself that she felt a determined recklessness. She had cast her lot with Rex. Other girls had done the same with other men, she discovered, as she went round with him month after month—other pale young girls, overdressed, accompanying cynical men of the world who merely rejoiced in surrounding themselves with youth and who had no intention of marrying them and assuming the cares and obligations of such a relationship! These cynical men of the world would have gallantly argued that there was no harm in what they did, they did not force these young persons to become their companions—neither were they harming them in any way. Well, it is an old beau's art to be evasive, yet to gain his own selfish end!

Sally herself could not explain the exact wrong in the condition. It usually began, as her own affair had, with a young girl's being discontented at home and flattered by someone like Rex, with the young girl's falling a prey to his charms, which the man displayed as wisely as a jeweler does his wares, making boys seem penurious, immature boors by contrast, and gradually the young girl becomes so fascinated with the older man, so changed in her views of life, her standards for pleasure, her belittling of worth and saving—that the boys regard her as "different" and pass her by. Not until years elapse, as with Sally, does that normal, hungry longing to be someone's wife and home maker come to her, the pang of envy when she passes by new babies in white prams with huge bows on the snowy afghans, which are proudly wheeled by the young girl mothers who have married the boys and dispensed with a few eight-dollar dinners or fifteen-dollar auto drives. It seemed to Sally when she met some of her former friends as if she were peering through the outer bars to a lost paradise.

This was what was slowly happening. It would have crushed some girls, but with Sally it developed defiance. At twenty-four she was as sophisticated as a woman of forty in some ways—the disillusionment of romance, for example. She had gone her way, disregarding her mother, and now a fierce pride would not let her admit to either her mother or her friends that she was anything but content. She said Rex did not want to marry her because he wanted to build just such a style house—men have such set ideas, you know, not like a boy, content with love in a cottage! After this excuse wore out she said she did not want to give up her freedom, there was plenty of time and she was having too much fun; she made her foolish little painting daubs a shield—but everyone saw through and over and round the shield, and only smiled in pity. Sally wanted to do her own work in her own way, she would insist, and when one married—well, one could not do as they wished, and so she thought she would wait a little longer! All the time the brilliant ring haunted her with its useless binding beauty. It was a far handsomer ring than any of her girl friends had had—but they had added a wedding band long ago!

Sally used to argue with herself to become convinced this was the true state of affairs and she was happy. She forced herself to be content; then by force of contrast she would become savage toward Rex and indulge in wild moods, during which she upbraided him and he sat frowning and sipping a cordial, saying:

"Come, Sally, wrinkles don't become that pretty forehead. You know I've always been frank with you—there isn't anyone I like half so much. Do be your jolly self and let's shoo the worries off!"

After brief periods of rebelling and resolving to go away and make Rex realize that if he really cared enough for her to marry her he must do so, Sally would try to school herself not to see him for a week. To this he would laughingly agree, but within a few days Sally would have called him up and asked him to take her driving!

"It isn't real love, Rex; I do know that much," she said one day during the January of 1910. "It is something terribly like it—the same as a reconstructed jewel can almost fool an expert. It is a ghastly sort of emotion that can engulf you—yet even while it does so you realize it is not real!"

They had driven to the country club and were lounging before an open fire.

"Ah, Sally, you're going to have me on the rack again, aren't you? How pretty you look." He kissed his finger tips to her, but she shook her head.

There had been a time when a compliment would have swayed her from earnest discussion, but that was past—it was more often the signal for a battle. She had learned to know the seductive influence of such compliments. In reality Sally was suffering from cabin fever, as her mother had suffered from it years ago. One can have cabin fever in a white-marble palace as well as in a desert lean-to. Rex was the cause of Sally's cabin fever.

"Don't drag in those things when I try to be serious," she pouted, standing up to throw off her coat, unaided, and settle herself before the fire

Rex looked at her critically. With all her tantrums Sally had not begun to fade. She looked older than her twenty-four years, but a beautiful sort of woman of whom he could not help being proud.

"If you will be serious I shall stand it, because I can look at you and think how lovely you are." He put the tips of his white fingers together.

"You don't seem to realize that I cannot give up my girlhood and my womanhood to you—just trot round half engaged and half not engaged, wearing your ring and never being able to say when I'm to be married.

"I should think you would want to be married," she added rather rudely. "What will you be twenty years from now? A lonely old man in a lonely old hotel ——"

"No; a mummy," he corrected, chuckling.

"Your humor is out of place. The whole thing is this: I shall not keep on knowing you unless we are engaged."

She bit her under lip as she spoke, for she hated these scenes as much as Rex did; they always seemed to Sally "so unfair to have to have"—she could not see why he did not settle the question properly, as Dean Laidharry would have done.

"No, I suppose not," he answered, to her surprise; "but I could never make you happy—I'm beastly set in my ways, and you'd better wait. At thirty you will pick out a duke—and then give an old pal a thought, won't you?"

"What duke will pick me out at thirty? With everyone saying 'She has loved Rex Humberstone for over ten years, and he never wanted to marry her—just monopolize her!'" Sally turned her face away from him.

"Ahem! Stormy weather, mates; very stormy weather! Here, Sally, all the time you've been ragging me I had this in my pocket."

He drew out a white kid case in which was a handsome sapphire pin.

Sally's eyes sparkled as she spied it. "What is this for?" She could not refrain from adding: "Breach-of-promise present?"

"A splendid way to thank a chap," he drawled, laughing at her impertinence. "No; just a reminder that nothing is too good for you, and therefore I am not good enough! Come on, pal, put it on your lace collar and give us a smile. Haven't I earned it?"

"I'd rather be engaged," she protested. Then she gave a sharp exclamation. "It is hideous to have to talk this way to a man! My mother never mentioned such things first."

"I can quite believe it," he sneered.

Sally turned on him in indignation. "You don't like mummy because she is old-fashioned and has ideals. But she is worth ten of you or I. Only I have disappointed her, and now it is too late. We all disappointed her, so she went to find her own salvation. For one, I say she was right. She has made a success in spite of us, Rex; not because of us."

"She's a clever woman," he applauded sardonically. "I'm sure I never said otherwise."

"She is more than clever—she is good." Sally was thoughtful, her great gold eyes watching the fire crackle. "But everything seems changing. Here is father making an idiot of himself over Iris Starr, and mummy knows it. Fancy preferring that inane old doll with a professional smile and a flock of bangle bracelets to mummy. And there's Harriet growing more like a machine and less like a human being. Sometime she'll wake up and find herself turned into a typewriter or a filing cabinet!" Sally laughed at her own nonsense. Her sense of humor invariably tripped in to rescue her from the depths. "And Ken has downy lips, and his voice is a soprano one moment and a basso profundo the next. Poor old Ken, he's going to have a chance to benefit from our mistakes. He says he is going to be a soldier—a captain, if you please. I think he wants to wage war on all flat dwellers!"

"Aha, we're ourselves again."

Rex was delighted. His nerves gave warning whenever Sally had a scene. He might have called it conscience, but he had long preferred the other name.

"How do you really make all your money?" she asked abruptly.

"Gambling with someone else's money," he answered lazily. He usually told her the truth about business because he knew he could trust her.

"That isn't right."

"Right things never interested me."

Sally was silent. She was also admitting another humiliating thing—that she was consumed with strange jealousy concerning his past life; she wanted to know everything that had happened; she felt herself on a level with the woman who goes through her husband's pockets while he sleeps. Yet the thwarted heart of her was bound to have an outlet, and since she had made Rex the sum total of her existence she was forced to expend her energy upon him in some direction. Jealousy at best is a humiliating trait—and to Sally, naturally without it, it was an acquired one and therefore twice as vivid in its effects. She was jealous of this blasé man of the world who had psychically stolen her youth and held her apart from her own kind.

Presently she gave up trying to pin Rex down to anything definite, and in abandonment became unnaturally hilarious, thereby making Rex feel that Sally's gay moments were worth having to stand for the rough ones, for she was the best tonic of which he knew, and she was as pretty as the day he had first met her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Work That Takes Truck Stamina

THIS is no spectacular stunt for advertising purposes, but a photograph of a Kelly-Springfield truck on one of the trips it has been making for months on this job, over a *wood's* road—and not once has it quit.

Six months of this kind of work is equal to about three years of the worst kind of ordinary trucking—and this truck is still going.

That it can stand the strain and twists, that it has the power to come through, day after day, is the best proof to any truck user of the correctness of its flexible design, quality of material, and the earnestness and stability of the institution producing it.

Kelly-Springfield trucks have stamina—a constitution that is above the average. They *work* while many others are being *worked upon.* They have a twelve-year record behind them.

1½ to 6-ton models.

The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Builders of HIGH GRADE MOTOR TRUCKS

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS

The Big Brother to the Railroads.

The PIONEER and the VISION

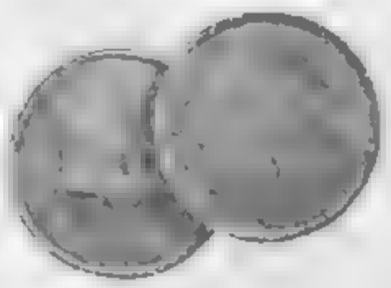
THE greatness of our country's commercial development stands as a tribute to the creative genius of its industrial pioneers. From out the daring of their vision grew railroad systems, the telegraph and the telephone, the mastery of electricity, and commercial institutions which are now the world's standards.

During the days when many of our mightiest industries were in their infancy, some fifty years ago, an advertising organization was brought to birth in the city of Philadelphia. From a beginning based on a vision backed by determination, from a local effort with a national outlook, this institution has grown until its activities encompass the country; this is the summary of the record of the house of N. W. Ayer & Son.

With that genius of vision to see the fullness of opportunity within the accomplishment of its many and varied clients, this organization has maintained the leadership of its pioneer days. Hardly can there be a public service story or an advertising problem taken from the course of American commerce that does not pay tribute to the efforts of this institution.

Fifty years of constructive endeavor with thousands of commodities, has built a complete organization. The smallest mechanical detail and the most involved advertising problem have each at its command the trained service of experience. From the beginnings of business through all the stages of development, this agency has been councilor, creator and active operator.

Here the new enterprise finds a strength of experience to back its inexperience; the great industry finds a breadth of service capable of carrying the most varied and most exacting burdens. Constant contact with many clients maintains lines of information which keep the newest and the best of commercial methods in continuous circulation. This service is at the disposal of the makers of any worthy commodity.



N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO

From Generation to Generation

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

SPRING is an internal as well as an external fact. Thurston Randall was somehow aware that it had occurred, even before his eyes were fairly opened this May morning or his prompt head, thrust from a window, had verified it, taking assurance of elm and willow and suppressed bird stirs in the desirable tenement portions of these. Well, it was the calendar time. Thurston underwent its primal impulse, untying a first necktie to replace it with a second and gayer, even while he acknowledged the event with a sigh which in its way was also tributary.

It would be spring in Central Park—another spring in Central Park this lovely morning in May; spring on Broadway; it had been spring for some time already on Fifth Avenue of course, but that no one counted; now here it was at last even in the Bronx.

He sighed again as he maneuvered necktie Number Two. Spring has not, he reflected, a great deal to do with down-town clerks in small automobile industries at a salary of thirty-five per—when one has obligations. Besides, he had seen springs enough to be sensible—and wasn't. He was only one of a few personable and negligible millions, those who stay in town when "nobody" is there, and to whom, contrary to popular superstition, the lure of the White Lights is about as remote as the Lorelei.

Oddly enough, however, it was precisely of the White Lights that Thurston was thinking at the moment, and because of them that he sighed. He took from his letter case an envelope and made a little penciled computation on its back. Two tickets to Russian ballet—third back, Balcony—two dollars each; Subway tickets, twenty cents; hot chocolate, and so on, after, another dollar; it couldn't be done for less than six—without violets. He ran hastily through the bills in his pocketbook and thrust everything back into his pockets. By Jove, he'd do it!

And suddenly he decided that the morning called for a spring suit. While he donned this and tried out more ties he considered Bakst gravely. It had to be the Russian ballet, because that year Bakst, for a fashion artist, had incontestable values; this really excused the two-dollar seats. Not that Thurston—Tony to his friends—was a fashion artist; he was even grateful for help in the choosing of ties, as that which he finally now settled on could have borne witness.

He laid his plans carefully—an early start, stopping to buy tickets on the way; likewise violets. The early start was important on account of MacDermott. MacDermott, too, was important in a way—a different way—being the junior partner in Tony's firm. He motored in from somewhere daily, not in one of the quantity-production cars the firm turned out, but in an imported machine, and he had lately betrayed an almost puzzlingly increasing propensity for giving Tony lifts to or from the office; for which Tony tried hard to be grateful—promotion coming by way of partners—but through which it had more than once heart-rendingly occurred to him what a pity it was to roll magnificently past the entrance of Central Park at the very moment when—well, when he could distinctly have been better employed there.

It was not, goodness knew, that Tony affected to despise cars; he dreamed of owning what might be called the irreducible minimum of one some day—probably in extreme old age. But he had no notion of riding in MacDermott's this day, and as for ownership—well, he removed that chance to a probable day after his death as he sat down to breakfast, and unconsciously mingled his morning smile for his mother with another little sigh.

"Something wrong, Tony?" asked his mother brightly returning the smile as she glanced up from the coffee cups.

She was an amazingly pretty mother; nobody he knew had so pretty a one. The other men openly envied him, and strangers were apt to take her for his wife. Her skin was smooth and pink as a girl's; her pretty gray hair, always softly dressed, only made her look the younger, and she wore soft and frilly things, which Thurston paid for. She had as a fact married shockingly young, in the days when girls still did so, but her son could not recall her as ever having been any younger than now; he had a permanent vision of her in which she had always been pretty, young and smiling as now. The only difference between his earliest memories of her and his latest was that in the first instance she had sat opposite his father at table, and in the latter she had sat opposite him. This final phase had lasted now for eleven years. He had been twenty-one and young when he took over his father's responsibilities; now he was thirty-two and no longer so very young—except on rare spring mornings. That father's last words had been in the nature of a bequest to him:

"Take care of your mother, Tony."

Thurston had done his best; he would have, anyway. In fact there was absolutely nothing else he or anyone could have done. Elizabeth Randall existed only in relation to those she loved and only in order to care for them—first, her husband; second, her son; but it would have been unthinkable, in the nature of a shock to them all, that she should be expected to take care of herself.

After her husband's death she simply went on keeping house for her son as she had kept it for his father; the checks the elder man had formerly signed were now signed by the younger; that was all the difference—except indeed that Tony's salary was considerably less than his father's had been; but to this fact his mother had adapted herself in what Thurston often felt to be a wonderful way. She neither complained nor reminded him; she bought simpler clothes and fewer of them, and she made as much of her son's more modest gifts as she had of the father's costlier ones. All this touched Tony extremely. He hated himself for not being more successful and able to do more; but actually the four rooms and a bath, and the life insurance he carried—very small, but added to his father's it would be something for her in the worst of cases—taxed that thirty-five per to the limit.

That four and a bath might have been a standard for its class; Elizabeth's adorning hands had passed over it; there was an effect of ever-fresh muslin curtains and ever-polished floors; Tony's favorite food, prettily served, appeared perennially on the table, and across it an ever-sunny face declared all this was a joy. Other men he knew with other mothers, anything but ever-smiling; plain, middle-aged mothers, without frills, whom Tony surveyed without enthusiasm, and Elizabeth Randall with disapproval. She could not think why they did not keep themselves young for their sons, in these days of bargain counters and understood complexions. A little intelligence and effort was all that was demanded; and ought love to count effort?

Perhaps as a result of these maternal shortcomings most of the other mothers' sons married betimes and set up homes of their own. Thurston had acted as best man for so many that he felt himself a middle-aged, lingering leaf. Some of his fellows already had families growing up, promising youngsters whom Tony half-envied them on the rare occasions when he dined at their inferior tables; he seldom did dine out, because of leaving his mother alone.

He watched her now as she heated the cups, making dainty movements with her hands. Other women neglected these details, but Elizabeth Randall never. Tony watching her felt a sense of guilt. It was so plain that she had nothing on her mind but him; he suddenly felt a meanness in having planned a pleasure not to include her this bright spring day—but three tickets ——

Her first words deepened this guilty feeling.

"Such a shame, dear, for you to be cooped up all day in that office—days like these."

He mustered a smile. "Oh, I'm used to it."

"Still," persisted Elizabeth, "everyone needs a little change and brightening now and then."

A wild dream shot through her son's brain. Perhaps after all she would understand; he half opened his lips.

"And so ——" said Elizabeth.

She finished the sentence with a charming smile, and from her opened hands two colored slips fell to the table beside her son's plate. Tony took them up and gazed at them. The futility—not to say the irony—of things!

"It's not really extravagant, dear boy," he heard his mother saying coaxingly. "I scrimped them, absolutely, out of the table; and you never knew. Five rows back, but that doesn't matter, does it, for a ballet? And it's no use to say you don't want to, because only the other day you were saying you did."

Tony did not say he didn't want to; he only went on staring at the tickets, with a little grin which he hoped she might take to express his pleasure. There did seem such peculiar cruelty in her having selected just—Bakst.

"I'll have a little supper," said Elizabeth blithely, "and your clothes all ready for you to just fall into. Now say you're really pleased!"

Her son swallowed hard.

"Of course! Pleased to death," he responded, but he got up from his chair as he said it. "No; I won't wait for another cup this morning. I'm a little hurried."

"Dear, why didn't you say so! But your lunch is all ready."

Light as a girl she sprang up and brought from the kitchen the delicate sandwiches she prepared with her own hands and which the other fellows envied him. In the hall she smoothed down his coat collar and handed him his cane.

"It's nice to see you in a spring suit again, dear. Did you leave the other where I could send it to be pressed?"

"Oh, yes. You'll find it on the chair," replied Tony absently.

He had but one purpose in life now—to escape MacDermott, which now indeed seemed all there was left in life to hope for. He kissed her hurriedly, but something in her expression, to which he had become as sensitive as his father, arrested him.

"What is it, mother dear?" And as she hesitated his fingers moved automatically to his vest pocket.

"No, no!" said Elizabeth hurriedly. "I have some still—really."

Thurston looked down at her. She looked very small and frail and brave; he pulled out his pocketbook, detached a bill and handed her the rest.

"Oh, I know your 'some,'" he said lightly. "After spending all your money on me you won't have enough for a pair of gloves; and I'll bet you need them."

He stooped and kissed her again.

"Poor little mother!" he thought as he hastened down the steps. "Poor little mother!" he kept repeating, the more remorsefully for the prick of resentment that still kept pricking; not resentment with her, of course, just resentment with Fate. He turned at the last step to wave to her where she stood in the doorway; then a familiar chug-chug caused him to glance over his shoulder, and slink out of sight round a corner and behind sheltering shrubs; then he sprinted lightly down the street and into the nearest

His Eyes Had Asked and Hers Had Answered All That Anybody Can Answer Who Has Not Been Asked Anything

Subway station, where he drew breath, grinning like a foolishly young person instead of a staid bachelor who had just undergone one more blow of Fate. And in the end he had to wait ten minutes at the Central Park entrance.

She came at last—a slender slip of a young woman, with a boy's hat, a business coat, a short skirt, and manner as of one whose time is money. The coat, turned baldly away at the throat, revealed a severe open-collared waist; here were no frills or ribbons.

Their greeting was in the glance they exchanged and the easy way their steps fell together. Even the violets did not bring a blush; only a measured glance from her dark eyes and a brief "Thank you."

"It's spring, you know," Thurston offered lamely.

"Yes, I know," she returned as briefly; and all appeared to be said until she added abruptly: "I sometimes wish—there weren't any."

"Spring?" asked Tony anxiously.

She nodded.

"I know," he said then in his turn.

And thus in half-spoken sentences and unsaid things moved their conversation to secure which he had raced so madly; but all the time they were walking down Broadway together, looking into art windows and bookstores. Thurston dabbled at odd times in what he honestly believed to be *sera libre*—and perhaps it was; Alma as conscientiously lent herself to these efforts as he to her concentration Bakstward, which was chiefly in the interest of her fashion work. Between them they represented America beginning. And always they kept looking into each other's eyes.

He had understood—so much better than she had meant him to do—about the spring. It was five years now since they had made acquaintance on such a day at the little lunch place downtown, and every year since they had watched together the vernal advent in Central Park, which was their great outdoors; and he had bought her on every one of those anniversaries that ritual bunch of violets, always receiving one violet back.

And it was four years since he had told her, on a spring day like this, all his story—about his father's death, and his mother, and how promotion was due to come sometime, but how meantime there was his mother and the flat and the insurance. He had asked nothing of her; honor, whose dearest name is pride, forbade; but his eyes had asked and hers had answered all that anybody can answer who has not been asked anything, and it was perfectly understood between them. Since then one cruel spring had succeeded another, horribly slow in their individual coming, horribly swift in their aggregated flight, and each harder to bear and to meet than the last.

Because of course they were growing older. To-day when Tony presently removed his hat, the better to grapple with a Bakst drawing of what looked to him like an Arabian nightmare, Alma observed with a little tightening of heart-strings how the hair on his temples was already quite thin; it seemed a piteous fact—in May; as indeed it was. And while he was loving the fine straight line and lift of her chin he could not help noting also the other fine little lines about her eyes and lips, that ought not to have been there, and the thinning contours of the cheek and throat. Something passionate and resentful surged in him at the sight. Why, oh, why had he neglected even this morning—as thank God he had—a junior partner who might even this very morning have been about to speak the liberating word? Instinctively he bent toward the figure at his side, and suddenly, born of nothing and without any possible excuse for it, they found themselves clasping hands in front of an absurd print-shop window, none too secluded at that, looking their radiant misery into each other's eyes. Everything was being said all over again—without anything being said.

"And you aren't utterly tired, even now," Tony found himself saying after unknown intervals of time, "of waiting for me?"

"Oh, I'll wait forever," she answered with an angry, beautiful little laugh. "We'll have to, I guess," she added with the faintest bitter emphasis, immediately effaced by her tightening clasp.

"No, no. That promotion's really due to come to me," Tony earnestly affirmed. "MacDermott has almost cultivated me lately and said things that make me almost sure they're going to ——" Then he suddenly dropped her hand. "You're right! I had no business to speak"—he was quite unaware he hadn't spoken—"I—I didn't mean to. It was an—an accident."

The hand seized and closed on his again; warm, mothering; through every nerve he felt its comfort—also its cry.

"You did exactly right—to speak"—she too had no idea he had said nothing. "It was your duty. Why shouldn't you speak?"

"Because," he answered recklessly, "I know all about the things you don't. I know what it costs to—to keep house, and what a little way what I make goes. And of course if I were any good at all I'd be making more. Good heavens, it's absurd! I'll never get ahead—never be able ——"

For just one moment she looked away; he felt her going and clung to her hand insensibly, like a drowning man. Then she spoke evenly: "Never mind; we've got each other. And as for—houses and things. I don't have to have them. I'm—I'm not a frilly kind of woman at all, you know. I don't have to have the things they have; I don't even want them, I hate them!" she added with sudden energy. "And I'm used to taking care of myself."

The pride of this last both thrilled and stung him.

"I know—you're wonderful, but ——"

She stopped him.

"We don't have to talk of this now, and—we won't say anything to—anybody."

"Of course not," Thurston assented miserably. "It's not an engagement; I won't ask any woman to marry me until—I can marry."

The modern girl looked the modern girl's impatience of an outworn creed; which the modern man is still struggling to understand.

"Well, don't worry; you haven't asked me yet. You can call it a disengagement if you like that better."

And glancing up to meet these arrows Tony encountered a kind heaven in her eyes, fuller than the actual one of spring and promise. Instantly his doubts fell from him; he stopped being reasonable—and miserable; and recognized in himself a natural capacity for miracles, which is, in fact, the birthright of every normal being. This uplifting consciousness, in which he saw himself boldly demanding increases, lasted until he parted from her at the door of the fashion loft, three floors above his office. It was here she gave him the annual violet.

Five minutes later in the seclusion of the coop he temporarily occupied in one of the inner offices, having laid the violet tenderly to sleep between two leaves of paper and religiously inscribed it with the date, he felt for his letter case, to consign it and it was not. In his hot haste to escape MacDermott he had failed to transfer it from the other suit. He hoped his mother would—but of course she would—go through the pockets before sending it to the tailor. His hand, stretched toward the telephone, was withdrawn. Sudden death might overtake his mother, but no such failure of her meticulous habits as lightly sending a suit to be pressed with unsearched pockets; her housewifely motions were as calculable as the calendar. Insensibly her son smiled—and then sighed. For now that he was reminded of his mother he was reminded also of the simple tragedy of his situation; the two women he adored did not love each other. Neither of them had said so, but he acutely knew it.

At first he had made a man's pathetic attempt to remedy the matter. Bringing them together he had judged would be—must be—all that was needed, since how could two such admirable natures but mutually admire? In practice it had not worked out that way. Something veiled and all but hostile lay between them. Thurston supposed it was what you call temperament; he had never once dreamed it was what you call Tony. But he could see for himself only too plainly that they did not get on. A coldness never observable at other times hid Alma's warmth in his mother's presence; and his pained observation taught him that there were things in his mother Alma did not quite understand.

The last experience of this nature had been so unfruitful that he had never cared to renew it; and yet nothing at all had taken place on that occasion. He had deliberately abstracted himself, affecting to bury himself in newspapers, the better to create an intimacy between the women, and from this approximate seclusion he had silently contrasted while admiring the types.

The mater had looked unusually lovely—even for the mater—in some new frilly daintiness, such as one couldn't think of her without, and wouldn't if one could. On the other hand, Alma, in the other kind of thing, and the way she wore it, had seemed to him—well, immense. But he had caught his mother looking at her—secretly, of course—as if Alma weren't dressed at all.

What his mother had really been thinking was "Only her evil genius can inspire her to do her hair and dress like that! And if she's like this at twenty-eight, what will she be at forty-eight? Conversely, when his mother had tried to draw Alma out, on the natural topic of fashions, and then, fashions falling cold, on curtains and sofa cushions and embroidered centerpieces, Alma had told her flatly that she only cared for bare rooms, and had looked at the open-worked and hemstitched thingumbobs bought—all but given away—at the midwinter sales as if she had an animosity against such things in particular. What Alma had been bitterly thinking as she looked severely at all the pretty things was: "And it is for things like this, thousands of things like this, that he is losing all his youth and chance of happiness. Oh, I will never have one of them while I live!"

His mother had looked quite discouraged at last, and he had felt sorry for her, but secretly he agreed with Alma. He loved the idea of bare rooms—as she said it; fluff was all right for the mater, and he wouldn't have had her dream he didn't adore it, but sometimes he himself felt distinctly fed up with it. He wouldn't want the mater changed in anything, but what a thing was the new girl, the modern girl, the man's girl, playmate and companion and comrade of men! What a life a man might lead with someone who didn't mind not having things, in a bare flat, with just enough to it for living and working and eating, and all the rest somehow made up in better things. Not that he had any clear idea what these better things were—outdoor things, maybe; vivid things anyway—not just tables and rugs and doilies.

All that background, as they called it, was necessary to the mater; she was made to be shielded and taken care of, so that she in turn could take care of everybody; it moved him with tenderness to think of her; but when he thought of Alma—he had to get up from his chair and walk to the front of the room and stare out of the window into the distance.

Tenderness wasn't the word for it—there was no word for what a man felt for that kind of woman; it would have to be coined new—like the type.

Ah, well, you don't get promotion by staring out of windows. He walked back and seated himself at his desk. Halfway down the next page of figures he fell to eating the end of his penholder moodily. How do you make two women like each other who don't? And how does one promote the sensibilities of junior partners that they may in their turn promote you?

Had he only known it the answer to the last question could have been given him by his mother. She of the confidently calculable movements was going through some surprising ones at this very moment. It had been for her a day of surprises, beginning with the moment when, having duly directed the junior partner on his way after a certain delay, she had gone back into the house with her arms full of roses to open and read the note he had put into her hand. And as she read her face changed like a girl's.

No woman—especially not a woman whose youth is past, and most especially not Elizabeth Randall—could have read such a note unmoved. The junior partner had told her—not in the note—that she was like a rose, and now he could have specified a pink one. The note, however, was not altogether a bolt from the blue. Mr. MacDermott was a keen observer of times and seasons; Elizabeth had practiced none of Tony's small dexterities of evasion; thus it had come about that the junior partner more often missed the son than the mother, and the imported car quite as frequently overtook and transported her.

If she had occasionally failed to mention these coincidental happenings to Tony the reason was simple—yet double; you could never be quite sure how a young man would view attentions of this sort to his mother, which yet she herself could not, in Tony's own interest, too rudely rebuff, since who knew better than she how much the junior partner held Tony's future in his hands? So she delicately cultivated, while delicately checking, the growing friendship of a gentleman who was one, even by the passed-away—deplorably—standards of her own day and his. It was indeed their kinship in tastes which had drawn him to her first; the old-fashioned home she made, the devotion she lavished, the grace and charm with which she embroidered existence for a plain automobile clerk.

The junior partner was a lonely man, growing lonelier. Elizabeth Randall blushed, liked him the more—and she had liked him already very well indeed—and put his note away to read again, even while she happily determined to sacrifice him whole to dear Tony. She put the roses in water till the evening, when she would wear them to the Russian ballet, and Tony should have a bud. They were magnificent roses, from the junior partner's hothouse or the florist's. Either way they came by automobile. Whoever married the junior partner would have all the things these stood for, the junior partner thrown in; and he was no small asset. For a fleeting moment Elizabeth pensively acknowledged this.

But what were flowers or automobiles or all that went with them compared with the privilege of making Tony happy? She had been in love once, and she was not in love—of course not—with the junior partner; but she was grateful to him for being in love with her. It gave her an almost fierce thrill of pride that she had him to renounce and she felt grateful again to the man she was going to reject for this fine joy of renunciation he furnished her. She was also grateful to him with the secret gratitude of a woman to whom, having no other, the passing of the power to waken love is as the passing of life's very purpose. What is it, indeed, to be beloved, but to know that spring for you is not yet over? Who can be insensible to this until dead? And women like Elizabeth Randall are never dead until the lid is clamped over them and the earth sodded, and then they rise again and live and bloom in the hearts of their men kind.

So Elizabeth went softly about the house, thinking very kind thoughts of the man whom she meant to reject, while her ministering hands smoothed and dusted and puttered and made important the routine of the day, all the time with the joyous knowledge that she was deliberately dedicating herself to dust and putter, of her own free will, out of love for Tony. She smoothed his pillow as if it had been his head, and when nothing else remained or could be invented to do she turned her attention to the suit flung across the chair.

(Concluded on Page 37)

TEMPOINT WRITING CHART

There's A Tempoint that Writes Like You

(Chart and Method Patents Applied For)

Now Your Handwriting Is Charted

And You Can Try the Tempoint for Ten Days

MERE mechanical excellence can be taken for granted in practically every fountain pen sold today. Mechanical perfection has been years in the making.

But now comes a bigger, broader idea—*that of exact pen selection through scientific handwriting analysis.* Under this sure method you can find instantly the very Tempoint that writes like you.

Step into any Tempoint dealer's. Sign your name. Your particular style is already charted on the Tempoint handwriting chart. Quickly and accurately the dealer finds the Tempoint that writes like you.

If on first trial it seems almost too good to be true that you really have a pen in hand that does write like you, try the Tempoint for 10 days. Put it to every writing test. If you continue to be delighted you'll be glad to keep it. If not, take it back and the dealer has our authority to refund the full purchase price.

There's a Tempoint for every writing hand—light or heavy, fast or slow—for man, woman, boy, or girl. Not forgetting that the Tempoint has ten superb features all its own, including the hand-hammered gold pen that will not weaken or become "sprung" under heavy, continuous writing. The Tempoint is made in both Self Filling and Screw Joint styles—$2.50 up.

"Why No Two People Write Alike" is the title of an interesting history of world writing, by C. L. Ricketts, the well-known handwriting authority. Write for it today—it is yours for the asking. It also pictures and describes the Tempoint Chart and Tempoint Pen, the right-hand writing mate to the famous Eversharp Pencil.

THE WAHL COMPANY, 1800 Roscoe Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Western Representatives for Tempoint Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils

DEALERS: Write for Tempoint catalog and interesting data on this new idea of selling by the handwriting chart.

And Every Tempoint Pen Has 10 Superior Features Ask About Them

—and for the Traveling Man—

"Life," says the traveling man, "is just catching one train after another. Like any other successful business, mine has to run on schedule, and my Elgin strap watch is the answer. With the time always before me, I know exactly where I'm at.

"Yes, and it's a satisfaction to own a watch that's never dropped, never left under my pillow—as plainly visible in my berth at midnight as at high noon. For a handy *extra* watch for a man on the road—or for any other active man—there's nothing like the Elgin strap watch with the black dial."

Genuine black-dial full-luminous Elgins, in your choice of the three styles of case and strap here pictured—now ready at your Jeweler's. The Armistice releases them for civilian use.

Handy in winter, when gloves and overcoat make fumbling in your pocket clumsy and unsafe.

Handy in summer, when you wear no vest and half the time no coat.

Buy one while you can get it.

All three styles have genuine Elgin movements—American through and through. Specially constructed for hard outdoor use. Wear one a week and you'd feel lost without—

"The Handy Extra Watch for Men"

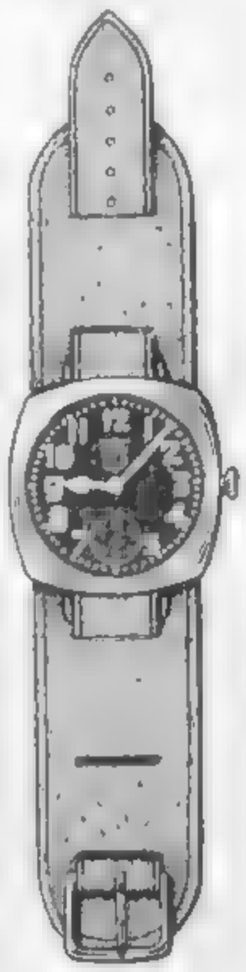
Released by the Armistice, the three most popular styles are now available for civilian use. Let your Jeweler show you these Elgins.

"Pershing"

This is the "cushion shape," as pictured in above close-up of the Big Fist. Heavy [illegible] skin strap.

Nickel $21
Gold-filled or Silver . . $25

"Kitchener"



"Foch"

The "Foch" style is the round shape as here shown, with khaki or pigskin strap.

Nickel $18.50
Gold-filled or Silver . . . $21.00

The "Kitchener" style is the square shape as shown above. Wide pigskin strap, double.

Nickel $20
Gold-filled or Silver $23

Remember, these strap watches are but three of the many Elgin styles

(Concluded from Page 34)

As she lifted it it was not in the least by any fault of hers that the fatal letter case flew out, as it was by sheer accident of Tony's haste that morning that the contents flew after. Elizabeth gathered them all up with a careful hand; she would as soon have thought of breaking into her son's office safe as of looking at his private papers. That these things simply were not done she had not to be told.

But if a half-open envelope in the course of its aviating career deposits a photograph face upward on the floor and encircles it with a sheer malevolence of little white folders dated "May, 19—" and many Mays more—the most scrupulous eye cannot help seeing; and seeing, being impressed.

As she picked them up with first a still and then a whitening face, and a tremulous hand, Elizabeth Randall grew cold, and at the last her fingers moved mechanically. The very final base bit of paper chanced to be the penciled memorandum hastily thrust on top of all that morning; from it, in Tony's neat and clerkly hand, stared the legend: "Balcony seats, 4.00; chocolate, etc., 1.00; Subway, 20 cts."

And now she knew why Tony had seemed strange. She came, indeed, into the possession of so many kinds of knowledge all at once that they overwhelmed her and she collapsed briefly into the chair that had held the suit, with it and all the other tangible evidences of what she knew grasped in her hands.

And then she began to examine these—dispassionately, like one with a definite task to do. The array of violets, each with its date -their annual gravestones—set the mechanical fingers to trembling again, and when she turned the photograph over and saw the stoic brief Alma of the donor underwritten with the legend, in Tony's hand, *di mi alma*—Tony had been proud when he thought of that—something choked Elizabeth Randall.

All this time—and she had never known! She turned the photograph again. How could she imagine he would care—seriously for a girl like that? Why, she was almost a boy! Why had he been at such pains to conceal from her that he did? It was unfilial; it was so unfilial—which meant so unlike Tony—that she began in a frightened way to think about it.

Of course she had realized, in a vague fashion, that Tony might marry in a far-off, remote time—but so far-off that she had never asked herself what in that case would become of her. Why, to her he was hardly out of his youth; and besides that it had been the very foundation fact of life that she sufficed as perfectly for Tony's happiness as he for hers.

And now here it was—or here was why it wasn't, for the case was clear as day; it couldn't be clearer: Tony's salary might take care of one woman; it couldn't possibly take care of two women. Tony had understood that, too, and this was the explanation of everything. True, this girl worked—took a pride in working; but marriage and work ——

Elizabeth groaned to herself. Tony had understood that too; Tony, if you came to think of it, had understood many things. And the sum of the understandings had been his sacrifice, the sacrifice of his youth, his happiness, to her, his mother. And she had never suspected.

"What can I do?" she thought. "What can I do? I must do something—but what?"

The answer was plain; she must remove herself from her son's shoulders. He must have his chance to be happy—what he thought was happy anyway, however mistaken. Even Alma had her rights; it was appalling to Elizabeth to think she was keeping another woman from being happy—depriving her of her right to be loved and taken care of. But who—who was to take care of her?

She looked about Tony's room piteously. It was such a pretty room. Alma liked bare rooms. How many things Tony would miss, but would never say so; men are so generous. She wandered through all the rooms restlessly, loving them with a kind of passion, as we love faces of those we are about to lose. How dear it had been—this little nest, with Tony. Nothing else would ever be so dear. But she must give it up, and give it up in such a way that Tony would never know what it had cost her.

For a moment this thought of renunciation exalted her—and then cold terror seized her again. She was forty-nine years old, and what was to become of her? The world stretched before her like a vast desert. She had left her father's home, a mere girl, for her husband's; and after her husband there had been her son. But after her son who was there to whom she could possibly turn to take his place? What was there in the world but Tony?

Her agitated wanderings had led her to the right place for an answer. It came, wafted to her as clearly as words from the tall pink roses in the front room, and in the natural familiar form of incense. There was the junior partner.

Slowly a look of high resolve came into Elizabeth's face. She would marry the junior partner and leave Tony free. Then he could marry Alma—and be happy. It was a solution which took care of everything, including the junior partner; for it did not enter Elizabeth's head to doubt that she should make him happy too. Subconsciously she must have known that it was not in her to marry any man—and not make him happy. The hard part would be telling Tony in such a way that he should never guess. She dreaded his straight, searching glance.

And suddenly she took a great resolution. She called up the junior partner and said about three words to him in a thin, shaky little voice, and then rang him off so abruptly that he nearly had an apoplexy then and there before he had her rung on again. And before she had listened to more than three sentences from him she rang him off anew and subsided pinkly into a chair, with her heart beating fast, but also with a little smile coming and going; and as she smiled insensibly her fingers began softly to pat her pretty hair into place.

The junior partner, after frantic and repeated ringing, took to issuing frenzied and contradictory orders in the office, the last being a hurry one for flowers—he had already forgotten the morning roses—and then he rose and passed like a whirlwind through the building, bringing up at the coop where the least conspicuous of his clerks sat computing figures with what all at once struck the employer as remarkable and unrewarded fidelity. Finding the whole plant suddenly too constrictive for the exuberance of his mood he was impressed, as he penetrated to it, by the narrow confine in which Youth sat, pent and uncomplaining.

"Something ought to be done for him," he mentally resolved, and made note to take up the matter with Sotherwaite at once

As he walked in, with the unceremonious entrance of a superior, his ear was saluted by the following:

"Yes, it's me—Tony. What's up? . . . A headache—you! First of your life, isn't it? . . . What—not go to the ballet? As bad as that! . . . Shall I call the doctor? . . . Oh, of course, dear, if you feel that way, and you're sure it isn't anything. . . . Anybody I could think of? Oh"—here the speaker became afflicted with a cough—"why, ye-es, I guess so. Of course I can't be sure, but"—casually—"there's Miss Cayvan, for instance, right here in the building; and she takes a kind of interest in Bakst, I believe—that kind of thing. I could ask her. . . . What's that? Bring her up to supper? But are you able? . . . Bring Alma up to supper! Like it? . . . Well, you should worry!" Here Tony threw back his head and laughed right into the telephone. "You bet she'll come! I'll see she does. Only I'm awfully sorry about your head. . . . What—What? What! S-say that again, will you? I ——"

At this point the junior partner relieved him of a telephone which seemed about to fall from his hand. Tony made a dash to recover it; he glared at the junior partner; he did not intend him to know that his mother had suddenly gone insane. The junior partner held him off with one hand, and laughed as he spoke into the receiver:

"Elizabeth ——"

"Elizabeth!" Tony muttered weakly.

"I'll tell him myself; he doesn't seem in full possession of his faculties at present."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Tony, subsiding on a desk corner.

The next moment he rushed at the telephone, snatching it from his superior's hand.

"Darling—dearest—mother! Is that you? I—I—I—I ——"

"Stutterer!" said the Junior partner with mild contempt, repossessing himself of the instrument. "Elizabeth, what he is trying to say is that he's coming right up. Yes; all right, Elizabeth."

He seemed to love that word, thought Tony, stealing a glance at him. The junior partner hung up the receiver definitely and faced Tony.

"My car's outside; go right up and have it out with your mother."

He handed Tony his hat and thrust his gloves into his helpless hands. Mechanically Tony turned to depart. Something, he knew, should be said, but there was not a word in him—till he had seen his mother. At the door he turned; his troubled glance sought MacDermott, and in an instant MacDermott was at his side, his hand out.

"Thurston—Tony—you don't mind? You can trust her to me, can't you?"

"It's only," said Tony, "that I didn't dream—and I couldn't bear her not to be happy, sir. I've always tried ——"

"And you've succeeded. I hope to God I succeed half as well. Thurston—I'll do my best!"

The grip of his hand as he said it kept Tony rubbing his a good part of the way uptown, but somehow it helped to reassure him. He began to smile a little, and presently to smile more. The junior partner, as he still found it easiest to think of him, had bade him come back with the car, adding that he would send it back a second time. "And you needn't particularly hurry either; the park's pretty this time of year."

That raised the question whether in his turn he should tell his mother or whether it would be fairer to Alma to tell her first that he intended to marry her—at once. On the whole, it seemed peculiarly Alma's business, so he wouldn't say a thing.

Elizabeth, hoping desperately that she should seem natural, might have spared herself; anything whatever would have seemed natural, by now, to her son. Moreover, if she was not the radiantly happy woman she appeared no woman in private life has a right to so much dramatic talent. Finally, you can always fool the superior male; deep down in her heart it was Alma she was secretly afraid of.

If she had heard the conversation of the young people later on, on their way up—a circuitous way—her fears would have been confirmed.

"But does she love him?" Alma asked gravely, her own thrilling happiness only making her seem the quieter.

"Of course—since she's going to marry him," Tony answered blithely, stroking the hand in his under the sedate covering of the robe. "He's really an awfully good old scout."

Alma gave him a quick glance.

"It seems so—sudden."

"Things are always sudden—when they happen; this is," his fingers emphasized gently.

Alma was silent a moment, only half convinced. She wanted with her whole liberated heart to love Tony's mother, and now that she no longer saw her as the destroyer of Tony's happiness—that was the thing she had resented—the sacrifice of Tony—it seemed to her it would be quite easy to love Elizabeth Randall—that is, unless she was going to do a thing which Alma in her severe young heart could only characterize as deserting Tony to marry the junior partner's money. It was a hideous suspicion, but Alma remembered the years of frilly things.

"Do you think she knows about us?" she asked abruptly.

"What—mother? Bless me, no! Hasn't the faintest notion—any more than I had about them! I came awfully near giving her a hint, but thought I ought to ask you first."

"Thanks," said Alma, faintly ironical.

Her heart beat fast as she entered the little flat. But faster still beat Elizabeth's as she stood to welcome the bride her son brought her. It seemed to her as to Alma that things affecting their whole lives were going to be decided in that moment's meeting. There was a tumult in her blood which she thought they must hear as she waited for what she might read in Alma's first glance. What she was unaware of was the expression of her own, fixed on the girl Tony loved, the girl she was giving Tony up to.

And Alma, lifting her eyes coldly—saw. She gave a little, startled, inarticulate sound and walked straight into the arms which opened and then closed about her.

"There," said Elizabeth softly, "there!" and began stroking the smooth brown head. Alma caught the hand in hers and brought it to her warm, young lips.

"Mother!" was what Alma said, but the tone had all the quality of one who says "My child!"

Elizabeth's heart leaped to that caress in it.

Tony, looking on, gaped in astonishment. They had never understood each other one little bit, and now it appeared they understood each other and everything else besides, without a word—all in a moment—just like that! Weren't women the amazing limit!

Elizabeth was suddenly and deeply happy. Mysteriously and beautifully Alma had gone subtly over to the ranks of those whom life continually raised up to stand between itself and her, people to love and care for, and be cared for by in return. She had felt the spiritual adoption in that quick surrender, the protecting tone. It was almost as if instead of being a daughter Alma had been another son. Alma would love her; and to win the love of Tony's wife and thus doubly secure Tony's happiness was worth any imaginable renunciation.

Even as she thought the word Elizabeth's eyes turned with a new, soft and grateful tenderness—not to her son but to the junior partner, and the junior partner's heart leaped like a young man's.

He was stricken with a sharp contrition, as toward Tony, who would be left with no one but Alma to console him; doubtless a nice, but quite ordinary and modern young girl; and again he vowed within himself to take it up with Sotherwaite the first thing in the morning.

Unaware of this compensation preparing, Tony was gazing at Alma—and with no care who saw. Elizabeth saw; she slipped gently from the girl's side without his even perceiving it. For a moment the full pang of that bereavement turned her world black; the next, instinctively as a bird to a lighthouse, she had flown to MacDermott's side, and as his quick hands reached out to draw her near she felt herself being drawn again out of darkness into safety, warmth, light—home.

There was still somebody in the world to whom she was indispensable—as indispensable as Alma to Tony. And as this was all she had ever asked of life Elizabeth began again to feel deeply happy.

Trailmobile

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7,000 lbs.
10,000 lbs.
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THE SOLICITOR'S roadster is hitched to a Trailmobile and quick deliveries are made to customers by the Loomis Lumber Company, Baltic and Nevins Avenues, Brooklyn, New York.

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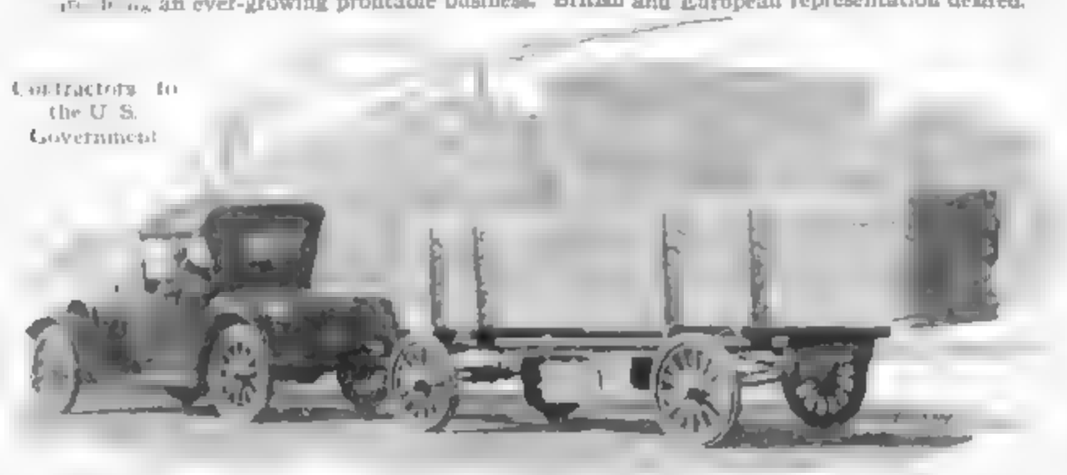

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EVERWEAR·HOSIERY·CO., ·MILWAUKEE.
Everwear Hosiery

SIDELIGHTS ON INDUSTRY IN GREAT BRITAIN

(Continued from Page 13)

stocks, accountancy, and so on. As the society grows and spreads into branches salesmen who show business aptitude and initiative are selected to take charge of the branch shops. Here begins a very important part of the training.

"When the history of the great war comes to be written in all its fullness the world will be amazed to learn what a great part the coöperative organization and the influence of its ideals have played in securing the best interests of the nations affected by the war. I refer directly to the influence and work of the associations of workingmen and women. Whether you look to Britain or France or Russia, or even among the Central Powers of Europe arrayed against the forces of democracy and liberty, the result is the same. Every government has been faced with the necessity of providing for the needs of its civil population out of a depleted larder and a world shortage of foodstuffs and other necessaries of life.

"The stocks available to the civil population were still further reduced by the necessity of insuring to the army at the Front a full supply of the best that the world afforded. Faced with the necessity of distributing supplies on the basis of the miracle of the loaves and fishes; confronted also with the possibility—if they failed to secure something like equitable distribution—of discontent and anarchy at home, the governments of Europe separately but as if with one consent adopted a national form of coöperation. We are far from saying that their application of coöperative methods was complete or even scientifically applied. The governments had commandeered stocks, fixed prices and directed the channels through which goods should pass to the consumers. The coöperative societies were not only practically immune from all the severities of control, except the difficulty in obtaining supplies, but their experience and practice had been the touchstone of government prices and the consumers' needs during the war. Again, it must not be assumed that the prices which have been fixed by the Ministry of Food have been the lowest at which coöperators could conduct their business."

In any large town, particularly in the north of England, you cannot walk for ten minutes through any industrial neighborhood without coming on two or three branches of the coöperative store that serves it. If they are merely local branches they will look like any ordinary shop. If you happen to strike the central store you will find it housed in an imposing block of buildings not much different from the department store in the United States.

Dividends and Rebates

The main feature of the coöperative store is that it exists not for the general public but for its registered customers, and as a rule no one but the registered customer gets a cent of profit out of the concern. That does not mean that the ordinary housewife cannot buy at a coöperative store. She can. You can go into a store yourself and buy a pair of shoes or a soft hat or a loaf of bread or a leg of mutton or a stone of potatoes or a ton of coal, and pay for them at the market price. The store has no objection to selling to you, but if you want to reap the advantages that give the coöperative movement its reason for existence you must become a member and get an official number. That is a very simple matter. All that is necessary is to invest anything, from five dollars to a thousand, in the store. Five per cent is paid on the money and at the same time you become entitled to a share in the profits of the business, in proportion not to your holding of stock but to the volume of your purchases over the counter.

Every time the mechanic's wife goes to the store for her week's groceries or her bread or her fuel or her pots and pans she gives her number at the pay desk and receives in return a check with the amount of her purchase marked on it. At the end of every quarter the store's books are balanced, and all the profits, after payment of rent, wages, management expenses and the fixed dividend on capital, are divided among the member-purchasers in proportion to the totals of their accounts with the store for the period.

There is one exception to that: In addition to the payment to purchasers there is often a small bonus given to employees. The principle involved in that is important, but the actual benefit to the employees is small, as is shown by the fact that in 1916 the 1484 retail coöperative stores in Great Britain paid out nearly sixty million dollars in profits divided among purchasers, and only about three hundred and seventy thousand dollars in bonus to employees. The rate at which members get repayment varies in different societies and at different periods from perhaps four per cent to twelve and a half per cent of what they have spent in the preceding three months. That amount they can either draw in cash or reinvest in the store at five or six per cent interest.

Customers and Capitalists

That is a bare outline of the general principles on which the coöperative movement is based, but it gives no adequate impression of the hold the movement has established on the industrial communities in Great Britain. To get that you need to go and explore for yourself the possibilities of a particular store. Take as a fair example the society—the full title of every retail store is "Industrial Coöperative Society, Ltd."—at Plymouth, one of the largest and most prosperous in the south of England. The locality served by the society contains a population of 250,000 people, and of these it is claimed that 180,000 draw the greater part of their commodities from the central store or its branches. The actual membership of the store is more than 30,000, but most of these are buying not for a single person but for a family, so that the number squares well enough with the 180,000 given above. Each member has five dollars or more—often a good deal more—invested in the business. The members are at once the customers and capitalists. The concern belongs to them. They finance it and they buy from it, and at the end of every quarter they get back a substantial dividend based on the amount of their purchases.

A coöperative society of this type throws its net wide. At the central store, with its restaurant, its library and its lecture hall, you can buy anything man, woman or child can need, from a pint of milk to a ton of coal. But in volume of business the central store probably does a good deal less than the total of its branches. They are scattered throughout the town and in a number of surrounding villages, while in other villages, where there is no actual store, a motor-truck service from Plymouth connects the consumer direct on two or three days a week with the central establishment. The branch store may stock every kind of goods or it may deal in one particular line, such as milk or bread or meat or vegetables. In the recent shortage of labor and transport a scheme was devised to reduce the deliveries of milk by setting up milk depots all over the town, at which consumers could call for what they needed, without going more than a few hundred yards from their doors.

Though the most striking feature of the coöperative movement is the pecuniary advantage it gives to its members it has other purposes than merely financial. Most societies before paying out the quarterly dividend deduct an assessment, usually of five per cent, for educational purposes. Out of that they pay instructors, run evening classes, and arrange excellent lectures, either free or at a nominal admission fee. The Plymouth Society has gone much further. A few years ago a large estate on the seacoast about ten miles from the town came into the market. The coöperative society bid for it and got it. It included some nine or ten farms, which are being developed to supply the society with milk and poultry and meat and vegetables; and also two or three excellent houses with well laid-out grounds. Two of these, placed in beautiful surroundings, have been fitted up as guest houses, at which members of the society—the great majority of them, it must be remembered, mechanics—can spend a week or a week-end or a fortnight at rates representing a bare margin above operating costs. From time to time lecture schools are arranged here, three days or a week being

(Continued on Page 41)

WADING MARCH PONDS
IN THE VACANT LOT

—*that sends a boy home with an appetite!*

BROWN BEAUTY BEANS—there's a dish for hungry boys!

Wholesome food they are—good beans that taste like more.

Brown Beauty Beans are *new*—different from any beans you have ever known, tender beans that melt away in your mouth.

Brown Beauty Beans come prepared in a tasty sauce.

A quick dish—just warm them up; five minutes on the fire and they're piping hot, ready for the table.

They tempt all the grown-ups, too. Try them and see.

And where can you find such tempting fare that costs so little?

Tell the man at your grocery store you want Brown Beauty Beans. Then, fix your mouth for a treat.

If he hasn't his supply as yet, please send us his name.

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Such Fun

AND such *healthy* fun—keeps them out of doors, and out of mischief!

Delight *your* kiddies with this sturdy little horsie that "steers." Safe—Durable—Easy-running. Four wheels—won't tip over.

Horsie-Toddler is made in Four Sizes:

No. 2—10 months to 1½ years	$3.75
No. 3—1½ years to 3½ years	$4.25
No. 4—3½ years to 5 years	$4.75
No. 5—5 years to 7 years	$4.25

Add 50 cents to above prices west of the Rockies

Ask your dealer for the Horsie-Toddler. If not in stock, send retail price to us—we will ship at once—charges prepaid.

The Richards-Scott Co.
200 Fifth Avenue New York City

Horsie-Toddler
-one of the

Toddler Toys

(Continued from Page 38)

devoted to the study of economic or social or literary subjects.

The guest houses happen to lie off the lines of railway, and in order that they may be put to the fullest uses the management of the society, having little use through the summer months for its motor coal carts, fits them out as *chars-à-bancs* and runs half-day trips out from Plymouth to the house on the coast, carrying its members ten miles out and ten miles back, giving them tea and charging them twenty-five cents for the service.

Here is a typical program of these conferences:

FIRST WEEK: Saturday, August 4, to Friday, August 10.

8:45 A. M. to 10:30 A. M. Morning Lectures, followed by discussion. Subject of course for week: The Future of British Cooperation.

6:45 P. M. to 8:00 P. M., Evening Classes.

CLASS SUBJECTS: CLASS A: The Report of the Cooperative Survey Committee.
CLASS B: The Cooperative Control of Raw Materials.
CLASS C: Coöperative Finance.

MORNING LECTURES

MONDAY

DAILY SUBJECT—The Lessons of the Past and Their Indication of Future Possibilities.
CLASS A. DAILY SUBJECT—Retail and Wholesale Distribution.
CLASS B. DAILY SUBJECT—The Necessity for Cooperative Control.
CLASS C. DAILY SUBJECT—Powers and Limitations of Societies in Raising Capital.

TUESDAY

DAILY SUBJECT—The Future in Home Markets.
CLASS A. DAILY SUBJECT—Coöperative Production.
CLASS B. DAILY SUBJECT—Requirements Essential to a Coöperative Control.
CLASS C. DAILY SUBJECT—Present-Day Resources and Their Increase.

The coöperative wholesale society is a remarkable organization. It is a vast productive concern which supplies practically no one but the retail stores affiliated with it. The relation of the retail store to the wholesale society is exactly that of the individual consumer to the retail store. Every store becomes a member of the wholesale society, investing capital in it, buying from it, and receiving back periodically its share of the wholesale society's profits in the form of a dividend on what it has purchased. This dividend, of course, explains why the retail societies' stores are filled with the products of the wholesale society instead of those of private manufacturers. On that basis the coöperative wholesale society has built up one of the largest trading concerns in the United Kingdom. Its turnover in 1917, the last year for which official figures are published, exceeded two hundred and seventy million dollars—and the volume of trade is steadily increasing. It owns tea plantations and coal mines, wharves and granaries and steamers, flour mills and shoe and clothing factories, foundries and farms—every kind of plant, in short, needed to supply, through the medium of the distribution stores, the wants of a clientèle amounting to some twelve to fifteen million people.

Suggestive Experiments

A movement as vast as this has become could not entirely escape the strictures of even sympathetic critics. One of its foundation principles is to "conciliate the conflicting interests of the capitalists, the worker and the purchaser, through the equitable division among them of the fund commonly known as profit." That is an admirable ideal; and so far as the capitalist and the purchaser are concerned it is completely realized, for under the coöperative system the capitalist and the purchaser are one. Where the scheme fails to fulfill early hopes is in regard to its own employees. In the distributive societies, as has been said, the employees often share to a small extent in the quarterly dividend. But in the case of the wholesale society, which is an employer on a very large scale, the relation between the management and the workers is not very different from that which we find between ordinary employers and their operatives. The wages are not materially higher, and except in a few special cases the workers have no more control over industry than they would have if employed by a private manufacturer. As a consequence industrial disputes are of periodic occurrence, and strikes, which ought to be unknown under a true coöperative system, have by no means been eradicated. The truth appears to be that though the movement has put the relation between capital and consumer on a new and satisfactory footing it has not come near solving the problem of the relation between capital and labor.

But if that is true of the movement as a whole there are a number of special instances in which suggestive experiments in the way of true coöperative production are in progress. These take the form of associations of workers combining for their own benefit, and for the most part with their own capital, to set up a factory where they can work under conditions laid down by themselves, disposing of their goods through the ordinary channels of trade or through some coöperative society which is glad to enter into trade relations with a concern animated so largely by its own motives. One of the most interesting of such enterprises, the Walsall Locks and Cart Gear, Ltd., which has been in existence for some forty-five years, does an extensive export trade, having thus, of course, to face on even terms the competition of the ordinary private manufacturer. The management committee consists wholly of employees and is appointed by the shareholders, most of the latter being employees also. The workers, therefore, are completely self-managed. The wages paid are said to be the best in the trade, and the employees get in addition, from the annual profits, a bonus equaling five to ten per cent on their yearly wage.

Coöperation Among Farmers

Other like organizations could be mentioned. There is, for example, a well-known printing business, the Garden City Press, at Letchworth. There are clothing factories at Kettering, Wellingborough and elsewhere; some fifteen boot and shoe factories in different localities; and a number of other isolated businesses based on the same principle of self-government and equal division of profits.

The progress of these self-managed productive societies well deserve attention, for the principle they embody would appear to supply one answer to the growing demand of every class of worker for a larger share in management. Yet the fact remains that the self-management movement is making little headway except in the case of agriculture. Agriculture, however, cannot quite fairly be compared with the instances that have been quoted, because in those cases the point in question was a combination between employees, while in this case it is a combination between a number of independent farmers. None the less, the movement now in progress is of great significance. Following the example of Ireland, where the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, under the wise and stimulating guidance of Sir Horace Plunkett, has lifted the whole farming industry of the country into prosperity, farmers' coöperative societies fostered by a central agricultural organization society are springing up all over England. For the most part these are connected with the dairying side of agriculture, the farmers of a given locality combining to establish a central factory or depot to which they send their milk each day to be cooled and Pasteurized and dispatched to the town or made into cream or butter on the premises. The factory is controlled by the farmers themselves through a manager appointed by them in their capacity of shareholders. The movement is growing rapidly and will certainly increase in scope as well as in the territory it covers. Coöperative buying of seeds, fertilizers and equipment is being added to coöperative selling, and in connection with the Central Agricultural Organization Society an Agricultural Wholesale Society has just been founded to undertake the manufacture of machinery for the coöperative factories and the individual farmers who own them.

The coöperative movement in Great Britain in its different forms has secured a place in the economic life of the country which goes entirely unobserved by the average business man. But it should be observed that the movement has established a hold only on the industrial population. That hold it has immensely strengthened during the war, for at a time when the cry of profiteering was rife the coöperative-society member knew himself to be absolutely secure, since every penny of extra profit his store might make would

Have you missed Cream Peppermints?

You can get them again now—or old-fashioned molasses candy, or taffy, or bonbons or any other of the many favorite Huyler candies, which were hard to get during the war.

Huyler's agencies and stores again have complete varieties.

Ask again for your favorite

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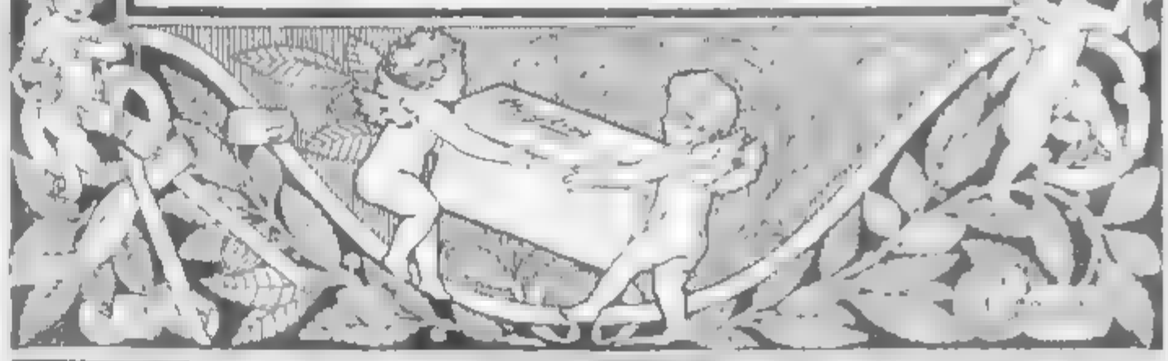
67 Stores — Agencies almost everywhere

In Canada-many agencies; factory and store in Toronto



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In thousands of cases they are doing it with Willson Goggles—correctly designed for just such a purpose—and *comfortable* even when worn all day.

Other Willson Goggles are reducing eye-risk for men in different lines where flying particles or other eye-enemies bring daily danger. The Willson patented *safety flange* helps to keep glass from flying toward the eye should the lens be broken by a powerful blow.

Railroads, shipyards and other industrial plants are invited to call on our Service Department to investigate their working conditions carefully and recommend the types of goggles best adapted to their needs.

Goggles for every need in work, rest or play.

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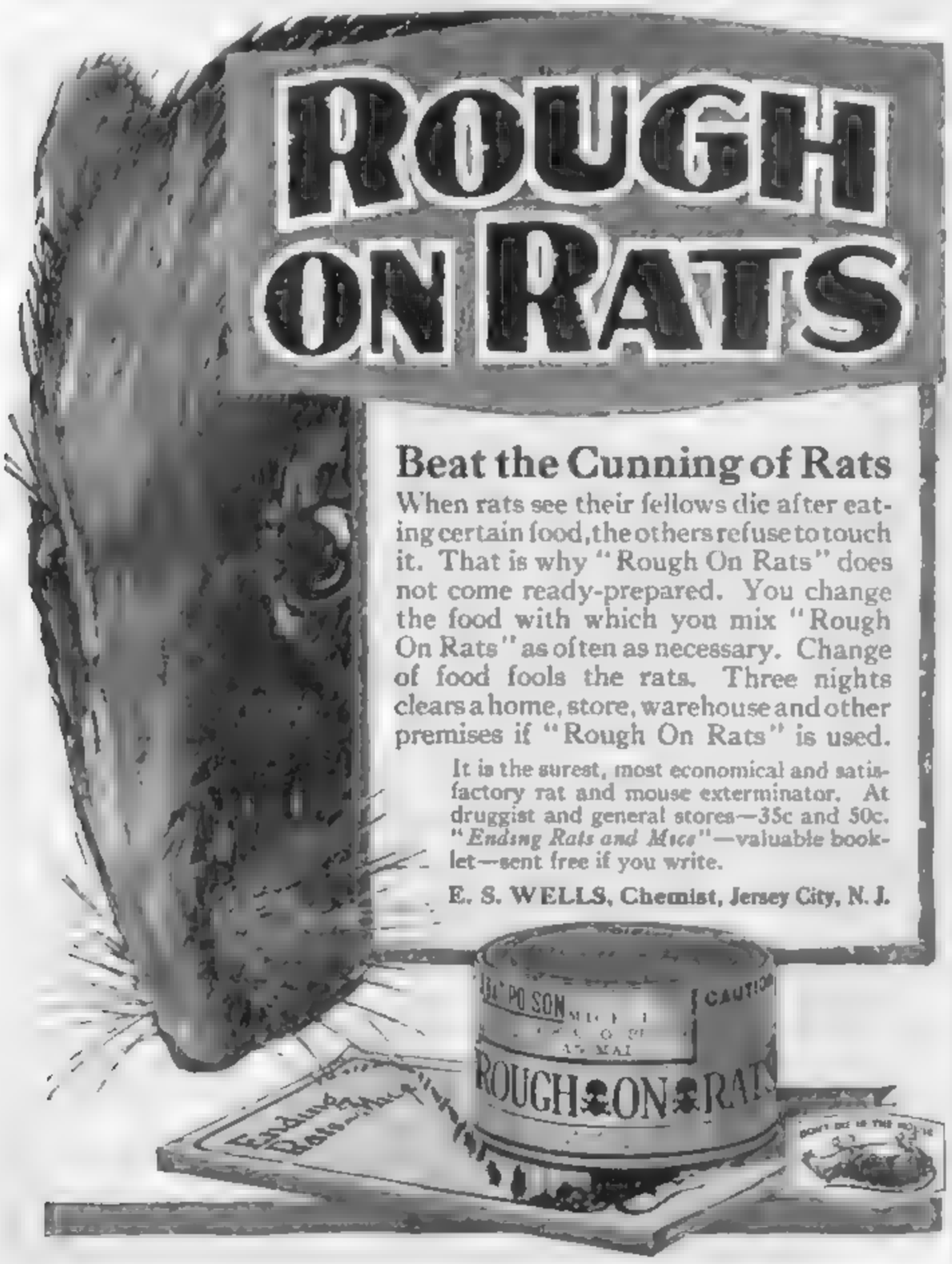

Beat the Cunning of Rats

When rats see their fellows die after eating certain food, the others refuse to touch it. That is why "Rough On Rats" does not come ready-prepared. You change the food with which you mix "Rough On Rats" as often as necessary. Change of food fools the rats. Three nights clears a home, store, warehouse and other premises if "Rough On Rats" is used.

It is the surest, most economical and satisfactory rat and mouse exterminator. At druggist and general stores—35c and 50c. "*Ending Rats and Mice*"—valuable booklet—sent free if you write.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

come back into his own pocket and those of his fellow members at the end of every quarter. One sign of the importance of the coöperative movement is the fact that it is at present discussing the starting of a national daily paper, while it has come for the first time into the political field, having run ten candidates at the recent general election on a special coöperative ticket. Few great movements in Great Britain are less understood or better worth understanding, and none is having a more marked influence on the man-power situation.

What the success of the coöperative movement teaches is just this: The way to bigger industrial opportunity and satisfaction is along the line of preparation, effort and staying power. That the man power of the country can fill a bigger place than it has done up to now is proved by its capacity to swing one of the greatest businesses in the world. Men who care intelligently enough to be willing to pay the price may go as far in industrial leadership and management as they choose. But the price is always preparation. No industry can be run on the basis of a debating club. It is sure to dry up while the resolutions are on the table. Management is an affair of brains and not emotions. Its technic has to be won patiently. Though no mystery—as I have pointed out in the opening quotation—the business of operating a going concern is no sport for the amateur. Mr. Sidney Webb has said many harsh things of industry as it has been carried on, but nobody has put the matter of management in clearer words:

"Under any social order, from now to Utopia, management is indispensable and all-enduring. The more that men become capable of coöperation in enterprise of larger and larger scope, and of greater and greater complexity, the more indispensable becomes the manager to any high degree of efficiency of human effort."

British employers are now frankly facing the broadening of the foundation for management. They can no longer hold a narrow view of the foreman's or the manager's place as they come to perceive that if the basis of shop administration is broadened much benefit for industry will result. The times are much too critical for old prejudices or traditions to be allowed to defeat the coming together of the forces that keep the wheels of industry turning. Where beginnings have been made in widening the opportunity for teamwork in management the results have given satisfaction.

The New Bogy

Observe, too, that the man power of industry is in itself a resource in management. To see and use it as such is the beginning of industrial wisdom. Both consciously and by indirection the coöperative movement takes this proposition for granted.

A factory in the north of England employing two thousand mechanics has been for two years intrusting to a committee of its employees all matters of shop discipline, investigation of grievances, and reports on conditions which needed the attention of the management. The chairman of this committee has written to tell me of his work.

"Our first aim was," he writes, "to prevent friction wherever possible between man and man, or between the employees and the management. Looking back over the past two years of my own experiences I am amazed when I consider the number of complaints that were laid before our committee for investigation. The majority were of bogus character. Through lack of knowledge men thought they had a legitimate grievance against the foreman or the management, and when we carefully inquired into the complaints we very often discovered it was only a delusion. We should never accept any statement or grievance as gospel truth. By this method you do not discredit yourself or the committee by putting up a bad case to the management.

"Also you reduce the friction to a minimum, because you wipe out a fancied grievance. When we decide that an employee is not justified in his complaint it has more effect with the men in the shop than a decision of the foreman, because the committee is the counsel set up to represent the interest of the men.

"On the committee we do not want fools or talking machines. We want the best men in the shop with the greatest amount of common sense. It is vitally important to encourage the best men to be elected, and make the position a post of honor. The works management should recognize this committee. After careful inquiry into cases, individual or departmental, they decide on what cases go before the management—which acts without delay—and discuss pros and cons. If there is a really good case, and the management is wishful to be fair and just, there can be no doubt of the result."

There is a dynamo-manufacturing plant in Bradford employing more than four thousand men, which has developed its works and shop committee system to an extraordinary degree. Team spirit has been a slogan with the capable men who direct this successful establishment; the general manager of the works is a good type of the new executive who sees in the working force an overlooked asset in the proper direction of industry.

"I suppose that in every country," he said in outlining the plant policy, "there are a certain number of the community who love a bogy.

"Now that the war is over and the bogy of German domination, which has certainly been a pretty substantial one, has disappeared, the latest bogy is that of not ordinary industrial unrest but blood-red revolution. This revolution apparently is to come because labor, born with a greater share of original sin than the shareholding classes, has now been rendered, by government pampering and a totally unnecessary education, quite impossible. This represents with tolerable accuracy the view of some of my class."

Problems in Man Power

"While it is ridiculous to take the views expressed above about the future industrial situation it is equally ridiculous to underestimate the complex nature of the problem which confronts British industry at the moment. British labor is not Bolshevik; British labor is not even republican; but it is sane and it is progressive. You cannot expect a workman to be a semigenius in your interest and a fool in his own.

"The war has merely accelerated the labor policy. it has not increased the claims of labor. Labor is out for a new 'orientation'; it is claiming 'a place in the sun.'

"Industry is like a panorama changing all the time even while the actors are moving, and this is what so many people overlook. Some of them have not noticed that since their grandfather built the business the whole scenery has changed from the early-Victorian background on which the structure was originally built up.

"Now I come to my first point: The mid-Victorian owner of the business negotiated with his men himself; he knew them mostly by name and he knew the ramifications of his business; and what is more important still, he did his own work in labor difficulties; he did not leave it to the foreman. Almost without exception British concerns leave the foreman to do the impossible work. The boss gives away the concessions and when he has not anything to concede the foreman is deputed to tell them so, consequently the foreman's popularity is not at all good.

"During the war munition tribunals were set up in each town. We proposed to our men that they should be their own tribunal. Later we decided to go still farther and suggested choosing a chairman of their own, to handle the decisions of this body on workmen who by misdemeanor had brought themselves under the Munitions of War Act and should rightly have gone down to the government tribunal. All fines were given to charitable funds. No one was bound to come to our tribunal unless he liked, but could go to the one in the town; and a Gilbertian situation was created by the central tribunal's asking us what sentence we had given for a particular offense, so that they could give the same."

Industry is at bottom a problem in man power. That problem is big enough to call for every ounce of intelligence and force latent and active not only in the managing staff but in the anonymous rank and file. How to pool for the good of industry, and of those who work in it, all that scattered, sometimes discordant, and generally too little used human power is the big problem before those who are looking ahead.

British industry stands to gain a new vitality and promise so far as it bases its scheme of management on a respect for what the everyday worker has it in him to contribute. A new foremanship is coming into play. Managers and men are learning to speak a common language and to think in terms of purposes that neither can misuse without general injury.

DISSTON
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THE FOUR-LEAVED WILDCAT

(Continued from Page 11)

you expect me to move my guns with these deleted, gas-dammed Skiddite tractors in mud ten feet deep!"

Artillery Staff at G. H. Q. yawned and asked the general what he could suggest.

The general spoke a little faster: "I suggest that you fill my requisition for mules—that's what I suggest! Fill it quick and don't send any two-legged ones just because you're overstocked. I want some mules!"

He hung up the receiver and spoke to the artillery officer standing beside him: "I'll try to get you some mules, Jim, but until they get here do your best to keep the guns moved up. That's all. Good night."

The general lay down on his potato sack and pulled his trench coat over his head.

A hundred miles away Artillery Staff smiled. "The old squirrel is lonesome; but I'll get him some mules."

At reveille the Wildcat moved himself round slowly and warped himself into shape and figgered could he sleep till 'zactly one minute before the breakfast bugle should start a stampede.

The company circled round the cook tent absorbing "seconds" until even the grease was gone from the bacon pans and the coffee a matter of dehydrated grounds. The Wildcat returned to his tent after breakfast and squirmed himself into his nest of saturated blankets.

"Res' camp, here is where at I takes all the rest you got."

A moment after he had settled himself for a good sleep the captain's striker summoned him to company headquarters. "Cap'n said come a-runnin', boy."

"What for all dis runnin' business?" the Wildcat protested. "I never seed such a pesterin' wah. Where at is all dat res'-camp business the lootenant was speakin' about?"

Five minutes after the Wildcat had reported to his captain he left camp in the wake of a French officer and interpreter and headed for a remount station. In the Wildcat's charge were seven other members of C Company. At the remount station the Wildcat and each of his companions were presented with eight mules, which they conducted to a train of dinky little freight cars. Presently the squad had witnessed the flop-eared charges safely loaded on board the train. An hour later after splitting the air with whistles the engineer succumbed to the plaintive charms of the conductor's tin-horn solo and the braying of sixty-four mules. The train departed through a maze of tracks that complicated its escape from the terminal.

The Wildcat sat in the open side door of his box car. Behind him at right and left were grouped the restless hind legs of eight mules. This sinister formation endured throughout the first day with but one interruption, during which the train stopped in the freight yards of a little town that the mules might be watered and fed.

On the evening of the third day the French officer, who had traveled with his interpreter in the passenger car at the head of the train, addressed the Wildcat and his two-legged associates.

"You will detrain at once. The night will be spent here!" said the interpreter. "At dawn the convoy will form and depart for headquarters, deleted Artillery Brigade, thirty kilometers to the east."

The interpreter and the French officer sought quarters for the night in the central part of the town.

The Wildcat fed his eight mules on some hay which he borrowed from a stack in an adjoining field. At nine o'clock it began to rain. The inviting shelter of a deserted stone barn half a mile away had painted itself into the Wildcat's mental picture of his surroundings, and at ten o'clock the eight mules and the Wildcat were comfortably billeted.

"At ease, mules! At ease! Don't you know a res'-camp barn when you sees it? At res'!"

The Wildcat wrapped his overcoat round him and crawled into a pile of straw. "Artillery parade thirty calamities east of here; mules, you makes it easy by to-morrow. At res'!"

The Wildcat busted his previous records for long-time sleep. Thirty hours later he woke up and felt some rested. The mules were evidently all right and it was still dark, so he went back to sleep.

"Us needs rest."

About this time the Wildcat's captain read a telegram which stated that the corporal of the convoy furnished by Company C together with eight mules had become lost.

"If I ketch that nigger I'll hit him with a court-martial sentence that'll age him gray in hell. I'll lose him so he'll stay lost!"

I kin ride a freight train,
I don't pay no fare,
I kin ride a freight train mos' anywhere,
Dat's why Ise as happy as a buh-humble-bee-ee—
I don't bother work, an' work don't bother me.

"Mules, squad yo'self east an' west an' see kin you eat up dis heah cloveh field in fifteen minnits. Us leaves fo' ol' artillery parade soon as I 'sorb my travel rations. You-all's got thirty calamities between you an' supper; us has to travel."

The Wildcat devoted the next hour to his rations. Then he strolled leisurely down to the railroad tracks to see if the convoy was ready to leave. The shock of surprise which he experienced at discovering that his companions had departed was absorbed by the knowledge that he could sleep mos' anywhere and that Uncle Sam had provided him with travel rations.

He returned to the stone barn and rounded up his eight mules. He headed for the main street of the village. In the middle of the street in front of a café stood a negro soldier in a blue overcoat. The soldier carried a French rifle to which was attached a long curved bayonet.

The Wildcat leading a string of seven mules rode the eighth mount to where the soldier stood.

"Podneh, where at is the artillery parade from here?"

The soldier with the rifle glanced at the soldier on the mule, but did not reply.

"Uppity, I ax you where at is de artillery parade where Ise consecrated to carry dese mules?"

The Senegalese soldier with the rifle grunted and shook his head. The disgusted Wildcat yanked at his string of mules.

"Ise seed niggers what couldn't read and niggers what couldn't write, but I never seed one befoh what couldn't talk! Come 'long here, mules! Us heads east like de lootenant said, where de sun shines early in de mawnin'."

The Wildcat traveled down an excellent road lined on both sides with trees. He rode for three hours, encountering the motor traffic common to the roads of France in the zone of advance. Presently he came to a stretch of road where the smooth surface gave way to a rougher construction. The trees were no longer leafy coverings above the road. Some of them were shattered stumps.

At evening, seeing nothing that remotely resembled the headquarters of an artillery brigade, the Wildcat addressed the driver of a motor truck that had halted beside the road.

"Where at is dis yere artillery parade what needs mules?"

The driver answered without turning his head. "Up the road about ten miles." He knew nothing of artillery location, but his reply was enough to discourage further travel. The Wildcat hazed his charges along the road until he discovered a ditch in which there was a few inches of water.

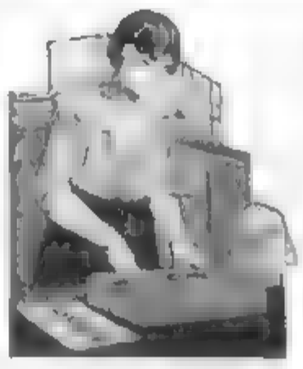
"Mules, us camps here."

Night had fallen. The mules were picketed after the Wildcat had eaten a gratifying segment of his own rations. The chill of the hour before dawn awakened him. He collected some splinters of wood from beneath a shattered tree that stood beside the road and lighted a fire. For perhaps five minutes he lay beside the fire, absorbing its grateful heat.

Then from the sky above his head there came the moan of a motor—a rising note that whined for an instant before the world blew up about him.

The next thing he remembered was the docile manner in which his mules submitted to his will as they galloped in the dark along the broken road.

The mules were thinking over their several sinful lives, and the Wildcat was thinking could a mule outrun an earthquake. The procession endured for nearly an hour. Never for a moment was the steady gallop interrupted until the light of dawn dispelled the terror of the night.



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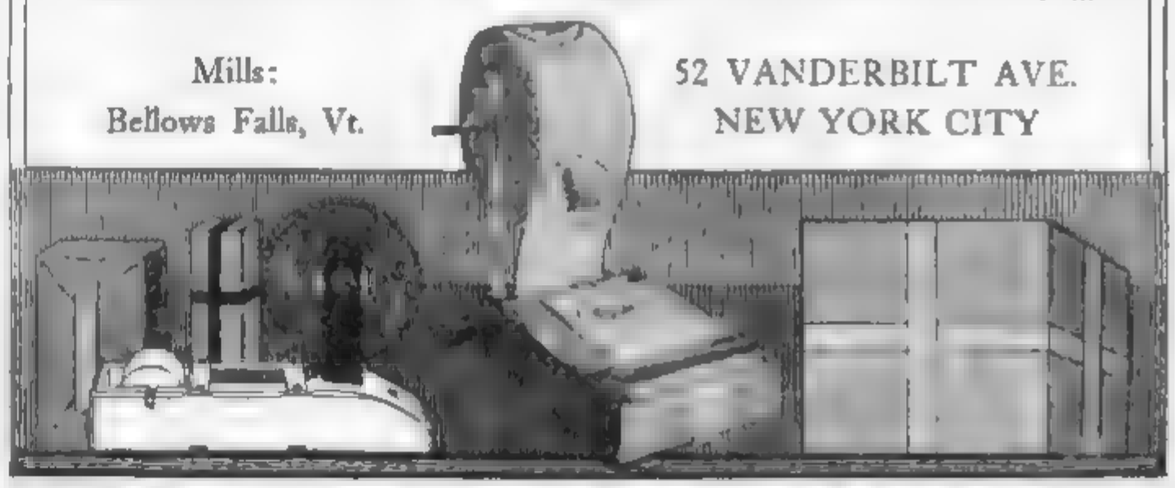

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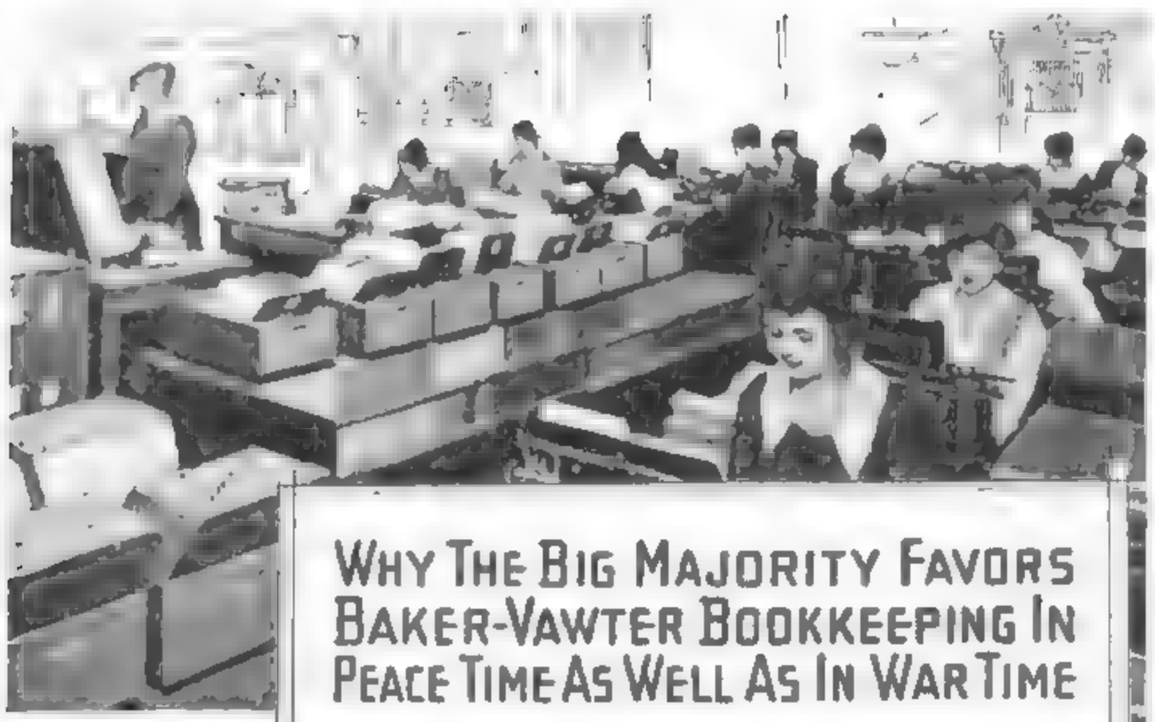

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

887 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Wildcat looked round with an apprehensive eye. He did not like the looks of the country. The terrain was marked with craters that fringed the road and expanded into the hills on either side. Strands of broken barbed wire hung from succeeding lines of posts and on either hand irregular trenches narrowed to the horizon.

"Sho' is poor farmin' lan'—wonder to me how folks makes any crop a-tall on lan' like dis yere. Sho' wastin' lots of good fencin' wire."

Against a strand of wire from which hung shreds of stained gray cloth the Wildcat found a saber, red with rust. The owner was nowhere to be seen and the Wildcat appropriated the weapon.

"Good soa'd; come in mighty handy f'r leadin' parades with when us gits home. Git up, mule!"

The Wildcat waved his saber. His mules accelerated their pace with a lunge, and then, urged to extreme endeavor—not by the Wildcat's yells or by his waving blade, but by the barrage of the zero hour which rocked the earth round them—the eight mules charged across a field that suddenly began to bloom with shrapnel.

"Mules, de Lawd is our shepherd; us needs some gin!"

The Wildcat saw some gray-clad figures running toward him out of the smoke. They were without weapons and their arms were upraised.

"White folks, come heah!" With his saber the Wildcat waved at the men in gray. They came running toward him. "How does us git out of dis heah wah?"

"Kamerad! Kamerad!"

"'Gimme ride! Gimme ride!' Git on dese heah mules an' ride. Us gwine fr'm dis wah sudden. Git on. Us leaves now!"

The Wildcat and seven mules loaded with boche started away from the war. Each mule except that one which the Wildcat rode carried two or three riders, and alongside the group, seeking the false security of companionship, twenty additional prisoners had coagulated from the mob of their fellows.

Thus escorted the Wildcat rode through the wave of the first advance and their supports. He arrived finally at a zone of comparative quiet within the French lines, where he was confronted by a group of French officers standing beside a mud-splashed racing car. One of them, a tired-looking gentleman whose stars of rank were as bright as the keen gray eyes with which he surveyed the Wildcat, spoke to an officer beside him. The officer approached the Wildcat.

"It is that you alone, monsieur, armed only with a saber, retrieve these prisoners?"

The Wildcat did not understand many of these high-sounding words. "Yassir, gin'ral—me an' dese yere artillery-parade mules was alone an' runnin', an' up come some white folks: 'Gimme ride! Gimme ride!' An' I lets 'em ride; an' here us is."

The French officer patted the Wildcat on the shoulder: "My brave! Of such is your glorious Army! The general shall be informed. Your name, and of what regiment?"

The Wildcat fished for his identity tag. "Cop'al Vitus Marsden, 953,497, Company C, Fust Service Battalion, fr'm Memphis, Ten-o-see."

The officer recorded the data in his notebook. He held his hand out to the Wildcat in parting "And now, brave corporal, adieu!"

"Yassir, gin'ral; an' kin you-all tell me where at is headquarters artillery parade?"

"Headquarters? . . . Ah, yes, it is of the adjoining artillery headquarters that you speak. A courier shall accompany you as guide."

The Wildcat accumulated his mules. The "gimme-ride" white folks had disappeared. A French soldier mounted one of the mules.

"Come wiz me," he said.

As the Wildcat rode past the French officers they saluted him. "Adieu, soldier of what bravery!"

At Brigade Headquarters the adjutant accomplished a memorandum receipt for the eight mules and signed a travel order for the Wildcat. An orderly delivered the documents.

"What does I do now?" asked the Wildcat when the orders were handed him.

"Read your orders."

"Cain't read dis yere writin'. What does she say?"

The orderly glanced at the pages. "She says git t'hell back where you come from."

"Where at does I go?"

"Ketch a truck to Chemin Blanc and hit the rattler fr'm there south."

"Where at does I git me a ticket an' rations?"

"You don't need no ticket except them orders, and you draws rations wherever you're at from the A. E. F. troops. On your way! On your way!"

The arrangement was perfect except that the Wildcat's orders were not transportation on French passenger trains and that A. E. F. troops were not serving meals at all points along the lines of the S. O. S. south of Chemin Blanc.

The Wildcat completed the two-day journey in eight days and landed A. W. O. L. in the guardhouse at the base port from which his company had marched to their rest camp.

The provost marshal telephoned the commanding officer of the Wildcat's company.

"Nigger with some stale orders by the name of Vitus Marsden, just picked up, captain. Will you come down to-morrow and get him?"

The captain cooled down enough to explain that the blankety-blank Wildcat wasn't due for anything less than a lynching, and that the provost marshal might as well keep him penned up until sentence had been imposed.

The sergeant of the guard locked the Wildcat in a special apartment reserved for bad military eggs.

"Sergeant, I'se hongry; when does I draw my rations?"

"You won't need no rations after the firin' squad gits through with you."

The Wildcat tried to figure out the nature of his offenses.

"Guess mebbe us oughta lef' ol' soa'd layin' 'gin' de wire. Nobody 'ceptin' gin'rals carrys soa'ds as fine as dat. . . . Wondeh when does the firin' squad shoot me? . . . Wisht I could see de lootenant. . . ."

That night, alone save for the cooties abandoned by a former occupant of the solitary, the Wildcat slept middlin' miserable.

The captain made quick work of the Wildcat's case. The Manual of Courts-martial yielded several gratifying charges, amplified by a series of specifications which bade fair to imprison the Wildcat for a hundred years.

Except for a ride both ways in a truck and a chance to plead guilty to everything, the Wildcat gained nothing from the trial of his case. The Special Court dished out a copious measure of punishment in a brief sentence, and the documents went forward to the general commanding the base section.

There came a morning later in the week when upon the general's wide desk the charge sheets in the Wildcat's case awaited the signature of the base commander. Attached to the charge sheets were three letters. Beside these documents lay two small packages.

The general glanced through the charges and specifications. He read the sentence of the court and reached for his pen. The attached letters fixed his attention. He read the first letter and sat forward in his chair. He threw away his cigarette and jabbed at a push button.

"Take my car down to the provost marshal's place at once and return with a negro prisoner who is in confinement—Vitus Marsden, First Service Battalion."

The colonel saluted and departed on his mission.

The general opened one of the small packages that lay on his desk. He read the third letter attached to the charge sheets of the Special Court. "Well, I'm damned!" He opened the other package and removed its contents. "Doubly damned!" He again read each of the three letters, after which he jabbed at the push button. Another colonel entered the room.

"I want all of my staff officers in here at once; the officers attached, the French liaison officers, and any members of Headquarters Staff who may be in the building."

He reached for his telephone and talked for a few seconds to the French general commanding the district.

Presently the great room was filled with half a hundred colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors. The French general and his staff entered the room, and for a moment the assemblage stood at rigid attention.

And then, itching promiscuously and looking pretty measly alongside of so much congested military rank, the Wildcat shuffled into the room.

(Concluded on Page 49)

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Sometimes there is such a thing as "the best"

Many men set "the best" as their goal. They seek out worthy materials for their work. They gather skilled craftsmen and hold before them high ideals. By sincerity and painstaking they climb near—often very near—to "the best."

He who attains the final "best," however, is he who, having all that the others have—integrity, skill, courage—has over and above these, a hidden advantage all his own. A formula, a method, a device, a knack maybe, which fate has given him and denied to the rest.

So the old master of painting had a secret of mixing his colors that has made his canvases endure through centuries, while those of his contemporaries are faded and forgotten.

So, too, Modern Industry has its examples.

Many manufacturers have earnestly tried to make the best inner tubes. All have had access to the same rubber markets, the same equipment, the same workmanship. And good tubes are being made in many factories.

But one maker has had the good fortune to possess that knack, which the seeker after "the best" must have if he is to attain his ideal.

Rubber is in itself a short lived material. For years it has baffled the skill of scientists. The problem of the tube maker has always been to lend to the completed product longer life than the crude material possesses. It is just this which is accomplished by the process which was put in use at the Empire factories in Trenton, N. J., twelve years ago. For twelve years the now famous Empire Red Tubes have been made by this exclusive process.

Today, therefore, the service of an inner tube is no longer measured in terms of mileage, but in terms of years, for the Empire process has produced tubes which resist not merely friction and strain, but also the deterioration of time itself—tubes which last as long as the average car itself.

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30 x 3	$4.00
30 x 3½	4.45
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33 x 4	6.50
34 x 4	6.65

Empire Red Tubes

(Concluded from Page 46)

The general raised his hand. The officers in the room snapped to attention.

"Sergeant Vitus Marsden," the general began, "in effecting the capture of thirty-seven of the enemy you have won the Distinguished Service Cross."

The general pinned the decoration on the Wildcat's blouse above the place where the Wildcat's heart was missing every fourth flop. The French general and his adjutant stepped forward.

"Sergeant Vitus Marsden, brave soldier of the American forces, in the name of the French Republic, by orders of the commanders of the Armies, for extraordinary heroism, receive the Croix de Guerre!"

The general took the decoration from its case and pinned it fast beside the Distinguished Service Cross.

The Wildcat sensed the reversal of his fate.

"Gin'ral, I is sho' glad to meet you." He glanced downward at the green cross upon his breast. "Looks a lot like a fo'-leafed cloveh."

That night in Company C the Wildcat was a nach'ral seven.

Scratching himself industriously he looked long at the sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve and at the colored ribbons with their pendant crosses.

"Dat's why I'm as happy as a bumblebee-ee."

WHEN HE CAME HOME

(Continued from Page 15)

had not one vestige of the humor sense. And when a humorous notion strikes a humorless man the rest is Horror.

Listening to Jean Evans' plea, Wyble's self-importance had made him dizzy. And out of the turmoil wallowed the muddy germ of a glorious joke. Though it was still amorphous and bulging, he clad it in words.

"Wal," he said with portentous gravity, "I dunno but I c'd manage to 'blige you arter all. I c'd tell the brats 'bout me an' Black Jack Pershing, f'r one thing; an' 'bout me an' the Kaiser too. An' 'bout the time I sneaked acrost to B'lin an' kidnaped that young Crown Prince feller, who you've mebbe read on. Sure! I'll make 'em a speech, ma'am. I'll do it, real glad. I'll tell 'em likewise 'bout the time the Mayor of France an' me ——"

"I'm sorry," she broke in very quietly. "Good morning!"

She was gone before he could draw breath or get rid of the asinine smile that had wreathed his tanned face. Cash gaped after her, too bemused to speak. The girl's visage had turned a painful red and her big eyes had misted a little; but she had held her head high and her sorrowful voice had been steady.

To Wyble's brain came unbidden the vision of a laughing child whose friendly overtures have been met by a cuff across the head—a child too proud to scream or sniffle, but whose amaze and heartache are all the more apparent by reason of self-control.

Glumly Cash Wyble began to swear. And, for the first time on record, he himself was the theme of his own blasphemy. As he swore, blinking after the trim little gingham-clad figure of the fast-receding school-teacher, he chanced to rub his chin with one aimless hand. He noted then for the first time that he had a thirty-six hours' beard. The discovery was a slight thing, but it tipped the gradually piling scales.

With a snarl he wheeled about and bolted back into the shack. Ripping off his filthy clothes he flung them into the cluttered fireplace. Then, putting a torn blanket round him, he went to the ice-cold "branch" and bathed. Coming back shivering to the shack, he arrayed himself in underclothes and in the only semireputable suit he possessed. To this Beau Brummel equipment he added shoes and socks.

In front of a scrap of flawed mirror he proceeded to shave. Except on the fighting line or during forced marches, he had not gone so long unshaved for more than a year. His fierce hacks at the offending bristles scored his leathern countenance with several red scratches. He did not notice them.

With the revulsion still upon him Wyble undertook to imitate Hercules' Augean Stable exploit. He went to work cleaning and setting in order his shack. It was a job worthier of a shovel's use than of the mere labor of hands. Before the sweating and swearing man had finished the hearth was heaped high with an assortment of blazing or smoking rubbish. In the room's center was a mass of clothes and bedding destined for a wash in the branch and later for crude mending. From the lean-to he unearthed a can of lime and a molting whitewash brush.

All the time he toiled Cash kept up his steadily rumbling flow of profanity. And always between him and his work came the reddening face of a girl who was trying not to let him see her chagrin.

All the morning and into the afternoon Wyble slaved. Camp experience and camp traditions were driving him on and were making his labors methodical and efficient. By sunset the shack was not only clean but whitewashed inside and out. On an improvised line hung a heterogeneous array of roughdried clothes and blankets, ready for an evening of mending.

It had been a horrible day for the returned warrior—worse than the hardest stretch of kitchen police he could remember. And this was the day whose triumphal course he had laid out so carefully and with such glee—the day on which his adored home life was to have taken him back into its shiftless embrace; when he was to have made a round of howdy visits; when he was to have reveled in bare feet and rags!

A dozen times in the course of his self-imposed drudgery he had paused long enough to invoke high heaven in lurid language as to why he was doing it. A dozen times he had slammed down his mop or broom or brush or yellow soap bar and had begun to unlace his boots. Then, with something like a groan, he had gone back to his task.

Tired, miserable, he looked gloomily upon his achievements; sniffed contemptuously at the oily reek of soap and the acrid reek of whitewash that had supplanted the familiar ancestral odor of his shack. Then he slouched out into the dooryard and sat down on a bowlder at the edge of the trail. Moodily he filled his pipe.

He slumped there, puffing at the rank tobacco and staring across the valley, where blue twilight was beginning to creep upward along the eastern slopes of the hills. He was hideously lonely. The loneliness was worse than had been the ever-throbbing homesickness of his soldier days.

Once he started up with an idea of going across to Bemis Clay's cabin for his houn' dawg; but the overpowering smells of soap and whitewash had nauseated him. And his stomach revolted at the prospect of an hour's sojourn just now in an air-tight shack containing three grown people, eleven children, four dogs, and a possible shoat or two. The visit could wait until the morrow. Yet he wished longingly for the solace of his houn' dawg's companionship.

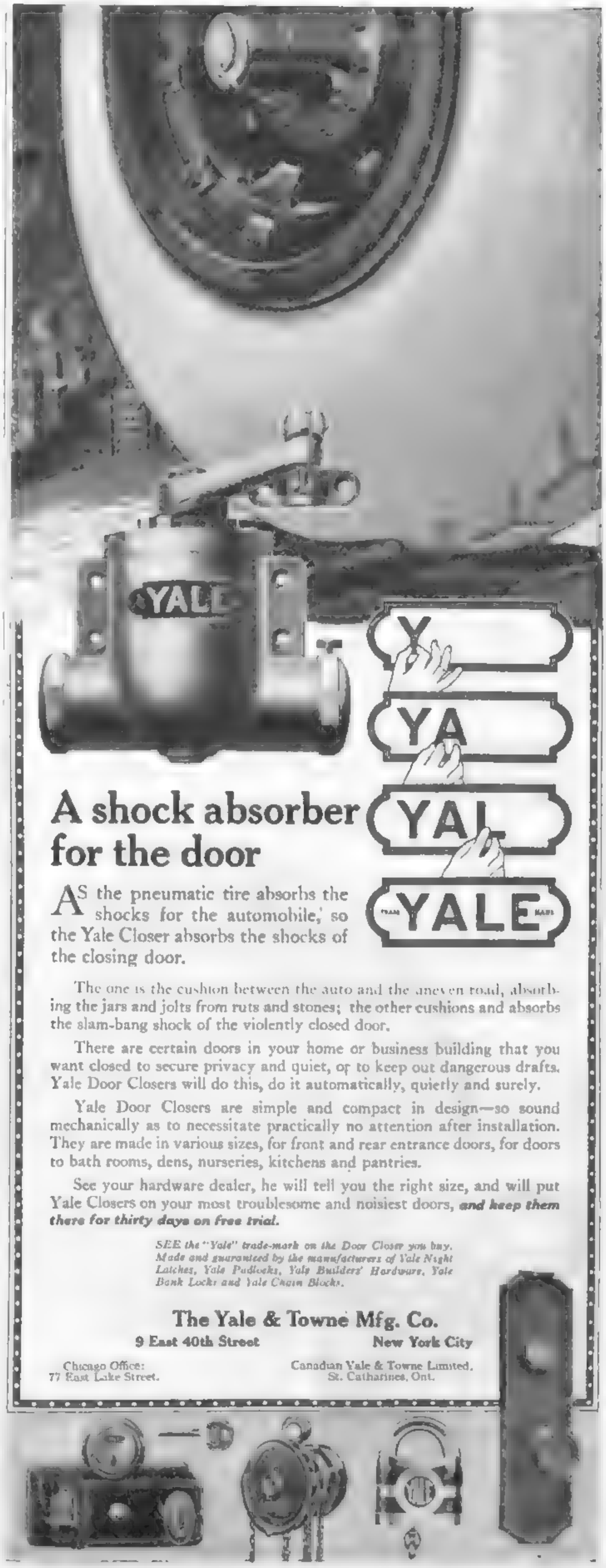
The blue shadows had crept halfway to the tops of the mountains when Jean Evans came into sight round the bend of the trail. Cash was mutely astounded at the little jump of welcome his suddenly desolate heart gave at sight of her. Sternly and with much detail he informed himself that he was pleased to see her because, in his lonesomeness, even a woman—and a foreigner—was better company than none.

Straight toward him the girl came. She seemed to have lost the memory of his boorishness, for she smiled cordially at him.

And Cash was smugly happy that she could see him shaved and well-attired. For the first time that day he forgot to curse his folly in grooming himself.

"I've been thinking about what you said this morning, Mr. Wyble," the girl opened fire at ten yards' range, advancing upon him from behind her own verbal barrage. "And I've made up my mind it was just a good-natured soldier joke. It was silly of me to feel hurt at it. I suppose I felt that way because I had been so terribly anxious to have you give us that talk at the school. It—it was just a joke, wasn't it? Please!"

"Yep," Cash assured her, with a relief and a volubility that surprised him. "Jes' a measly joke, ma'am. I didn't honest kidnap the Crown Prince cuss, nor git into B'lin, nor nuthin' like that. Nor yet," he added in self-defense—"nor yet I wa'nt reelly braggin' when I told you them things. I was jes' kind o' makin' small of you, as the feller says. I ——"



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"I'm so glad!" she cried. "But I was sure of it. That's why I came back. And you will give us that talk, won't you?"

Decidedly Jean's bulldog jaw did not grow on her face for mere ornament.

"What the blazes c'd I say to 'em?" Cash demanded with sudden heat. "I'd tell 'em a lot less than they've heard already. I got no new stuff to tell. The hull yarn has been spun so many times by folks what know more 'bout it than I do ——"

"But they haven't heard it from a man who has been in the very thick of it," she insisted. "That makes all the difference in the world, you see. For instance, one rock is like another. Nobody would give a second glance at that rock you're sitting on. But if it were Plymouth Rock people would flock from everywhere to ——"

"This stone ain't shaped like a chicken," Wyble corrected her, with a grin at the ignorance of foreigners—"Plym'th Rock or any other kind. It's jes' an ornery dornick what I never had the gumption to pry out of the middle of the path. But—'bout the speech now: I'm 'fraid you-all have got to excuse me on it. I'd like plenty well to 'blige you, but—I'd never be able to. I'd git all bogged down at the fust puddle. Even if I was to make it up ahead, an' try to l'arn it, I'd fergit it in the middle. I know dad-blame well I would! I'd jes' ——"

"But you wouldn't have to trust to your memory," she urged. "Write out the main points and then look at your notes when you find you can't remember what comes next. That's the simplest way. And, anyhow, they're only children. And it is a talk—not a speech. All you have to do is to write a few ——"

"No'm!" he refused firmly. "I can't do that. You see, I lost my specs out on a rec'naiss'nce one night. An' I plumb fergot to git fitted with new ones. An' I don't write reel comf't'ble without my specs. So ——"

He paused, frowning heavily. Hitherto he had gloried more or less in his freedom from educational shackles, deeming his illiteracy, in a way, a badge of he-manhood. In this spirit he had jeeringly declined to profit by any of the chances at education that had been offered at camp to himself and to other mountaineers. And he had made loud and egregious fun of those who had availed themselves of the classes.

But now he was conscious of an irritating mortification at his ignorance. He could not understand the feeling, but it had prompted his glib lie. And, meeting the schoolma'am's suddenly pitying gaze, he had a second uncomprehended sensation which dumfounded him still more—a sensation that made him blurt out, through no volition of his own:

"That was a whopper I jes' told you, ma'am. I—I ain't never l'arned to write. No; nor yet to read. Go ahead an' laugh if ye're a mind to!" he finished defiantly.

"Why should I laugh?" she asked very gently indeed. "It isn't laughable. You probably had no chances to learn. There is nothing laughable about that. It's more cryable. If you had had such chances and you had turned your back on them—that would be something to laugh at—just as a poor man might make himself a laughing-stock by turning his back on an honest chance to make a fortune. But ——"

"I—I reckon I had chances, all right," he confessed, still wondering crossly why he could not lie with any comfort to this slip of a foreigner—"down to Camp Lee, an' agin over to France. But it didn't seem hardly wuth a grown man's while. It don't yet. Besides"—he bolstered his case—"a hull lot of them army classes teaches a feller all wrong. Now there was Bud Fauquier, what used to drive a 'mobile fer Doc Hawes, over Huntington way. Bud got cotched in the draft, same as me. We was bunkies down to Lee—me an' Bud. He was a scholard. So he aimed to pass what they called a lit'r'cy test. He'd 'a' done it too—only them army schoolteachers rung in a trick alph'bet on him. Bud told me so.

"Measly trick to play, wa'n't it? They shows Bud a big letter an' they asks him what letter it is. Bud don't look at it more'n a minute or so before he gets the lay of what it is. An' he tells 'em: 'That 'ere is a capital Seven.' They says it's a T—whatever sort of critter a T is—an' they give him the loud Ho-ho-ho! all round. Rotten way to treat a white man, I'll say! Then there was pore Stew Murph——"

"Mr. Wyble," Jean interrupted, "would you like to know why they laughed at your friend?"

"Kind of," vouchsafed Cash, with no excess enthusiasm.

"Let me teach you to read and write, and you'll understand."

Wyble drew into himself with a visible contraction.

"Not fer mine! Thanks, kindly!" he said in his most forbidding tone.

But the girl refused to be snubbed. Her jaw set itself a fraction tighter as she made reply: "I don't mean that you ought to come to school and study with the children. But I can teach you after hours if you like. I'd love to do it. You can pay me by—by giving the children that talk. Won't you?"

"Nope!"

His icy answer cut across her eager appeal like a face slap. Cash himself realized this; and he was sorry. But he was not sorry enough to countenance such foolishness as she had proposed.

"Why not?" she demanded, the jaw coming slightly forward again.

"Pop never bothered to, fer one thing," returned Cash, grasping at the first argument that came to him. "Nor gran'ther, neither. Nor none of 'em. They ——"

"Your father and your grandfather and the rest didn't do a lot of other great things that you have done," Jean told him. "They didn't go to Europe and risk their lives there to save the world for the rest of us.

"They didn't trouble to wear shoes and good clothes, and to shave every day. Yet you are doing all that."

"Your Descendants are Going to Thank Uncle Sam on Their Knees for Changing You From a Cracker Into a Soldier"

Cash's soul, despite himself, expanded under her notice of his sartorial grandeur. Yet he shook his head stubbornly.

"Your ancestors were too busy settling this region and rescuing it from the wilderness to take the time to study," she pursued. "You have been busy rescuing us all from a worse wilderness. But now that you are at home again —— Oh, I know you have all your friends to see and to be welcomed by, and that you want to have a good, lazy, sociable time for a while after your fearful work at the Front! But later on won't you let me teach ——"

"Good, lazy, soci'ble time—hey?" snorted Cash, the memory of his grievances rushing in upon him at her picture of the home-coming festivities. "You're dead wrong, ma'am! Wuss'n dead wrong! What the blue blazes is there in it fer me? Hey? Tell me that! I ain't meanin' the readin' an' writin', but the comin' home? What's there in it—hey? Not a blasted gawdamighty thing!"

She was startled at his burst of wild vehemence. Nor could she account for it, except by her slight experience in the queer mixture of imperturbability and stark emotionalism that is the mountaineer's heritage. She did not break in on his tirade, but let it take its course.

When a nervous thoroughbred horse runs away there is hope of regaining control over him. When a stolid plow horse runs away nothing can stop him but the first stone wall whose power of resistance is greater than the force of his impact. When a taciturn mountaineer is carried away on the rare flood of speech his onrush puts to shame the blindly stampeding plow horse. And with Cash Wyble the floodgates were down.

"What's there in it fer me?" he railed, heedless of his listener. "What c'n I git out of any of it? I was all right. Mebbe 'twas because I didn't know no better. But I was all right. I liked how I was livin'. It was how all my folks had allers lived. It suited me fine! An' what did Uncle Sam do to me? Took me away fr'm it an' stuck me in th' Army. I wa'n't goin' to let that change me none an' I wouldn't take up with the newfangled ways they tried to l'arn me. I says to myself I'd come back like I went out. An' ev'ry minute I was away I kep' honin' fer this shack an' theseyer mountains an' my home folks an' my ol' clo'es an' my ways of livin'. I useter think I'd ruther come back here than go to the camp-meetin' heaven."

He cleared his voice scrapingly and plunged on:

"Wal, to-day I git back here. What happens? It's all like I left it; but it ain't fit fer a hawg! It's dirty an' it's smelly an it's pore-white-folksy. They fooled me down yonder. They fooled me crool! How was I to know I was l'arnin' things that'd make me feel sick at my own home? Hey? Tell me that! I wore the kind of clo'es they give me. I shaved an' took baths an' kep' my 'quipment shipshape, an' l'arned to cook decent an' to clean up quarters, an' all that. I done it because it used to mean the hoosgow or extry kitchen p'lice if I didn't. I didn't do it 'cause I liked it. I hated it. I hated it like toad pie! An' I honed for thisyer sort o' life again. But all the time it was gittin' down

(Continued on Page 53)

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NOTASEME HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 50)

under my skin an' gittin' so it was a part of me. An' I never knowed it—never till I got home an' found I didn't have no home no longer—nothin' but a hawgpen, with hawgpen neighbors an' kinfolks. The Gov'm'nt took ev'rything I liked to have. Then, when they give it back to me I couldn't like it no more. I'm—I'm as much of a furriner here as—as—as you are—right here at the shack where I was borned an' where my folks was borned. Gov'm'nt? Hell!"

He was aware of the expletive by the time he had spat it forth. He was also dimly aware that it was not a word usually spoken to a woman. He gave the girl a sidelong apologetic glance. To his astonishment, Jean's big eyes were heavy with tears. She was looking at him in a way no other woman had ever done—a way that made funny prickles flutter round his heart. To ease his embarrassment he continued, in the same moodily hopeless vein:

"It's just like old Baldy Todd, out to Halifax. Uncle Sam's used me like the Luck used Baldy. He fell outen a rick onto a scythe; an' it give him a harelip. Then his house an' barn burns down. Then his wife didn't do a thing but die, an' his only kid run away with a seed cat'log dude; an' his mortgage was fo'closed; an' he took down with palsy. As soon as he c'd git to his feet he stumped over to South Halifax, where they was holdin' a camp meetin'. The elder spots him in a front seat, shakin' his pore palsied head like he was agreein' to all the p'ints of the discourse. So pretty soon the elder calls for testimony. He beckons to Baldy an' sings out: 'Wal, brother, what has the Lord done fer you? Speak up an' testify.' Baldy jes' stutters: 'What's the Lord done fer me, hey? He's damn' near roo'ned me!' Wal, it's like that with me an' Uncle Sam. He's took away what made me willin' to live like I'd been livin'. An' he ain't gave me nothin' back in trade."

"No!" she contradicted, as vehement as he. "You are wrong! You are wrong! He has given you back more in exchange than ever was given you in the sharpest bargain you could drive. He has given all his citizen soldiers more—much, much more than he made them give up—even if not in the same coin. And he hasn't given more to any of them than he has given to you, Mr. Wyble. Look back at what you were and the way you lived before you went away! Look back at it, without trying to gloss any of it over. And then tell yourself—honestly—whether you would want to change back to it. To change back to the squalor and filth and narrowness and shiftlessness of it! You can't look me in the eyes and say you would. You were a slack, slouching, slab-sided hillbilly. You are a compact, upstanding, powerful giant! Uncle Sam has given you that. He has raised you from something little better than the beasts. And he has made you a man! And there must be thousands more like you, who owe more to Uncle Sam than has been owed to anyone since God first made men stop crawling on all fours and taught them to walk upright. Those men probably felt odd and uncomfortable for a while and wished they could go back to all fours. But we are grateful they couldn't—just as your descendants are going to thank Uncle Sam on their knees for changing you from a cracker into a soldier."

"I wasn't never no cracker!" began Cash hotly. "I ——"

"You certainly aren't now," she soothed. "I suppose I've been preaching a windy sermon to you and that you're either bored or angry at me. But it was the truth. Be honest! Think hard for a moment, and then tell me whether you are really sorry for the change and want to slip back into the—into what you used to be. Think; and tell me."

Cash obeyed literally the sharp command. His cinemic imagination raised a series of scenes before him—scenes upon which he had been wont to gloat during dark hours of sentry go and on the nights when German fire made sleep a thing hard to woo. This had been a day of many shocks; but he felt the master shock of all when he heard himself answer, from the heart out:

"No'm! I—I reckon I wouldn't. But"—he hurried on despairingly—"it's—it's so blame' lonesome, bein' diff'rent when all th' others is the same still!"

"I'm not the same," she denied. "And after you learn to read you'll never know again the real meaning of lonesomeness. Nobody can know it with all the books in the world waiting to make friends with him. We're going to begin our lessons tomorrow afternoon—you and I. I'll expect you at my desk half an hour after school is out."

He strove to yell "No!" and to back the negative with a plangent oath or two; but the refusal somehow died unborn. He told himself that the useless accomplishments might serve to dull his sense of desolation. And he knew, without the humiliation of telling himself, that the daily society of this bulldog-jawed little foreigner would do still more toward easing the ache of loneliness. So he replied to Jean's mandate with a noncommittal grunt, which quite satisfied her.

"It's gittin' dark," he muttered shyly. "I don't mind walkin' a piece down the road with you if you're going back home. Womenfolks is scary of the dark. They—— Suff'rin' snakes!" He broke off in alarm.

A huge yellow creature had dashed round the trail curve in the dusk and was flinging itself straight at Wyble's throat. The leap was accompanied by an unearthly yell—a yell that seemed to hold all the pent rapture of years. At the sound Cash lowered the foot he had poised for an expert kick and his hand fell away from his half-drawn jackknife.

"Jeff! You measly old varmint!" he shouted, gleefully gripping with both hands the houn' dawg that had scented his master from afar and had gnawed a rope in half to get to him. "Jeff!"

"It's my dawg, ma'am," he explained to Jean when he had induced the houn' to behave himself more like a self-respecting canine and less like a badly jointed whirligig. "I reckon he's some tickled to see me. Lord, but it's nice to have one critter glad to—— Look out!" he warned, starting toward the girl as she put forth a friendly hand to stroke the heaving, tawny head of the houn'. "Don't go handlin' him none! He's mean with strangers—'speshly womenfolks. He ——"

Cash's admonition died midway and he halted in his move of intervention. Heedless of his warning, Jean was stroking the dog's big head and playing with his ridiculously long ears. And the houn' was not resenting the familiarity.

After the first suspicious growl the dog had looked upward at the schoolma'am in quick appraisal. Now he was standing right docilely close beside her, his head bent in grave enjoyment of her soft caress.

"He is not mean," denied the girl. "See? He likes me already. Dogs do. Isn't he a beauty? You must bring him along whenever you come to the schoolhouse. What breed is he?"

"Wal!" mused Cash, masking his bewilderment at his unsocial pet's swift adoption of this foreigner, "I reckon the blood of the finest champeens is in old Jeff's veins."

"What kind?"

"All kinds," he made grave answer. "We-all calls him a houn'. But we calls him that to flatter him, I reckon. An', anyhow, he's as much houn' as anything else. Don't matter what he is. He's my bunkie. An' he's glad to see me. That's good enough!"

Next day the lessons began. But many a day passed before Cash Wyble was able to glean from personal knowledge the reason why the instructors at Camp Lee had laughed at Bud Fauquier for calling T a capital Seven. Yet at last he did understand. And Homeric was his taunting laughter at his old messmate's ignorance.

By this time Cash was glibly reading at sight such difficult verbal themes as See the Cat on the Mat, helped to a better comprehension thereof by an accompanying picture of a feline occupying that place of honor. And he was even wading laboriously through a sterling work of fiction, illustrated in three colors and printed upon linen, entitled Baby Bunch and the Kitten.

More than once in the night solitude of his shack the pitfalls and literary complexity of this tale were too much for Cash's brain and his temper. He would fling the book across the room, along with his ink-smeared writing exercises, and would swear loudly to Jeff that he was done forever with such tomfoolishness. Yet always the next day, with Jean Evans sitting deliriously close to him, he forswore his vow of illiteracy and tackled anew the hateful labor.

Jean was an inspired teacher, or else Cash was an inspired learner; for, despite a million setbacks, he slowly progressed.

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One day he came to his studies fresh from an encouraging talk with his still partner, Zach Irons. Pernicious activity on the part of a squad of nosey revenue officers had blocked the still's activities some months earlier; but now there seemed to be a safe prospect of reopening the fascinating business.

Zach also had pointed out that the national prohibition law could not fail to increase all discreet moonshiners' profits. This outlook for new prosperity had heartened Cash mightily. He wore a grin of pure content as he stalked into the schoolroom.

"I reckon I'm a wee peckle late this evenin', ma'am," he apologized. "Zach Irons come up to my shack for a jawcrackin' an' I couldn't git rid of him no sooner."

"Zach Irons?" she repeated. "Isn't he the man who came so near going to prison last year because the Government suspected him of running an illicit distillery?"

"Yes?" queried Cash, his face professionally blank. "Wal, Zach's jes' a honest farmer. The rev'noo folks better leave him be. They're a heap too ——"

He paused, all at once obsessed with his queer inability to tell this foreigner girl a really artistic lie. He blinked at her in guilty sheepishness. Jean did not seem to observe his worry. She was looking down, her face a little troubled; but her bulldog jaw was resolutely set.

"I hear a good deal of the gossip that goes on round here," she said. "You see, the people have found out they can trust me not to tell tales. I hear Zach Irons is going to start his still again, and that you and he are to be partners in it."

Cash got to his feet, his eyes ablaze, the old-time wildcat snarl upon his leathern lips. Still looking the other way, the girl went on evenly:

"But I knew it couldn't be true. No man who has fought for his country so gallantly as you have would stoop to such a thing. You ——"

"What's there wrong 'bout it?" he demanded in husky wrath. "What's the harm in makin' square whisky an' sellin' it fer a square price? The big distillers did it. An' the law let 'em. But if a pore man tries it he goes to the hoosgow. It's a measly, blazin' —— Not that it matters anything to me!" he caught himself up.

"I'm so glad you say it doesn't matter to you," Jean replied in somewhat overdone relief, "because I was sure you couldn't do such a thing. I'm not going into the right or wrong of moonshining, because I'm not wise enough to understand. With me—and with you—it is enough to know that the Government forbids it. Anyone who disobeys the Government and works against its laws is harming the Government. In other words, a moonshiner is harming the country and stealing the country's revenue money. Don't you see?"

She leaned toward him and laid her cool fingers lightly for an instant upon a ragged little scar that gouged his left cheek.

"You told me if the German bullet that cut your face had gone three inches to the right and three inches higher it would have killed you," she mused. "That scar proves you risked your life for the good of our country. A man who could risk his life like that for his country wouldn't injure the country he helped to save. That's why I knew the story about your going into partnership with Zach Irons was not true. If you risked death to save a man from drowning you wouldn't pick his pocket afterward. Not even a thief would do that! So I felt sure ——"

"Say!" snapped Wyble. "Let it go at that, can't you? I—I gotta think fer a while. But —— Wal, let it go at that!"

The results of a rebellious night of self-battling brought Cash to a decision; but not before he had lighted his oil lamp and surveyed, long and frowningly, in his scrap of a mirror the scar on his face and a deeper scar on his shoulder.

The girl's arguments, he felt certain, were as full of flaws as was his mirror. Yet somehow her simile of the hero who could not rob the man he had saved from drowning stuck athwart his mentality, damming his flow of sophistry. Fiftyfold more cogent, too, than her argument was Jean herself.

In the morning Cash hailed Zach Irons' ten-year-old son, who was pattering homeward past the shack.

"Tell yer pop it's all off," Wyble bade the youngster. "Tell him I say so. Tell him I say I ain't goin' to do it. An' tell him 'tain't no use to come a-pesterin' me to; 'cause I'm set. Say he c'n git someone else to go cahoots with him in it if he's a mind to; but not me."

After which renunciation Cash went back to his slab table and laid thereon his writing pad and his pen and ink. Last night he had neglected the writing exercise he was supposed to have ready for Jean's inspection at to-day's study hour. He set himself to copying the sentence she had given him to work on.

But he was in no good mood to scrawl laboriously the dull words of the copy. He was tired and blue. For the thousandth time he fell to wondering why he had let one puny bit of a girl turn his whole world upside down and inside out. But now he noticed, with amused despair, that he no longer resented her softly merciless domination. Again he marveled.

And this time the answer came. It came perhaps from heaven; perhaps from the glory of the day; perhaps from the fact that he had fasted and gone sleepless so long that his mind was not quite normal. At all events it came. And it took away Cash Wyble's breath. It wrung from his wonder-gaping lips the soulful monosyllable "Shucks!"

Then, to take his thoughts from such manifest and unmanly absurdities, he turned back to his copying. But once more he failed to focus his mind on the copybook maxims. Instead, the new-found power of literary expression got into his pen. On the blank sheet he began to write extemporaneously for the first time in his thirty years.

When he had finished he stared bewilderedly at what he had penned. In an access of shamefacedness he was about to tear the sheet asunder. Then pride of authorship intervened, and he laid the written words inside his copy book for safe-keeping.

It was Saturday and there was no school session; so Cash's daily lesson had been set for nine o'clock that morning. A glance at the sun told him he could escape tardiness only by hurrying. He grabbed up his pad, his copy book and his dog-eared and detested volume of Baby Bunch and the Kitten—as well as a more advanced work, entitled Reading Without Tears, whose pages were becoming illegible from the weeping of many small pupils.

The half-mile trip to the schoolhouse was a matter of only six minutes to-day for the mountaineer's long legs. As he came out of the trail and into the hard-stamped, grassless area of the recess yard he saw Jean Evans standing in the doorway. A man was beside her—Zach Irons. And he was speaking. Cash could not catch his words, but he saw they were distressing Jean and he quickened his mile-eating stride.

"Yep"—Zach's irate tones reached him as he came up—"Yep, it's all along o' you! He was all right till you-all come a-hornin' in, voodooin' him an' l'arning him sech triflin' tricks as readin' an' writin' an' wearin' dude clo'es an' thinkin' he's too fine fer the folks he's borned an' bred with. It's the talk o' th' hull place. An' I figger it's got to stop—'speshly arter the word he sends me this mornin'. If he ain't here he'll be here. An' I lot on waitin' till he gits here. He ——"

"If it's me you're blattin' 'bout, Zach," put in Cash with much deliberation as he came to a halt behind the gesticulating moonshiner, "s'pose you jes' turn round an' say it to my face instead of bellerin' at a lady."

Zach whirled to meet him.

"I got that message you-all sent by my Doug this mornin'," he said irately. "An' I'm here to ——"

"You're here to talk quiet an' decent, or not to talk at all," supplemented Cash almost soothingly. "Ladies ain't made to holler at. If you-all aims to have a hollerin' bee with me, s'pose we walks out into the woods a piece."

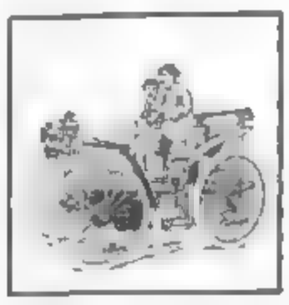
"I c'n say what I gotta say right here!" stormed Irons, his wrath fanned high by his old partner's new air of superiority. "I don't aim to be set into my place by no high-toned talk, neither—not by a feller that's hawg-tied so tight to a petticut that he's changed from a he-man into a sniv'lin' mollycoddle. I wanter know what in hell you meant by that word Doug brought me from you! If you been gittin' pious ideas from this jimber-jawed wench of a furriner ——"

Jean shrank back ever so slightly, wincing at the bellowed words. Across Cash Wyble's lean face blazed a glare that not

(Concluded on Page 57)

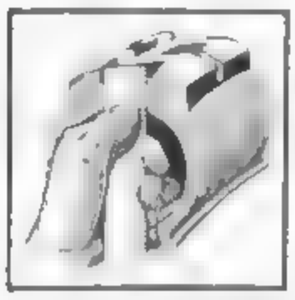
Reasons Why MICHELIN TIRES Have Become So Popular

Consider the following facts about Michelin Universals, and see if you do not agree that you should use these tires. Now is the time to reach a decision—which, if properly made, will spare you much expense and annoyance during the months ahead.

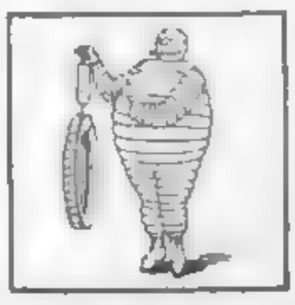


1—UNEQUALLED EXPERIENCE. The illustration shows Michelin demonstrating the world's first pneumatic automobile tire, which he introduced in 1895. For 24 years Michelin has concentrated on pneumatic tires exclusively. No other tire maker has this unequalled experience.

2—BETTER MATERIALS. The quality of the materials used in Michelin Casings and Inner Tubes has always been the best that money can buy. This well-known fact largely accounts for the superior durability and economy for which Michelin Tires are famous the world over.



3—THICKNESS. Measure the thickness of Michelin Universals in comparison with other makes and you will find they contain more rubber and fabric than do other tires. All this extra material is of the highest quality, as already stated, and hence means greater mileage.

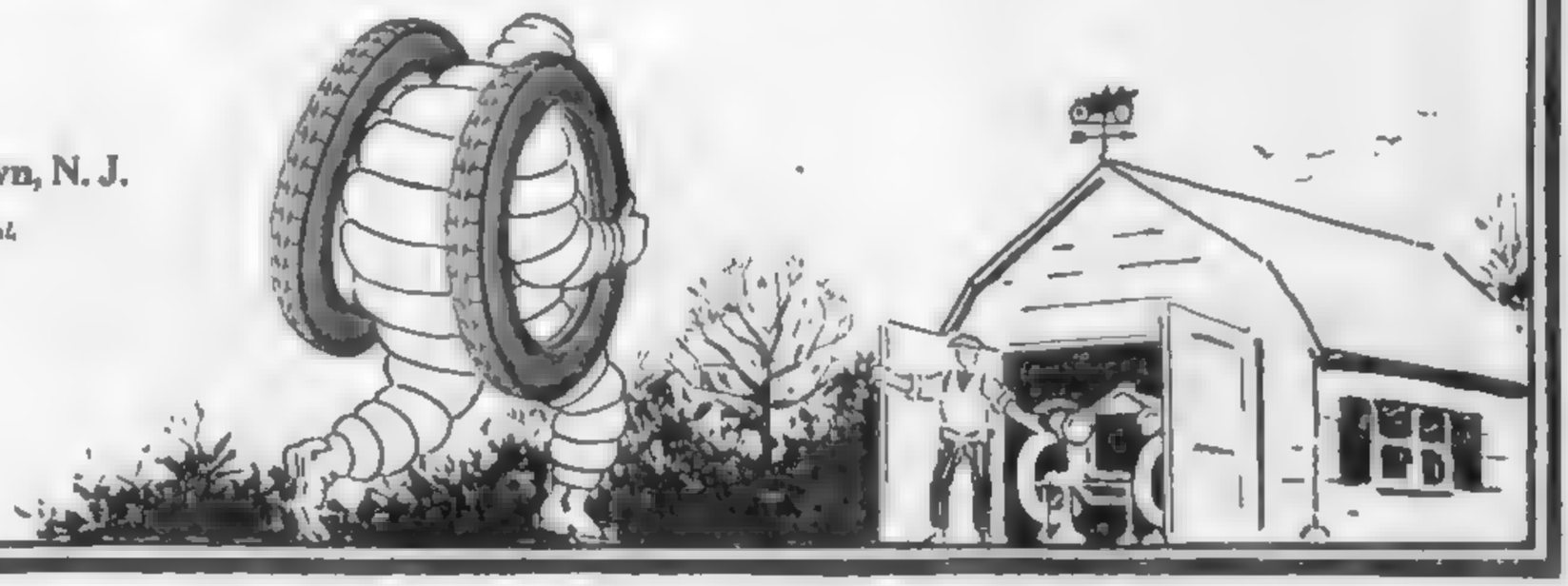


4—EXTRA WEIGHT. A simple comparative test will also show you that Michelin Universals weigh twelve to fifteen per cent more than other tires—additional proof that Michelins are more generously made and have greater mileage built into them. This weight test is important.

5—BROAD FLAT TRACTION-SURFACE. A broad flat eraser wears away more slowly than the small rubber on the end of a pencil. So with tires—the tread that is broad and flat lasts much longer than one with small projections. Note Michelin's superiority in this respect.

6—MODERATE PRICES. Despite their high quality and superior design Michelin Casings and Inner Tubes are moderate in price. The truth of this statement is easily proved by comparing Michelin prices with the prices asked for other tires of anything like the same quality.

In view of the fact that Michelin has devoted 24 years and all his world-wide resources to the manufacture of pneumatic tires exclusively, are you not willing to test Michelins on your own car and be convinced?



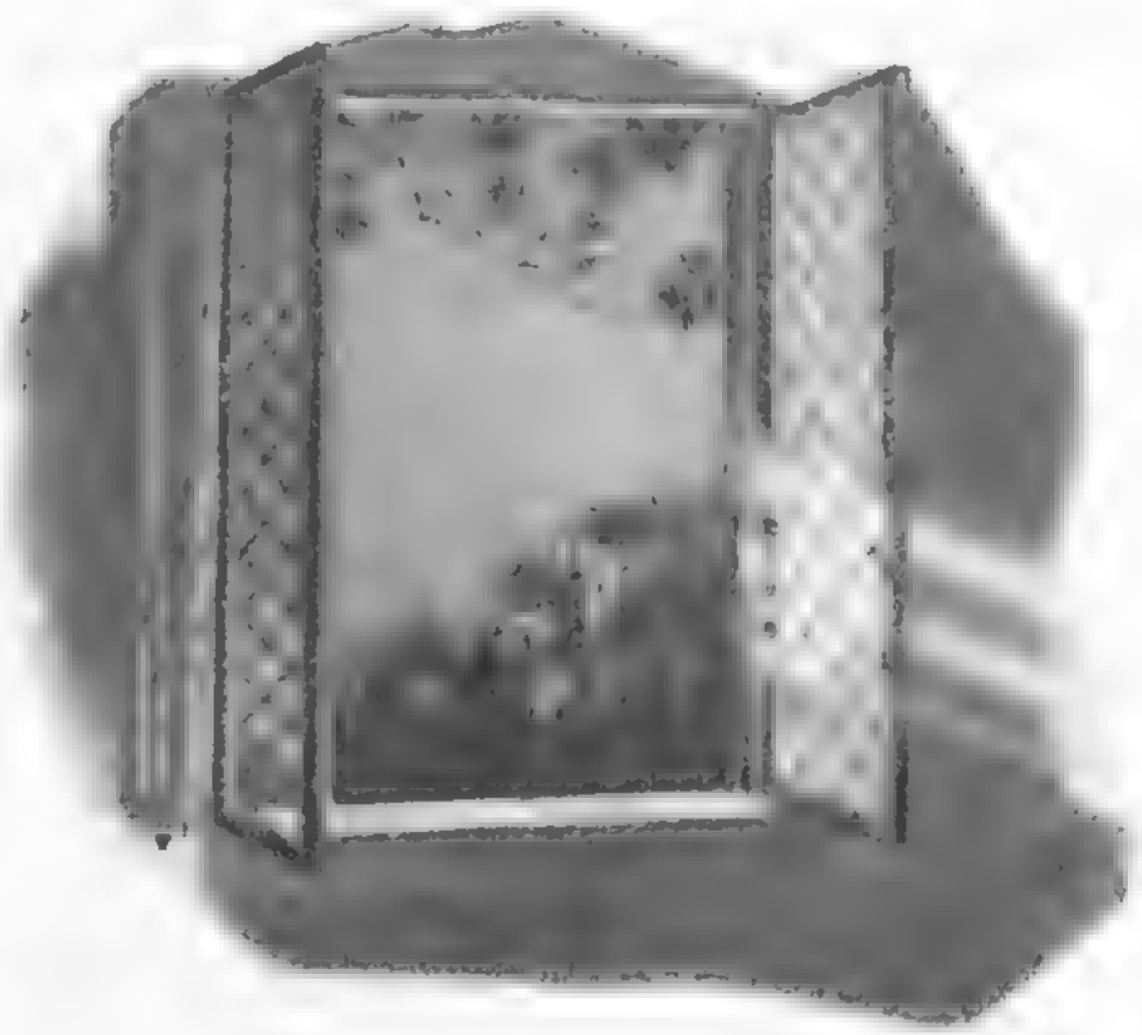
MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, N. J.

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd.
782 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

Dealers in all parts of the world.

MICHELIN

SIMMONS BEDS-*Built for Sleep*



Why can't you get better rest

AMERICANS used to feel a secret pride in being labeled "a nation of neurasthenics."

Nowadays they are rather ashamed of it.

Neurasthenia is largely caused by not getting enough sound sleep.

If people would give as much thought to the *sleeping qualities* of a bed as to its looks, there would be fewer "light" sleepers.

The average bed is made as a piece of furniture — sold as a piece of furniture — bought as a piece of furniture.

And hardly a thought from anybody about *sleep!*

* * *

RELAX—there is the master-secret of sleep!

Possibly you are one of the thousands who seldom get a clear night's rest. Look to your bed!

Most wooden beds creak a little.

The average metal bed has a loose joint—rattles slightly—feels unsteady.

Or maybe it is the spring that does not fit. One corner or another knocks slightly when you turn over—or it humps or sags.

* * *

THE right bed invites perfect relaxation. It stands firmly. Its corners lock tight. Push it or pull it by one corner and it moves as one piece—not a rattle, a shake, a lurch, a suspicion of unsteadiness.

The right spring gives gently to the contours, but supports the body—a taut elastic foundation for the mattress. It does not sag or hump. It fits squarely on the bed.

* * *

You may not know where to find a bed or a spring of this character.

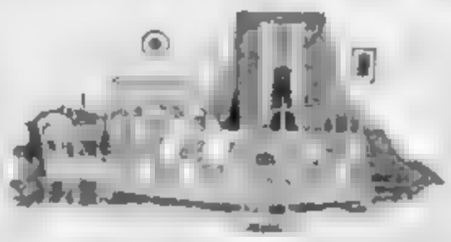
You have only to go to a leading merchant in your section and look at Simmons Metal Beds and Slumber King Springs.

They will not cost you any more than the average bed.

You will get a bed, a spring that *invites sleep*—and moreover finer style, a better choice of styles.

You will have unequalled choice of *Twin Beds*—a separate bed for each sleeper, welcomed everywhere by people of nice feeling.

Perhaps there is a thought here for you the next time you buy a bed or a spring.



SIMMONS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEWARK, N. J.

MONTREAL, CAN.

(Concluded from Page 54)

only belied the epithet "sniv'lin' molly-coddle" but cut Zach's fierce speech short in the middle and sent his hand instinctively toward the big clasp knife in his pocket.

For a fraction of a second Wyble stood still, his body aquiver, his mouth writhing. The murder mood was aflare in his brain. And fighting against the wild impulse was the vision of Jean as she shrank back from Irons' affront. If mere words had so distressed her, how would she be affected by a rough-and-tumble murder fight on the threshold of her own school? Yet ——

Once more did Uncle Sam come to the aid of his harassed mountaineer nephew. A runty physical-culture expert had been detailed at the camp to teach soldiers certain tactics that might prove useful in trench fighting.

His art had had a queer foreign name—a Jap name that had meant nothing to Cash. Yet the exercises themselves he had found mildly amusing; and their memory rushed back to him.

Before Zach's right hand could connect with the knife, Wyble had caught his wrist very deftly and had slipped alongside him, reenforcing the wrist hold by another, which passed under the right arm at the elbow joint and across to the throat.

It was like no wrestling hold Irons knew. Indeed, it was so sudden and so simple-seeming that it looked like no hold at all. Zach, none the less, sought with lightning quickness to free himself from it and to grapple. The result of his effort was a poignant agony, which ran the full length of his imprisoned right arm and which found its acme of torture at the elbow joint.

Cash had not moved; he did not seem to be wrestling at all. He was not so much as looking at the anguished Zach, but had turned his eyes apologetically toward the frightened girl, smiling reassurance at her. Yet imperceptibly he was increasing the pressure on the other man's arm. And all Zach's frantic twistings to free himself or to strike or gouge or kick, or to shift his position, resulted only in added pain.

Irons' agonized lips flew apart in what was to have been a volley of blasphemy. But the very first word was drowned by his own scream of distress; for by the merest tightening of the muscles Cash had swung him sidewise and brought him heavily to both knees. The arm grip still held, and Wyble was again smiling reassurance at the perturbed Jean.

"I'm a doin' this gentle," he told her, "so as not to scare you none. There ain't goin' to be no rough-house. . . . Now then, Zach; you're on your marrowbones in front of thisyer lady what you called insultin' names to. An' you're agoin' to say to her, reel civil: 'I'm sorry, ma'am.' Then you-all's goin' to clear out—an' stay clear! Speak up now!"

Almost tender was Cash's tone. Almost tender was the newly increased pressure he gave the tortured arm. Yet the pressure completed Zach's submission. Mad with pain, frantic with fear of this mysterious arm-breaking magic, he shrieked thickly:

"I'm—I'm sorry, ma'am!"

The pressure was gone. Sick with physical torment and mental reaction, and cowed out of all desire for more strife with such a foe, Zach scrambled to his feet and lurched swayingly toward the trail, nursing his anguished arm.

"I—I tried to do it like I figgered you'd want me to, ma'am," said Cash humbly. "I'm plumb sorry if I've acted too rough-like."

Jean sought to speak, but something seemed to choke her. Her face went white, and then scarlet as she stared dumbly up at her paladin. Then, to recover her poise, she stooped to pick up the litter of books and papers Cash had dropped in order to leave his hands free for Irons. Wyble stooped to help her; but he was too late.

The first thing she picked up was a sheet of ruled paper that had tumbled to her feet from out a greasy copy book. Athwart the paper's once white surface ran a single irregular line of writing, which had something the look of a decrepit picket fence that has been hit by a cyclone.

In a sprawled hand of which an eight-year-old boy would have been ashamed was scribbled this cryptic legend:

"Jeen i luvv u!"

Cash, seeing what she had found, cowered back a step in dire consternation. Slowly the girl's eyes were lifted from the perusal of the writing. Slower still they met Wyble's terror-stricken gaze.

And something in their suffused depths turned the man's fear into a divine tumult, which found expression in two brief words. Nodding at the scrawl, he mumbled indistinctly:

"It goes!"

Her eyes luminous and her bulldog jaw strangely softened, Jean made whispered answer:

"It goes!"

THE LAST MAN

(Continued from Page 8)

in the cellars and several dugouts the enemy had constructed. Of course the dugouts faced the wrong way, which made nice targets of the entrances; but they were hardened to such chances.

Making the rounds about eight o'clock in the morning, Farwell came across the upper half of an American soldier at the foot of a wall. The lower half lay across the street. A short distance farther on a dead boche, rifle in hand, was propped up against a corner of the ruined church. His head sagged on one side; he looked like a sentry, asleep.

They remained in support in the village for four days.

The troops in support always get the devil, for the enemy goes after them with his artillery, maintaining a deluge of light and heavy stuff, and gas. Except when an attack is on, the men in the front line are infinitely better off—ask any doughboy who has been through it! I have come out of the line to stay at a regimental P. C.; it was a positive relief to get back to the advanced trenches.

Farwell lost seventeen men and went through a gas attack. The place was drenched with mustard, and they vacated for eighteen hours until the fumes had been dissipated, moving back into the open fields. They bivouacked on the wet ground, with one blanket to a man, and had nothing to eat until they returned to the cellars and dugouts.

Yet a couple of hot meals and ten hours of sleep restored their morale—there is no man on earth who can stand up better under hardships than the American soldier. On the afternoon before they moved out the captain found several groups shooting craps in their dugouts.

"Read 'em and weep! Little Joe! How I do love you, Li'l' Joe! There he is!"

The money resembled the contents of a waste-paper basket. It lay in front of the players in crumpled heaps. Whenever a doughboy wanted to bet ten francs, and hadn't the change, he would simply tear a twenty-franc note in half. Also, whenever he didn't like the guy who beat him, he would surreptitiously pinch off the numbers from the note, which made it invalid. Many a tired Y. M. C. A. woman has sat up late of nights sewing together the mutilated currency of the men they work among. And may heaven bless them for it!

The company went forward to relieve another of the same battalion. They had to make the relief across open country, for there were no communication trenches; but by the grace of the Almighty they accomplished it without losing a man. Heinie was pounding the back areas with terrific fire; but, save for a couple of machine gunners who maintained a tattoo somewhere on the right against another company, everything was quiet along their sector.

No real front line existed. It's a safe bet that neither G-3 nor G-2 at division headquarters knew precisely where it ran. Some shallow trenches, hastily dug under fire, linked up a series of shell holes—that was all. Of dugouts and other protection they had none.

They slept on the ground when they were able to sleep at all. It was raining, as usual, and their trenches and shell holes were inches deep with water and mud. To add to their sufferings the chow did not come up, because of the aforementioned strafing of the roads, and the weather turned bitter cold. So they lived on their reserve rations of hard-tack and corned Willie, washed down with water.

Radiant Heat

YOU will understand this family cheer and breakfast enjoyment if you know what radiant heat means on a raw March morning. Healthful *projected rays*, like the sun's, which penetrate but do not devitalize the air you breathe. Radiant heat has an enveloping warmth—a new delight—produced only through the principle of the Lawson Odorless Room Heater.

The Lawson is as unlike ordinary gas heaters as sun heat is unlike that of an open fire. No exposed flame; no reflected, air-absorbed heat. But direct radiant rays from a red-hot inner combustion chamber—the "glowing heart"—in which the gas is thoroughly consumed at high temperature. No stuffy atmosphere! No fuel waste! And absolutely no odor!

SAFE. The burners of the Lawson Odorless are doubly protected—both by the inner core and by an outer steel jacket. Can't ignite skirts, draperies or children's frocks. Sudden drafts can't extinguish the jets—no escaping gas.

COMPACT. The Lawson Odorless is as powerful as ordinary gas stoves of two or three times its size and much higher price. Heats from *both* sides. Any room made cozily warm in a few minutes.

Let Your Stove Dealer, Hardware, Department or Housefurnishing Store, or your Gas Company, show you the Lawson Odorless

Insist on the genuine — *Lawson*. If not obtainable in your community, write us for descriptive folder and how to get the Lawson Odorless without delay.

Lawson Mfg. Co.
of Pittsburgh

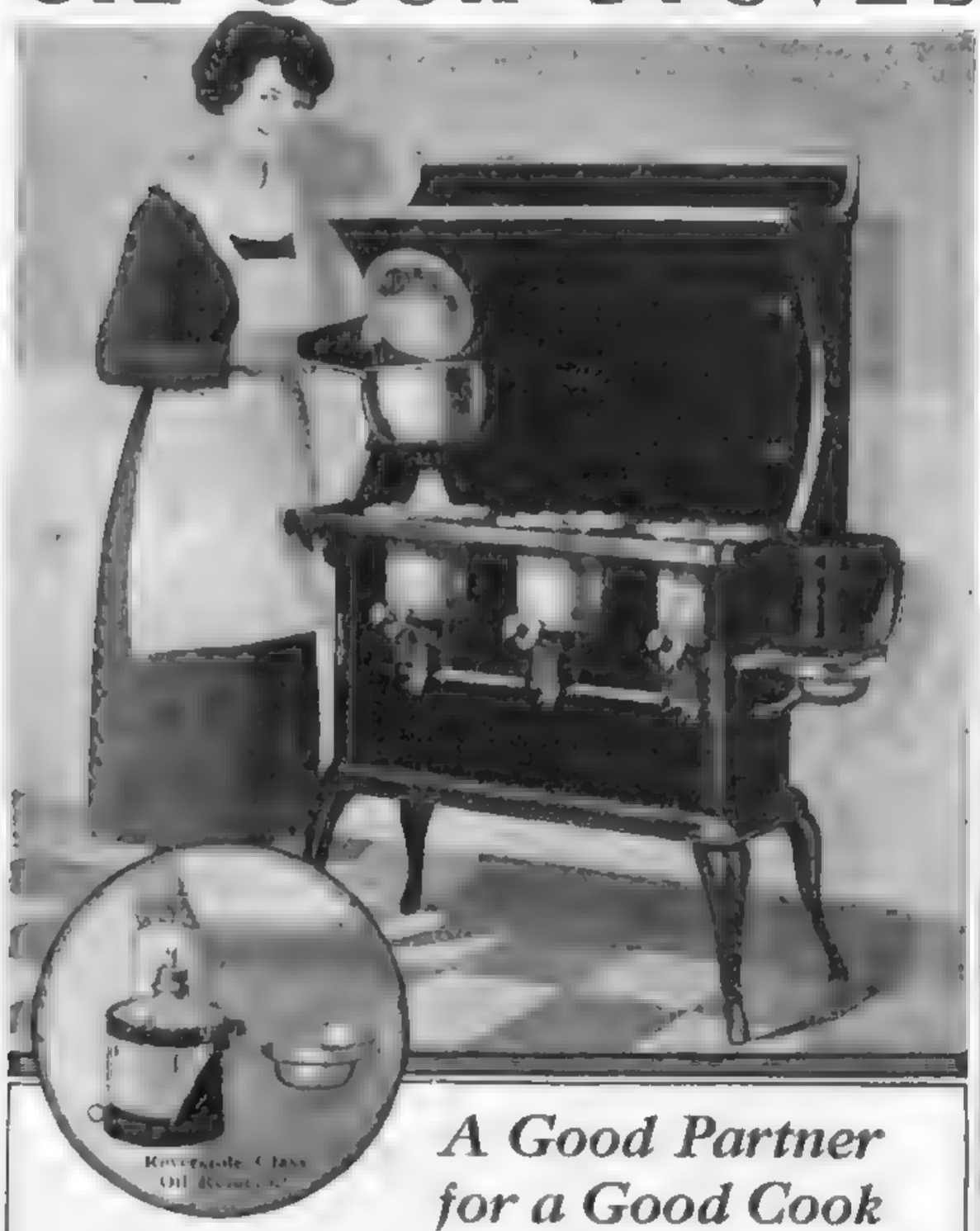
Also Makers of Lawson Water Heaters —over a million in use. Booklet "Plenty of Hot Water," on request.

An economical size for every space

No.	For Rooms
0	6 x 8 ft.
8 to 10	10 x 12 ft.
20	14 x 16 ft.
30	18 x 20 ft.

Lawson
Odorless Gas Heater

PURITAN
OIL COOK STOVES



A Good Partner for a Good Cook

YOU are sure of a clean, comfortable kitchen if you use a Puritan Oil Cook Stove.

Boiling, simmering and baking can all be done at the same time—and the Puritan gives just the right heat for each, instead of a sweltering fire that makes your kitchen feel like a bake-oven. Each utensil rests in a clean, hot flame—like gas.

The Puritan Short Chimney Oil Cook Stove has many new and distinctive features. Improved burners produce a cleaner, hotter flame. An indicator on every burner tells you where flame is set—low, medium or high. It also stops the wick automatically at full heat and prevents smoking.

The Puritan gives long service because the burners—the vital parts—are made of brass.

Reversible Glass Oil Reservoir

Every housewife will appreciate the convenience and cleanliness of the reversible glass reservoir. It's a clean, quick way to handle the ideal cooking fuel—kerosene oil.

Puritan stoves are sold by reliable dealers everywhere. Look for the Triangle Trade Mark

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7700 Platt Ave
Cleveland, O

See your dealer or write for free Puritan booklet No. 23

HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

Thirty-four hours after they took over, the battalion commander visited them. Farwell received a shock like a solid jolt from a fist when he dropped down at daybreak into the shell hole beside him. There was no finer soldier in this man's army than the major; no man more just, more kindly—or more severe when occasion demanded. Yet his first words to Farwell consisted of epithets which would have instantly provoked a fight between civilians. The captain gaped. What was the matter? And what had happened to the major? Surely this drawn, gray shell of a man, with wild eyes and tense lines about the mouth, could not be the quiet, contained, spruce officer he had known!

Stifling a wild desire to answer back in kind and then swing on him, Farwell gave respectful answers to his first questions. But for the life of him he didn't know what the battalion commander was driving at. The major rambled on, now raising a rash on Farwell's skin with furious stinging reprimands for mistakes and offenses of which the captain was wholly innocent; now setting him to surprised speculation by fiery tirades against everybody in authority, from the colonel up to the General Staff. Officers who have been long under the strain of fighting frequently rail at the luckier ones holding down desk jobs, so the captain could understand this; but what he could not comprehend was the major's seeming hostility to himself.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said firmly; "but I didn't do that. You've picked on the wrong man."

"Don't answer back to me!" roared the major in a perfect frenzy. "Do you hear? Stand at attention!"

And suddenly Farwell got it: The major was breaking; he was already on the verge of madness. With that knowledge came a great pity for the old soldier. He clicked his heels together, there in the shell hole, and saluted.

His behavior appeared to calm the battalion commander. When next he spoke it was in his usual tone and to announce the purpose of his visit. Farwell's company was to clean up a machine-gun nest hidden in a copse about five hundred yards northeast, and the major desired to go over the plan of attack with him. The two squatted down on their heels and pored over maps and the plan in detail. In this task the battalion commander betrayed no symptom of aberration; he had the thing at his finger ends, and for the twentieth time Farwell found himself admiring the cool precision of his judgment.

A Crazy Man's Luck

"How're you going to get back, sir?" he inquired. "You can't make it in daylight."

"I can in this fog," replied the major tersely.

Farwell dared not offer objection, and the major crawled out of the shell hole and walked coolly back across the open fields toward his P. C. It was taking his life in his hands, but he had weighed the chances accurately.

Not a shot was fired at him.

The H hour was three o'clock in the afternoon—they call it H now instead of zero. Perhaps H stands for hour; perhaps it signifies hell!

A thick mist shrouded fields and copse. At two-thirty a battery of hundred-and fifty-fives and some seventy-fives opened a bombardment of the nest; a couple of Stokes mortars hurled their crumping bombs into the doomed position. Soon the tree-topped knoll was a seething inferno. Machine guns chattered; the beautiful little one-pounders spattered every yard of the wood with direct fire. And fifteen minutes later a platoon of Farwell's company advanced to within striking distance, moving at a slow walk and maintaining an interval of about five paces between men. Behind them came a second wave.

Abruptly the shelling ceased. The doughboys sprang to their feet and charged, a few yelling as they had been instructed in the training areas, the old-timers running in grim silence. You seldom hear cheering in a real fight.

The machine gunners kept up a spray of bullets against the copse to force the enemy to keep their heads down, and now the doughboys were in the nest. They met practically no opposition. The boche batteries had waked to life and were pouring all they had against the American positions farther back; but the Heinies who manned the machine guns were paralyzed. Only two crews offered resistance, and that was feeble; their fire was high and wild.

A hard-boiled doughboy emerged triumphantly from an emplacement under a pile of logs. When the company was *en repos* and doing nothing he was a guardhouse pet; but now his bayonet was dripping.

"Hello, lieutenant!" he shouted in exaltation to the platoon commander. "Thank God, the time's come for us roughnecks!"

The time has come for roughnecks. You can see it in other than the battle areas, and our mental processes are reacting to the throwback. It would be well to take that fact into account during the next few years.

Having captured his objective, the platoon commander began to organize the position for defense, making all as tight as possible for the punishment he knew would come. First, he reported by runner to Farwell.

"No prisoners, hey?" remarked the captain. "Good!"

But the fight had cost them twenty-three men, the majority of whom belonged to the second wave, moving to back up the attackers. The company was now down to a hundred and forty.

In a couple of days they were jerked out, the battalion being relieved. Farwell's company took up quarters in a village and again passed through the shattering ordeal of constant shelling.

Armistice Rumors

They heard that the boches had retreated beyond the river; that the Americans had cleaned up the last of the machine-gun nests which had been left behind to hold up the pursuit. They also heard more talk of an immediate armistice. Still, they did not credit these rumors.

"That's company kitchen stuff," was Farwell's comment. "You can hear anything you want to in this man's army."

Absolutely cut off from the world, it is small wonder they were skeptics. The soldiers at the Front know less of what is happening in the world than a Kentucky mountaineer. And, except so far as it affects their personal interests, the majority don't care a hoot. Not one in three can tell you the name of his regimental commander, or that of his captain; they hardly ever know the name of the town in which they are billeted. That's why they are good soldiers. Otherwise they might be politicians.

At nightfall on November tenth Farwell received orders to cross the river. The battalion was to establish a foothold on the other side; a battalion from the division on their right would assist in the operation.

"Well," he said wearily, "this settles it. We're gone—finis!"

They set out at nine o'clock. The night was black, with fog and a penetrating drizzle.

This portion of France consists of high wooded hills and deep ravines, and ridges with precipitous slopes. The doughboys made their way toward the river. The air quivered to the belching of the German batteries; it seemed as though the enemy were trying to shoot away all the ammunition they had in a last desperate effort to stem the pursuit.

Farwell's company had to thread a ravine. Just as they approached its mouth the boches opened a terrific bombardment.

"Gas!" came a warning cry; and they donned their masks.

Stumbling and groping, they went forward through the drenched draw. Men dropped, with clatter of rifle and accouterments, and were left where they fell. The line moved on.

And suddenly they were out of the ravine and sliding down a steep embankment. At the foot of this ran the river, wide and deep and swift. Shells were bursting on the bank and in the stream, sending geysers of water high in air. Far up the opposite slopes flares and rockets illumined the night.

The doughboys found some men lying flat on the ground. These were engineers, left as guides to direct them to the bridge through the impenetrable dark. When dawn broke they were still there, their poor, torn bodies mutely pointing the way. Even in death they helped the infantry!

Two pontoon bridges had been thrown across by the engineers early in the evening. How it was accomplished only the engineers can tell! They worked under a hurricane of fire from artillery and machine

(Continued on Page 61)

How Warm "Moistair" Safeguards Health and Vitality

YOUR decision to build your floors of oak or pine, your ceilings beamed or plastered, will have positively no influence on the health or vitality of your family.

But when you select your new Heating Plant or replace your old one, remember that the welfare of your loved ones is involved.

To combat coughs, influenza and pneumonia, see that the air in your home is not only warmed but that it is AUTOMATICALLY *circulated;* that it is AUTOMATICALLY moistened; and that it is permanently free from dust, gas and smoke.

The Round Oak Moistair Heating System, of which there are now more than 70,000 in use, helps safeguard those healthful conditions. Every sixty minutes in cold weather the air in the home is automatically re-freshened, re-vitalized and *re-moistened*, as the Hygrometer test shows.

Round Oak MOISTAIR HEATING SYSTEM

The Heating System That Automatically Humidifies and Ventilates

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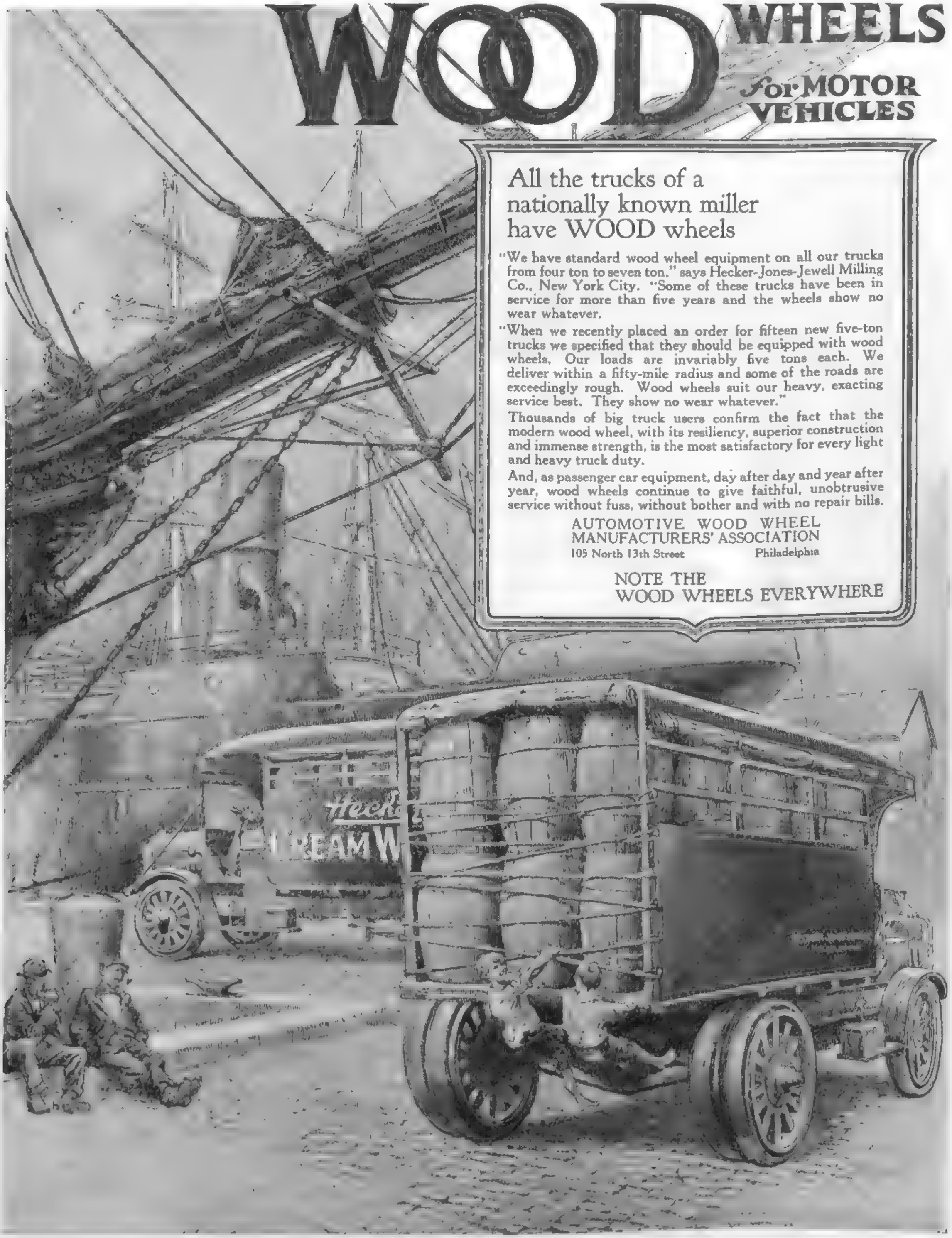

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AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
105 North 13th Street Philadelphia

NOTE THE WOOD WHEELS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 58)

guns. Once a shell cut a bridge in two; they swung the ends together and went on with their work. Men fell dead every minute; others slid off into the current and were swept downstream. Still they did not pause or falter. A high-explosive shell blew a group to shreds; another bunch took their places. There, in the terrible dark, they labored fiercely against time. Neither death nor current could stop them. They laid two bridges, about a couple of hundred yards apart and then placed guides for the doughboys.

Nothing finer has been achieved in this war. Nor has the American Army any soldiers more gallant than the engineers.

The first doughboy to strike the bridge felt it sink under his feet until the water tugged at his ankles; but he had to keep on, for the line pressed forward. Feeling cautiously before each step, he led them into the middle of the stream; no rail; the bridge was hardly more than thirty inches in width.

Some men slipped off and went under. Most of these managed to cling to the pontoons and were hauled out by their comrades. The others never reappeared.

The night became a screaming bedlam of shells. One struck the upper bridge fairly in the middle and shattered it. Luckily no troops were crossing at the time; but now only a single bridge was available. It was to provide against just such a contingency that two had been thrown across.

A machine gun kept showering them with bullets from a position at their right, on the opposite bank. High-explosive shells plunked into the river close to the bridge and deluged them with icy water. Why they were not wiped out to the last man remains a mystery to every mother's son who went through it! But they made the crossing and obtained a foothold on the shore

While a platoon of Farwell's company waited to go over, the battalion commander appeared unexpectedly in their midst.

"What've you stopped for?" he shouted. "Don't you know that you're all likely to be wiped out here?"

The lieutenant explained that the line was moving steadily across and they had to abide their turn. Upon that the major started to rave. They listened in amazement, which momentarily drowned their fears for the major was stark, staring mad. None could hear him and doubt it. Next moment he began to kick the men nearest him.

"Don't do that, sir!" protested the lieutenant sharply.

"What's that? What's that? Who said that?"

"I did, sir."

For answer the major applied his boot to the lieutenant. The latter felt the blood rush to his head and half drew his gun to finish the maniac; but a realization of his condition held his hand. All he said was:

"We'll settle this later, sir."

Farwell in Command

Next, the battalion commander turned and struck with his fist the man behind him. It happened to be Grisett; he cursed the major.

"You'll swear at me, damn you?" yelled the infuriated officer; but before he could do anything the line began to move. He crowded in and followed them onto the bridge, perhaps with the intention of punishing Grisett.

Arrived well out in the stream, the lieutenant heard a scuffle a few yards in front—then a splash—and next instant the major's voice:

"He pushed me!" The cry ended in a gurgle as the swirling waters closed above him.

Command of the battalion now passed to Farwell. His own company was badly cut up. All its officers, except Early, were casualties. To Early he gave over command, and sergeants took charge of the platoons.

What remained of the battalion now stood on the German side of the river; but their situation was desperate. The enemy shelling seemed to grow in intensity; they must inevitably be wiped out, yet no reenforcements reached them. Where was the battalion from the other division? They could attempt nothing until it arrived.

They waited a while, taking what shelter they could find in the dark; but a couple of hours dragged by and still no support. At last Farwell caught the sound of voices on the bridge and a lieutenant colonel joined him. But he was without his command; a solitary soldier—an orderly—accompanied him.

"Where's your outfit?" asked the captain.

"Aren't they here? I haven't the least idea. I got separated from them somehow."

"Good night! It's all off now!" said Farwell.

The colonel announced that he was going back to find his men. Followed by his orderly, he set out. A shell caught them as they neared the bridge and killed both.

With no prospect of succor, Farwell determined that the machine-gun next on their right must be silenced at any cost. It was taking toll of his men every minute. Accordingly all that remained of two platoons crept toward it through the blackness, as stealthily as Indians, bent double as they flitted from cover to cover. The boche gunners seemed to divine what was in the air and kept up a furious fusillade; but the doughboys overran the position, shooting and bayoneting the crews. Again, no prisoners.

Then the battalion settled down to wait for dawn. What would it bring? Help or annihilation? Unless support reached them they were doomed.

As the sky began to pale the long-lost battalion appeared and crossed the bridge. For some reason the boche fire now diminished; so they accomplished it without serious trouble.

A Case of Cold Feet

Without an instant's delay, Farwell ordered them forward to take a wood that faced them, and used his own men to occupy a farm southeast of the landing. The newly arrived troops advanced to the attack. They took every precaution, expecting stiff resistance; but, to their stupefaction, not a shot was fired from the wood. And when they entered it they discovered that the boches had withdrawn. What did it mean?

Enemy fire was slackening. American shells whimpered overhead in hundreds. It seemed to Farwell that the bombardment grew in fury with each minute; yet the reprisal shelling was feeble. He brought his battalion forward into line on the right of the wood and felt easier in mind.

By this time the men were utterly exhausted—soaked, half frozen and famished. They had had no sleep in twenty-four hours and they had been engaged all night. One company boasted sixty men; another had seventy-three; and the full strength of a company is over two hundred and fifty.

Of course no chow could be brought up. They ate of their reserve rations and flopped down anywhere to sleep. Three out of five were too spent to bother about digging in, or even taking advantage of shell holes. They dropped down where they stood and slept, right in the open.

Farwell slid into a crater and stared fixedly for a while at nothing. His legs were in water up to his calves; but he did not notice that. He was all in—so weary that death would have been a relief. It is not the fear of death or wounds that saps a soldier's morale so much as the crushing, numbing exhaustion he is compelled to endure. Sleepless nights, and the fatigue of heavy work and long hikes without rest or food—those are his worst foes. He is not afraid of the enemy; but, oh, for a place to lay his head—oh, for an hour of rest!

It so happened that he found himself close to Grisett. The shirker's face was a palish green hue and he gulped at intervals. When Farwell stared at him he looked furtively in every direction. The captain recognized the symptoms.

"What's the matter with you now? Sick again?"

"Yes, sir. I got a chill."

"Sure you've got a chill! But it's in your feet, as usual. You're yellow—that's what's the matter with you, Grisett. But you'd better come clean—take it from me. You'd better come clean. I've got my eye on you."

Grisett had nothing to say to this.

A runner now arrived with a message from the regimental commander. The captain laughed wildly when he read it.

"I'm going dippy too!" he muttered. "Just like the major."

He had read his death sentence—that was the only way he could interpret the order. They were to advance without objectives; they were just to keep going.

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Now the Van Camp Soups they spent years in creating are at your command in a moment. They cost no more than ordinary soups, and all you do is heat them. You have the choice of 18 kinds, each soup a masterpiece.

Compare a Van Camp Soup with the best like soup you know. Taste the delights which our experts have added. You will gain a new idea of good soup.

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"Advance until expended, hey?" he cried. "That's what this means. Fine!"

To Farwell they would never be expended so long as there was a man left to shoot. Well, he would do it. Orders were orders. And why not die this way as well as any other?

The H hour was fixed for eleven o'clock; it was now eight. He pulled out a package of food from his pocket and started to eat the bread and sausage it contained.

The explosion of a shell not far off roused him. He set about making his disposition for the advance.

The H hour approached. Farwell no longer cared about the outcome to himself; he was beyond fear or worry. A terrible fatigue numbed all his faculties. He glanced at his watch—one minute to eleven.

"Advance until expended, hey?" he muttered again, and rose wearily.

"Let's go!" he shouted.

The doughboys struggled painfully to their feet. They were stiff and sore, and reeling from fatigue. A big tough sergeant, with stubble on his chin, staggered up, to stare with bloodshot eyes toward the enemy positions.

"Where're them objectives?" he demanded in sullen resignation. "Let's go crack 'em, so we can get some sleep."

They started slowly across the fields at the same moment the other battalion debouched from the wood. The advance had begun.

But what was the matter? The firing had stopped abruptly. A final mad outburst, and then silence—a deep, tingling, weird silence, which scared them more than a barrage. They gaped round and at one another. What did it all mean?

"I know I'm dippy now!" said the captain. "Why the hell don't the artillery support us?"

After the continuous thunder of the past ten days the tense quiet that now reigned was oppressive, uncanny. It seemed as though the universe were holding its breath in expectation of some titanic stroke.

Dazed and completely at a loss, the first wave moved steadily toward a village on a rise. And now an amazing sight met their eyes.

Pouring out from the place was a company of boches—a hundred and fifty at the lowest estimate. They were cheering actually cheering!—and they waved white flags. As Farwell neared them he perceived that all wore broad grins.

"The war's over!" they yelled. "The war's over!"

An Unexpected Reception

Some had green sprigs in their buttonholes; others were bedecked with ribbons. They came jubilantly toward the Americans, helter-skelter, confident of a comradely reception.

The doughboys glanced questioningly toward their officers. Should they let the Heinies have it?

"Don't fire!" ordered Farwell. "We'll find out what this means."

A boche officer strode ahead of his command. He clicked his heels together in front of Farwell.

"The war is over!" he announced in perfect English, and showed his teeth in a smile.

The captain eyed him grimly.

"Is that so?" he retorted. "First I've heard about it. You don't work that on me. You and your men are prisoners!"

The German's face betrayed the utmost consternation; he protested volubly, gesticulating with outward jerks of his hands; but Farwell remained obdurate.

"You'll come along," he said, "or we'll finish your little business right here and now."

Things were in this pass when a runner arrived from regimental headquarters. He was dripping with perspiration, in spite of the cold, and could not speak for want of breath; but he fairly beamed as he handed the captain a message.

Before opening it Farwell waved the boche back and himself walked over beside young Early, the lieutenant in command of his company.

"I wonder what's the latest stuff the Brain Trust's pulled," he remarked, opening the note. "Order for attack countermanded! What's this? What!"

He read, rubbed his eyes, laughed sardonically, and read again, holding the paper off from him, and then turning it over and over in his hands, looking at front and back, to make sure it was real.

"Why, it's a joke!" he exclaimed wildly, a strange cry in his voice. "I tell you it's a joke!"

And then suddenly he leaned against a tree at the roadside and broke down, sobbing like a child

"The war's over!" bellowed Early to his men "Armistice signed! Fighting ceased at eleven o'clock!"

And how do you suppose those battle-weary soldiers received the news? They promptly relaxed and sat down on the ground, easing their packs with sighs of relief. Never was such apathy. One of them said "Well, I'll be damned!" and lit a cigarette. There wasn't a single cheer not a sign of jubilation. They were too far gone for that.

Perceiving what had occurred, the boches now approached and tried to fraternize. They were cheerful and talkative. They wanted to celebrate the dawn of peace in good fellowship with their late adversaries.

The doughboys received these advances lethargically. They displayed neither hostility nor a disposition to fraternize A corporal stretched at ease on a bank accepted the attentions of a Heinie who eagerly held a match for his cigarette; but he did it with the placid superiority of a conqueror. He did not thank him; did not address a word to him; but presently rose and went with his section toward the village.

The boches pulled out at once, singing and indulging in horseplay as they marched along; and Farwell's battalion took possession of the village. Then everybody, except the necessary outposts, went to sleep—anywhere he could lay his head; in the first place that offered.

Meantime in the back areas they were abandoning themselves to rejoicing and frantic celebration. Paris and New York were pouring pell-mell into the streets, cheering themselves hoarse; and all the win-the-war boys along Broadway were buying wine. Here, in the hush of a noonday free from fire, the only sounds that broke the stillness were the regular rasping snores of the doughboys.

Grisett Again

Late in the afternoon Farwell woke and started out to make the rounds. The armistice had been signed and the boches had pulled out, but he was too good a soldier to neglect any precautions.

Passing a ruined house he thought he discovered a man in German uniform skulking behind a pile of débris, and stepped inside to investigate. He could find nobody. If there had been such a man he had mysteriously flitted.

"I've got the jimmies, sure!" he told himself. "It's either that or my eyes're going back on me."

As he walked away a head, crowned with a boche cap, appeared cautiously at a cellar door; but Farwell did not see it. A few yards and he ran into Grisett, trudging along with a bundle under his arm.

"What've you got there?" asked the captain.

"Just some of my things, sir," was the reply.

"Let me see them."

The soldier reluctantly opened the bundle. Inside the sacking he had wrapped round them were some silver crucifixes, knives, spoons, a china teapot and a watch.

"Looting, hey? Where did you find those?"

Grisett knew he was in for it now.

"In that house back yonder, sir."

"Put them back. And then come here. You're under arrest! I'll call the guard."

Grisett slowly began to make up his parcel again, his fingers fumbling. There could be no dodging, no evasion; he could not even run away. Escape was hopeless. He must restore the articles to the house and then return to take his medicine.

Cursing under his breath he left the captain and headed back. A short cut to his destination presented itself through the yard of the ruined house. He entered.

Next moment Farwell heard a shot; and, rushing to the spot, he saw Grisett lying beside the pile of débris. He was flat on his face, the bundle had broken open, so that the articles were strewn about. A little silver crucifix reposed under Grisett's hand. His fingers had tightened on it in death.

The captain heard footsteps behind him and whirled about. There was a boche deserter—who had been in hiding a week and had not yet learned of the armistice—advancing with uplifted hands, quavering: "Kamerad!"

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One of the most important parts of a bicycle tire is buried away inside and out of sight. It's the fabric. All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra strong 14½ ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in *any other bicycle tire* is 12 ounce—and most bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½ ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12 ounce fabric. That's just one of many reasons why Vitalic Tires give you more miles for less money, and that is also why the few punctures you get with Vitalic Tires are so quickly, easily and permanently repaired.

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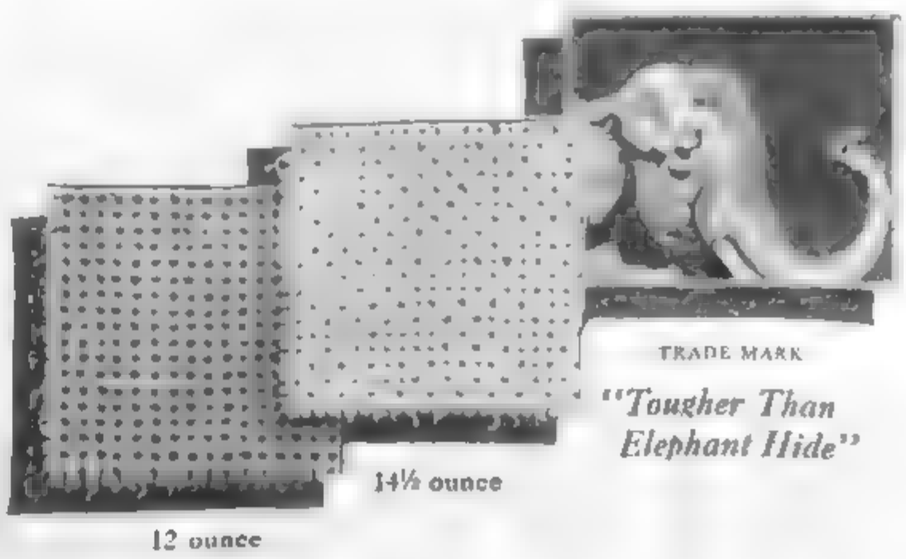


LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 19)

was a member of the House from New York, and during his frequent absences I used to take her to dinner and fetch and carry for her. Sickles had been Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of Legation in London, and both she and he were at home in the White House.

She was indeed an innocent child. She never knew what she was doing, and when, a year later, Sickles, having killed her seducer—a handsome, unscrupulous fellow who understood how to take advantage of a husband's neglect -forgave her and brought her home in the face of much obloquy, in my heart of hearts I did homage to his manly courage and generosity, for she was then as he and I both knew a dying woman. She did die but a few months later. He was by no means a politician after my fancy or approval, but to the end of his days I was his friend and could never bring myself to join in the repeated public outcries against him.

Willard's Hotel was for a while mutual headquarters for the two political extremes. During a long time their social intercourse was unrestrained—often joyous. They were too far apart, figuratively speaking, to come to blows. True to say, their aims were after all not so far apart. They played to one another's lead. Many a time have I seen Keitt, of South Carolina, and Burlingame, of Massachusetts, hobnob in the liveliest manner and most public places.

It is certainly true that Brooks was not himself when he attacked Sumner. The Northern radicals were wont to say "Let the South go," the more profane among them interjecting "to hell!" The Secessionists liked to prod the New Englanders with what the South was going to do when they got to Boston. None of them really meant it—not even Toombs when he talked about calling the muster roll of his slaves beneath Bunker Hill Monument; nor Hammond, the son of a New England schoolmaster, when he spoke of the "mudsills of the North," meaning to illustrate what he was saying by the underpinning of a house built on marshy ground, and not the work people of the North.

Toombs, who was a rich man, not quite impoverished by the war, exiled himself in Europe for a number of years. At length he came home, and passing the White House at Washington he called and sent his card to the President. General Grant, the most genial and magnanimous of men, had him come directly up.

"Mister President," said Toombs, "in my European migrations I have made it a rule when arriving in a city to call first and pay my respects to the Chief of Police."

The result was a most agreeable hour and an invitation to dinner. Not long after this at the hospitable board of a Confederate general, then an American senator, Toombs began to prod Lamar about his speech in the House upon the occasion of the death of Charles Sumner. Lamar was not a man quick to quarrel, though when aroused, a man of devilish temper and courage. The subject had become distasteful to him. He was growing obviously restive under Toombs' banter. The ladies of the household apprehending what was coming left the table.

Then Lamar broke forth. He put Toombs' visit to Grant, "crawling at the seat of honor," against his eulogy of a dead enemy. I have never heard such a scoring from one man to another. It was magisterial in its dignity, deadly in its diction. Nothing short of a duel could have settled it in the olden time. But when Lamar, white with rage, had finished, Toombs without a ruffle said "Lamar, you surprise me," and the host, with the rest of us, took it as a signal to rise from table and rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room. Of course nothing came of it.

Toombs was as much a humorist as an extremist. I have ridden with him under fire and heard him crack jokes with Minié balls flying uncomfortably about. Someone speaking kindly of him to old Ben Wade remarked that he was not without his virtues. "Yes, yes," said Wade; "I never did believe in the doctrine of total depravity."

But I am running ahead of events.

VI

THERE came in 1853 to the Thirty-third Congress a youngish, dapper and graceful man notable as the only Democrat in the Massachusetts delegation. It was said that he had been a dancing master, his wife, a beauty bright, a work girl. They brought with them a baby in arms with the wife's sister for its nurse—a misstep which was quickly corrected. I cannot now tell just how I came to be very intimate with them except that they lived at Willard's Hotel. His name had a pretty sound to it—Nathaniel Prentiss Banks.

A schoolmate of mine and myself, greatly to the mirth of those about us, undertook Mr. Banks' career. We were going to elect him Speaker of the next House and then President of the United States. This was particularly laughable to my mother and Mrs. Linn Boyd, the wife of the contemporary Speaker, who had very solid presidential aspirations of his own.

The suggestion perhaps originated with Mrs. Banks, to whom we two were ardently devoted. I have not seen her since those days more than sixty years ago. But her beauty, which then charmed me, still lingers in my memory—a gentle, sweet creature who made much of us boys—and, two years later when Mr. Banks was actually elected Speaker, I was greatly elated and took some of the credit to myself. Twenty years afterward General Banks and I had our seats close together in the Forty-fourth Congress, and he did not recall me at all or the episode of 1853. Nevertheless, I warmed to him, and when during Cleveland's first term he came to me with a hard-luck story I was glad to throw myself into the breach. He had been a Speaker of the House, a general in the field, and a governor of Massachusetts, but was a faded old man, very commonplace, and except for the little post he held under Government, pitiably helpless.

Colonel George Walton was one of my father's intimates and an imposing and familiar figure about Washington. He was the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a positive distinction in those days, had been mayor of Mobile and was an unending raconteur. To my childish mind he appeared to know everything that ever had been or ever would be. He would tell me stories by the hour and send me to buy him lottery tickets. I afterward learned that that form of gambling was his mania. I also learned that many of his stories were apocryphal or very highly colored.

One of these stories especially took me. It related how when he was on a yachting cruise in the Gulf of Mexico the boat was overhauled by pirates, and how, he being the likeliest of the company, they tied him and whipped him to make him disgorge, or tell where the treasure was.

"Colonel Walton," said I, "did the whipping hurt you much?"

"Sir," he replied as if I were a grown-up, "they whipped me until I was perfectly disgusted."

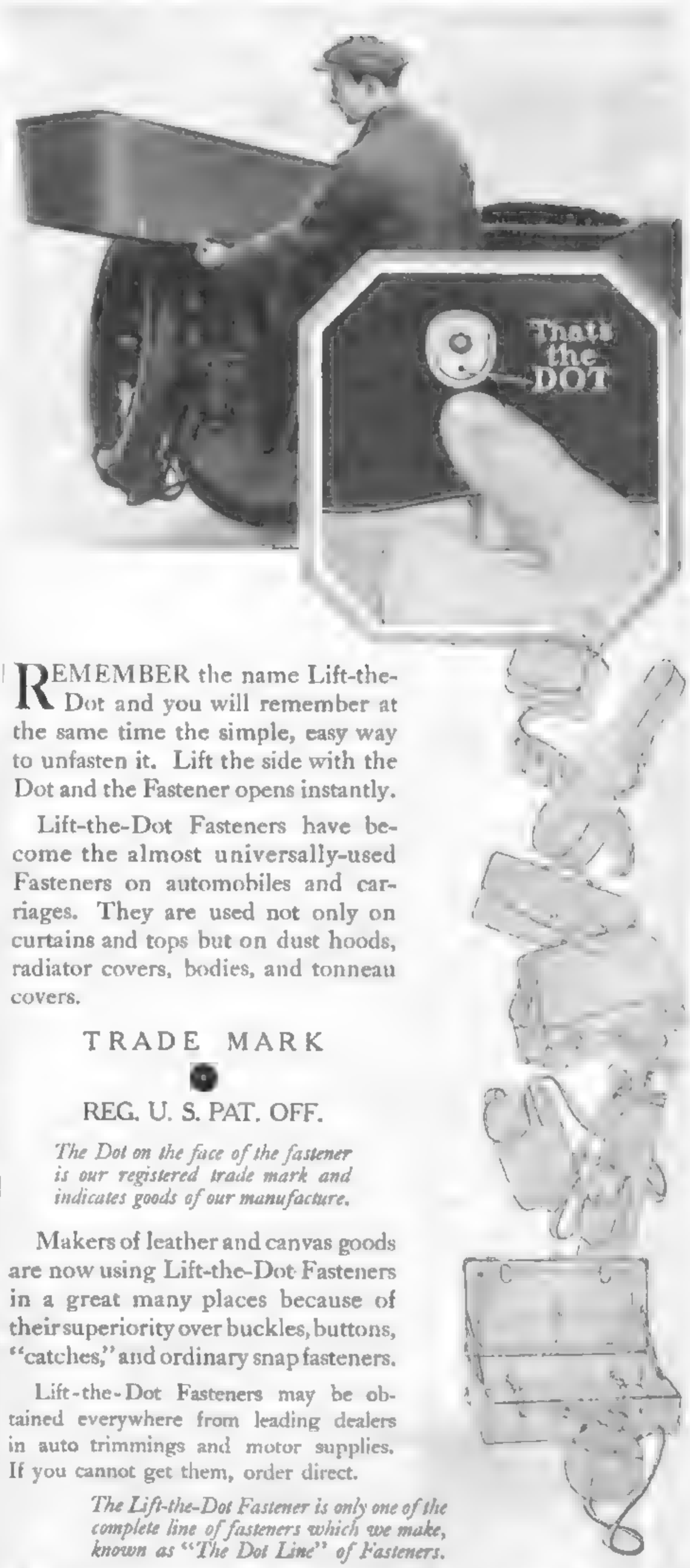
An old lady in Philadelphia, whilst I was at school, heard me mention Colonel Walton—a highly connected, religious old lady—and said to me "Henry, my son, you should be ashamed to speak of that old villain or confess that you ever knew him," proceeding to give me his awful, blood-curdling history.

It was mainly a figment of her fancy and prejudice, and I repeated it to Colonel Walton the next time I went to the hotel where he was then living—I have since learned, with a lady not his wife, though he was then three score and ten—and he cried: "That old hag! Good Lord! Don't they ever die!"

Seeing every day the most distinguished public men of the country, and with many of them brought into direct acquaintance by the easy intercourse of hotel life, destroyed any reverence I might have acquired for official station. Familiarity may not always breed contempt, but it is a veritable eye opener. To me no divinity hedged the brow of a senator. I knew the White House too well to be impressed by its architectural grandeur without and rather bizarre furnishments within.

VII

I HAVE declaimed not a little in my time about the ignoble trade of politics, the collective dishonesty of parties and the vulgarities of the self-exploiting professional office hunters. Parties are parties. Professional politics and politicians are probably neither worse nor better—barring their pretensions—than other lines of human



REMEMBER the name Lift-the-Dot and you will remember at the same time the simple, easy way to unfasten it. Lift the side with the Dot and the Fastener opens instantly.

Lift-the-Dot Fasteners have become the almost universally-used Fasteners on automobiles and carriages. They are used not only on curtains and tops but on dust hoods, radiator covers, bodies, and tonneau covers.

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The Dot on the face of the fastener is our registered trade mark and indicates goods of our manufacture.

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The Lift-the-Dot Fastener is only one of the complete line of fasteners which we make, known as "The Dot Line" of Fasteners.

DOT Fasteners

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Makers of "The Dot Line" of Fasteners

She's a Good Car, but-

THAT word "but" takes all the pleasure out of owning a car. She performs but has lost her looks. Unless you are proud of it, a car is merely a Taxi.

You'll be surprised how much a coat of Da-cote will warm your affection for the old bus. Da-cote shines it up as it ought to shine—brings back that prosperous look.

The hardest part of applying Da-cote is washing the car—and it probably needs washing anyway. Flowing on Da-cote is artistic fun—and results will be satisfactory. Not the same as a professional job, but 100% better than the old, dingy finish.

Da-cote is made of finest Murphy Varnish and finest pigments, ground into an enamel as fine as cream and which flows on so smoothly that no brush marks show. It dries over-night. It is extremely durable and retains its brilliancy in spite of hardest usage.

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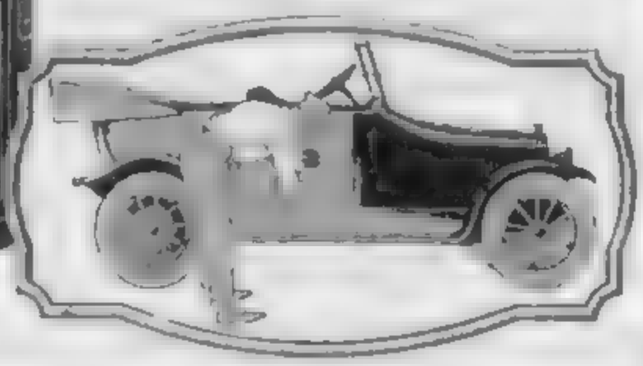

endeavor. The play actor must be agreeable on the stage of the playhouse; the politician on the highways and the hustings, which constitute his playhouse—all the world a stage—neither to be seriously blamed for the dissimulation which, being an asset, becomes, as it were, a second nature.

The men who between 1850 and 1861 might have saved the Union and averted the War of Sections were on either side professional politicians, with here and there an unselfish, far-seeing, patriotic man, whose admonitions were not heeded by the people ranging on opposing sides of party lines. The two most potential of the party leaders were Mr. Davis and Mr. Seward. The South might have seen and known that the one hope of the institution of slavery lay in the Union. However it ended, disunion led to abolition. The world—the whole trend of modern thought—was set against slavery. But politics, based on party feeling, is a game of blindman's buff. And then—here I show myself a son of Scotland—there is a destiny. "What is to be," says the predestinarian Mother Goose, "will be, though it never come to pass."

That was surely the logic of the irrepressible conflict—only it did come to pass—and for four years millions of people, the most homogeneous, practical and intelligent, fought to a finish a fight over a quiddity; both devoted to liberty, order and law, neither seeking any real change in the character of its organic contract.

Human nature remains ever the same. These days are very like those days. We have had fifty years of a restored Union. The sectional fires have quite gone out. Yet behold the schemes of revolution claiming to be regenerative. Most of them call themselves the "uplift"!

Let us agree at once that all government is more or less a failure; society as fraudulent as the satirists describe it; yet, when we turn to the uplift—particularly the professional uplift—what do we find but the same old tunes, hypocrisy and empiricism, posing as "friends of the people," preaching the pussy gospel of "sweetness and light"?

"Words, words, words," says Hamlet. Even as veteran writers for the press have come through disheartening experience to a realizing sense of the futility of printer's ink must our academic pundits and would-be philosophers begin to suspect the futility of art and letters.

Under the pretense of "liberalizing" the Government politicians are sacrificing its organic character to whimsical experimentation; its checks and balances, wisely designed to promote and protect liberty, are being loosened by schemes of reform more or less visionary; while nowhere do we find intelligence enlightened by experience, and conviction supported by self-control, interposing to save the representative system of the Constitution from the onward march of the proletariat.

One cynic tells us that "A statesman is a politician who is dead," and another cynic varies the epigram to read "A politician out of a job." Patriotism cries "God give us men," but the parties say "Give us votes and offices," and Congress proceeds to create a commission. Thus responsibilities are shirked and places are multiplied.

Assuming, since many do, that the life of nations is mortal even as is the life of man—in all things of growth and decline assimilating—has not our world reached the top of the acclivity, and pausing for a moment may it not be about to take the downward course into another abyss of collapse and oblivion?

The miracles of electricity the last word of science, what is left for man to do? With wireless telegraphy, the airplane and the automobile annihilating time and space, what else? Turning from the material to the ethical, it seems of the very nature of the human species to meddle and muddle. On every hand we see the organization of societies for making men and women over again according to certain fantastic images existing in the minds of the promoters. "*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the visiting Frenchman. "Fifty religions and only one soup!" Since then both the soups and the religions have multiplied until there is scarce a culinary or moral conception which has not some sect or club to represent it. The uplift is the keynote, the consolidation of these.

In a world of sin, disease and death—death inevitable—what may man do to drive out sin and cure disease, to the end that, barring accident, old age shall set the limit on mortal life?

The quack doctor equally in ethics and in physics has played a leading part in human affairs. Only within a relatively brief period has science made serious progress toward discovery. Though Nature has perhaps an antidote for all her poisons, many of them continue to defy approach. They lie concealed, leaving the astutest to grope in the dark.

That which is true of material things is truer yet of spiritual things. The ideal is as unattainable as the fabled bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. The doctrine of perfectibility is nowhere one with itself. It speaks in diverse tongues. Its processes and objects are variant. It seems but an iridescent dream which lends itself equally to the fancies of the impracticable and the scheming of the insincere, breeding mainly visionaries and pretenders.

Easily assumed and asserted, too often it becomes intolerant and tyrannous, dealing with things outer and visible while taking little if any account of the inner lights of the soul. Thus it imposes upon credulity and ignorance; makes fakers of some and fanatics of others; in politics where not an engine of despotism a corrupt influence; in religion where not a zealot a breeder of cant. In short, the apostle of uplift who, disregarding individual character, would make virtue a matter of statute law and ordain uniformity of conduct by act of conventicle or assembly is likelier to produce moral chaos than to reach the sublime state he claims to seek.

The suggestion is full of startling possibilities. Individualism was the discovery of the fathers of the American Republic. It is the bedrock of the American philosophy. Human slavery was assuredly an indefensible institution. But the armed enforcement of freedom did not make a black man a white man. Nor will the wave of fanaticism seeking to control the food and drink and dress of the people make men better men—danger is bound to come with the inevitable reaction.

The folly of the men is recruited by the folly of the women. The leaders of feminism would abolish sex. To what end? The pessimist answers, What easier than the demolition of a sexless world gone entirely mad? How simple the engineries of destruction. Civil war in America; universal hari-kari in Europe; the dry rot of wealth wasting itself in self-indulgence. Then a thousand years of total eclipse. Finally Macaulay's New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral from a broken arch of London Bridge and a Moslem conqueror of America looking from the hill of the Capitol at Washington upon the desolation of the District of Columbia. Then an Oriental renaissance with the philosophies of Buddha, Mohammed and Confucius welded into a new religion describing itself as the last word of reason and common sense! Alas, and alack the day! In those places where the suffering rich most do congregate the truth of Watts' hymn finds everyday expression:

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

When they have not gone skylarking or grown tired of bridge they devote their leisure to organizing clubs other than those of the uplift. There are all sorts, from the Society for the Abrogation of Bathing Suits at the seaside resorts to the League over at Mewville for the Care of Disabled Cats. Most of these clubs are all officers and no privates. That is what many of them are made for. Do they advance the world in grace? One who surveys the scene can scarcely think so.

But the whirl goes on; the yachts sweep proudly out to sea; the auto cars dash madly through the streets; more and darker and deeper do the contrasts of life show themselves. How long shall it be when the mudsill millions take the upper ten thousand by the throat and rend them as the furiosos of the Terror in France did the aristocrats of the *Ancien Régime*? The issue between capital and labor, for example, is full of generating heat and hate. Who shall say that these, broken loose in the crowded centers of population, may not one day engulf us all? Is this old-fashioned pessimism or merely the vagaries of an old man dropping back into second childhood, who does not see that the world war is regenerating mankind and womankind; that we shall come forth all heroes and heroines; and that never again—never again?

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The third will appear in an early issue.

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Stop this drain—convert your waste into power.

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Increase Power—Save Gas—Decrease Carbon

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There is no part of your motor more vital than piston rings—you can ill afford anything but the best. Equal tension or pressure on the cylinder walls is the real foundation of piston ring performance.

This ring is a two-piece ring. The two sections equalize each other and produce uniform tension. Both sections are of the same size and strength. Each closes the expansion opening of the other.

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Many thousands of dealers can extend to you our service, which enables them to specify your size requirements for practically every make or model of motor without delay.

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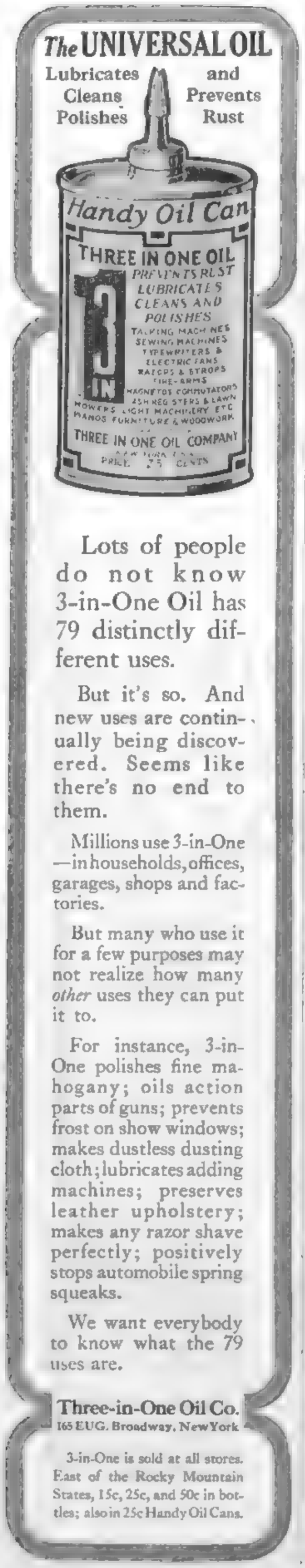
correct this condition. Used in the top groove of each piston in the lower grooves McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings should always be used to obtain full compression — power

Fully explained in the book mentioned in the coupon request opposite



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But it's so. And new uses are continually being discovered. Seems like there's no end to them.

Millions use 3-in-One—in households, offices, garages, shops and factories.

But many who use it for a few purposes may not realize how many *other* uses they can put it to.

For instance, 3-in-One polishes fine mahogany; oils action parts of guns; prevents frost on show windows; makes dustless dusting cloth; lubricates adding machines; preserves leather upholstery; makes any razor shave perfectly; positively stops automobile spring squeaks.

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165 EUG. Broadway, New York

3-in-One is sold at all stores. East of the Rocky Mountain States, 15c, 25c, and 50c in bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

THE HASHER

(Continued from Page 7)

and passenger schedules; about the land beyond the mountains—about anything in the world but food. Thus they found freedom from the bill of fare, and reveled in that emancipation.

Their conversation was not brilliant. It would scarcely have interested Boggs, making up his daily report and pausing now and then to rub the back of his neck. The personal element was almost entirely lacking. Johnson sought no information, and none was volunteered. The distant roar of an east-bound freight brought June to her feet at last.

"It's late," said she, "and I must go now."

Did Johnson imagine it or was there a trace of regret in her tone?

"Well, anyway," said he, "we've had a nice little visit. I feel better."

"So do I. Just this afternoon I was wishing I had somebody to talk to. Do men ever get that way—so that they have to talk or burst?"

"Do they!" ejaculated Johnson. "Why, I've had a frightful attack of it lately—so bad that I didn't know what I was going to do for it. Now—well, I'm almost human again. I think I'll be able to struggle along until, say, to-morrow night. And any time you get lonesome you won't need to hunt very far to find a victim—or a friend. You understand? A friend that will never ask you any questions."

June faced him suddenly, striving to pierce the darkness and read the expression in his eyes.

"What—what made you say that?" she faltered.

"Oh, I don't know," drawled Johnson, pretending to give all his attention to the rolling of a cigarette. "I don't know, only I've always hated nosy people myself—people who want to pump you about your own affairs. I like to take folks as I find 'em, don't you? . . . And anyway, I never had much curiosity."

But after June had gone, politely declining an escort, Johnson pointed the glowing tip of his cigarette at the stars and smoked steadily until nothing but a wisp of brown paper remained between his lips.

"Now I wonder," said he slowly, "I wonder what was in that letter—and where he is—and why she won't talk about him?" Then, after a long pause: "It's a cinch whatever happened wasn't her fault. No man with any brains would quit a woman like that. . . . But if she quit him why does she send him money? If she was sending it to her mother she'd have put the letter through the post office. No, it was going to him. . . . Maybe she still likes him after all."

III

AUGUST blazed on into September, but time brought Coyote Springs no nearer the truth about June Carroll. It did bring more or less gossip, however, coupling her name with that of the taciturn station agent. Young Cassidy, after a visit to the blind pig, saw fit to interpret that growing friendship according to his lights and shadows, and the rather broad remarks which he made in the pool parlor were repeated to Fred Johnson, who rolled a cigarette and said nothing at all. He managed, however, to meet Cassidy the next evening as the latter was on his way to the boarding house; and, there being no moon and no witnesses, what passed between the station agent and the fireman was more or less of a mystery, but judging by the appearance of Cassidy's left eye when he next appeared in public the passage was accompanied by speed and violence. The fireman explained that he had bumped into a towel rack in the dark—exactly the sort of thing which might happen to the sort of man who patronizes the sort of blind pig to be encountered in the desert country.

June Carroll heard another version of the accident to Cassidy's left eye and questioned Johnson about the matter. She got nothing out of him but the statement that a towel rack is a nasty thing to bump into unawares, and the hazarded opinion that Cassidy would be more careful in the future.

By this time they were long past the weather as a topic of conversation. They had even exchanged small confidences, and more than once Johnson had been morally certain that June was on the verge of telling him the one thing which Coyote Springs yearned to know. He felt that the truth might be his for the price of a few sympathetic and leading questions, but the station agent lacked the courage to ask them. The friendship—yes, he still called it that—was sweet to him and he dared not risk the destruction of a thing so precious. He told himself that what he did not know could not hurt him; but there were other times when he called himself a coward and felt that nothing could be worse than uncertainty.

This was the state of affairs when the clew to the June Carroll mystery came on a moonless September night; and the train which brought it was seven hours late.

Boggs cursed the entire traffic department of the road while the ravenous passengers straggled into the eating house. There were not many of them, and this added to the manager's grievance. He nearly pounded a hole in the gong.

Last off the train came two men walking side by side, but in no spirit of companionship. One was large and cheerful and swaggered a bit; the other walked with head bent, a cap pulled low over his eyes and his hands suspiciously close together. Boggs hailed the cheerful one.

"'Lo, Sheriff! Guess there was one passenger on the train who didn't care how late she was, hey?"

"Sure!" boomed the big man. "What's a few hours when you've got fifteen years coming to you? A mere bag o' shells!"

"Smiling Pete" Devore, deputy sheriff, was well known in Coyote Springs. When north bound he usually had company; on the return trips he traveled alone.

It was his duty to convey state prisoners to the penitentiaries at San Quentin and Folsom.

On this particular night Fred Johnson was in the eating house pretending to eat a piece of pie, but really waiting for June to finish her work. The deputy nodded to him as he entered, and Johnson glanced at the prisoner. The man was perhaps twenty-seven years of age, black-haired, iron-jawed, and singularly unpleasant as to countenance. He was slim and wiry and there was a tenseness about him which made the station agent think of a powerful steel spring coiled to the breaking point.

Just beyond Johnson the deputy halted, produced a key, unlocked the handcuffs, and dropped them into the right-hand pocket of his coat. He motioned to the prisoner, who climbed upon the stool indicated, rested his elbows on the counter and covered the lower portion of his face with his hands.

"Don't forget what I told you before we started," said Devore quietly. "No monkey business goes." The deputy then seated himself between Johnson and the prisoner, and June came bustling in from the kitchen to take the order.

"Fried chicken roast beef lamb stew liver-bacon," she rattled off in her best professional manner, smiling at Johnson, who had often told her that she would never acquire the monotonous singsong which is the distinguishing mark of the experienced hasher.

At the sound of her voice the prisoner gasped and raised his head. It was then that June saw him for the first time. The hand which had been resting on the counter dropped at her side and the color left her face. Her eyes widened, she opened her mouth to speak, but before she could betray herself Johnson came to the rescue. And even in that fraction of an instant he found time to be thankful that Devore, startled by the sudden movement of the prisoner, was staring at him and not at the waitress.

"Fried chicken!" cried Johnson, slapping Devore on the back. "Why, the very mention of it nearly knocked your friend there off his stool! What's the matter? Don't you feed the prisoners anything but corned beef down in town? I've heard they get bread and water ——"

"A campaign lie!" retorted the deputy hotly. "They get meat twice a day! No chicken, of course, but good beef and mutton ——"

"That's right," interrupted the prisoner, glancing furtively at Johnson. "He's telling you right. No kick on the food down there—no kick at all. But chicken—well, it kind of took me by surprise, like you said." He half turned toward June, but did not look at her. "I'll have the chicken, miss; white meat, if you'll be so kind. How about you, sheriff?"

"He stalled for her, too," thought Johnson. "He didn't want to tip her hand. There might be a good streak in him after all."

The sheriff also ordered chicken, but June did not move. Johnson saw that she was trembling.

"Hurry it, please, miss," said the prisoner. "We're hungry; eh, sheriff?"

"I could eat a horse," boomed Devore, "and chase the driver. Get a move on you, sister!"

June, white to the lips and badly shaken, went away to the kitchen, and the prisoner dropped his head in his hands once more. Johnson feeling that he had seen too much and anxious to spare June the embarrassment of his presence sauntered to the end of the counter, where he perched on a stool and engaged Boggs in conversation. He will never be able to remember what it was he talked about, or why he laughed so loudly, but as his tongue wagged his brain was busy with a new problem.

This, then, was the explanation of the wedding ring! This was the reason that June had guarded her secret! Fifteen years—why, it might as well be life! Johnson babbled on and on, but there was method in his garrulity. He was diverting Boggs' attention from the deputy and his prisoner, and at the same time covertly watching June, studying her every move and expression. He saw also the glances which the prisoner cast in her direction, and these troubled him.

"He wants something," thought Johnson. "Maybe he's trying to tell her he's sorry. Maybe he thinks she can help him now. If ever a man was begging without making a sound, if ever a man was trying to talk with his eyes—and getting no answer—— Well, no wonder! Fifteen years! I wonder was it murder?"

One by one the passengers climbed down from their stools, halted an instant at the cash register and scurried back to the train. At last only four people remained outside the counter—Boggs, Johnson, Devore and the prisoner. The deputy sheriff, being an experienced traveler, knew that the conductor would not leave him behind. When he had finished his custard pie he wiped his mustache on a paper napkin and laid a ten-dollar note on the counter.

"Bring me the change, sister," said he. "I got a little something to attend to here." He reached into his pocket, whence came a jingle of metal, and turned toward the prisoner.

"Hold 'em out, sonny," ordered Devore.

Johnson saw the last despairing glance that the prisoner shot at June; he saw the girl bend forward across the counter. The ten-dollar note fluttered to the floor, falling between the deputy and the prisoner. Devore did what ninety-nine men out of one hundred would have done—he snatched for the money, missed it, and stooped to pick it up. Quick as a cat the prisoner sprang over the deputy's rounded back and darted for the door.

Devore lumbered after him, tugging at his hip pocket and bawling at the top of his voice:

"Stop or I'll shoot! I'll shoot!"

But the prisoner had no intention of stopping. He was very close to the door when the deputy threw his right hand forward to try a snapshot from the hip. Just at that instant a curious thing happened. Johnson attempting to scramble down from his stool tangled his long legs in the rungs and fell directly in Devore's pathway. The deputy tripped and came to the floor with a crash almost as loud as the roar of his forty-five. He was on his feet again instantly, but when the screen door banged on his profane exit the prisoner was a prisoner no longer. The inky darkness of the railroad yard had swallowed him completely.

Inside the eating house Boggs was untangling Johnson from the stool.

"Now see what you done!" growled the small fat man. "Devore would have plugged him sure if it hadn't been for you!"

Johnson looked up from a rueful survey of a badly scraped shin.

"I—I was right on his line," said he apologetically, "and I was afraid he might hit me. Wouldn't you try to get out of the way of a forty-five?"

(Concluded on Page 70)

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"Best for every purpose"

A sixty-two-year-old guaranty of glove quality

WE HAVE been making gloves for sixty-two years. Much may be seen and learned in that time. We have seen many changes—even in Grinnell Gloves.

But one feature has *never* changed—Grinnell *quality*.

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This light-weight, smooth-fitting glove, soft and easy on the hand, with its comfortable, loose cuff to keep out the wind and dust or be rolled down in good weather, with its tape fastener at the wrist, is a genuine help to the motorist.

Other very popular driving gloves having exclusive Grinnell features are Bi-plane, Speed-way, Grip-Tite, and Rist-Fit—each designed and made to fit and please an *individuality*.

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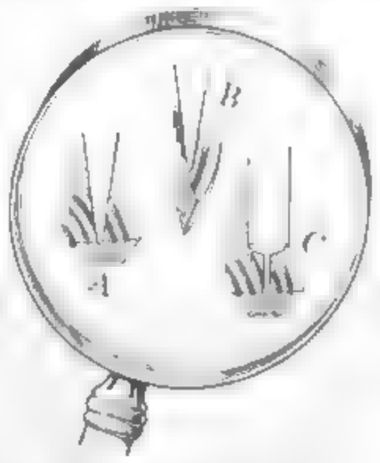

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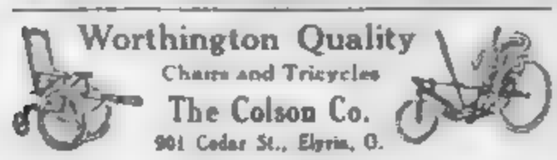

Worthington Quality
Chairs and Tricycles
The Colson Co.
901 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

(Concluded from Page 68)

Then he looked for June. She was nowhere in sight, for which he was vaguely thankful. There was nothing he wished to say to her just then.

IV

THE escape of Devore's prisoner gave Coyote Springs so much to think about that one significant fact was overlooked. Fred Johnson visited the eating house only at meal hours, and sat at the counter presided over by the gaunt and saturnine Pearl. He seemed to be trying to avoid June Carroll as much as possible. He was scrupulously polite to her, never failing to nod and smile, but the little intimacies were missing; the chats across the counter, the long conversations on the baggage truck were at an end. On the third day Pearl asked a question:

"You and June had a fuss?"

"What put that fool notion into your head?" mumbled Johnson into his soup.

"It ain't a fool notion!" snapped Pearl. "I got eyes in my head. She goes mopin' round all day, and you—you act like a sick owl."

"Well," said Johnson, "I haven't been feeling well lately."

At the end of the fifth day June could stand it no longer. She took her pride in her hands and went out into the darkness. Johnson, smoking a cigarette on the baggage truck, heard light footfalls and then a voice, very close, almost a whisper:

"Don't you want to talk to me any more, after—what happened the other night?"

"I don't know what you mean," lied Johnson, steadily enough.

"Yes you do," said June. "You know well enough. I suppose you think I should have told you."

"Well," temporized Johnson, "if something did happen it wasn't any of my business. I told you I'd never pry into your affairs."

"Yes," said June. "I remember. You're the only one that hasn't tried. . . . You're sure you're not angry?"

"You know I couldn't be, don't you?"

"Well, if you're really not angry you might ask me to sit down. I'm tired to death, and besides I've just got to talk to somebody or go crazy."

Johnson slipped to the ground with a muttered apology.

"I thought by keeping away I could make it easier for you," he explained. "I didn't want you to feel that there was anything you had to tell me—anything that needed explaining." He helped June to a seat on the baggage truck and perched beside her. "Nobody knows about this business but just you and me. Maybe I wouldn't have known if I hadn't seen your face when—when he looked up at you. That was why I butted in—I wanted to give you a little time to pull yourself together; and he—well, he was as hard hit as you, but he returned my lead like a dead-game sport, and between us we pulled you through. Nobody knows, June. You needn't worry."

"Nobody but you," said the girl; "and that's what worries me."

"I don't count," said Johnson quietly. "Lots of times I guess you would have told me about him—about everything; but I—well, maybe I was afraid. What you don't know can't hurt you."

"It wasn't anything more than a mistake," said June. "I thought I knew all about him. I didn't."

"Yes. The woman finds out afterward."

A long silence followed this remark. June folded her hands in her lap and stared straight in front of her. When she spoke it was with an effort.

"There's something else," said she. "I thought when I came out here that any punishment he got—whatever they did to him—would serve him right. Gradually I quit thinking that way. The desert did it, I guess. Why, once I even sent him money; I knew he didn't have any in the jail there, and he couldn't have traced me by a railway postmark. I was beginning to be sorry for him. . . . And when I saw him the other night—so changed from what he used to be, so frightened—on the way to spend the best part of his life in that terrible place—I—I couldn't stand it. I remembered him as he used to be when we were first going together—happy-go-lucky, just drifting along, not bad, but weak and easily led, with not an enemy in the world but himself. . . . I don't know whether you can understand this or not, but when a woman has ever cared for a man she can't forget. I did care for Jim—for the Jim I thought he was anyway—and I couldn't bear to think of him locked up for all those years. I wanted him to have another chance"—here her voice dropped to a whisper—"so I blew that ten-dollar bill off the counter. . . . I suppose you'll think I ought to go to jail for it."

Johnson chuckled mirthlessly and patted her shoulder.

"There's two of us ought to be locked up, then," said he. "It was my Charlie Chaplin stuff with the stool that kept Devore from winging him. That old boy is a holy fright with a gun."

"You—you did that on purpose?" June's voice was barely audible. "And he might have shot you by mistake!"

"You took a chance, didn't you?" demanded Johnson with rather more gruffness than was necessary. "If Devore had caught you in the act of helping a prisoner to escape ——"

"You risked your life to help him get away," said June. "Why?"

"Well, it wasn't because I cared anything about him!"

"But you did it," persisted the girl. "Why?"

Johnson wriggled uncomfortably, but did not answer.

"Why?" repeated June.

The station agent ran his fingers through his hair and exploded:

"Because I'm a fool, I guess! The kind of a fool that cares so much for a woman that all he wants is for her to be happy! . . . There! You've made me say it! You wanted him to get away, and that was reason enough for me. And if there's any good in him at all, some day he'll send for you and you'll start all over again. There must be some good in him or you wouldn't have loved him—you wouldn't have married him ——"

"Married him!" cried June. "Why—you didn't think he was my husband?"

Johnson paused, his mouth open. Clucking noises came from his throat.

"Your husband—yes," he croaked. "Who else?"

"I was engaged to him for about three months," said June, "and then he got into trouble ——"

"But that ring!" interrupted Johnson. "What's the meaning of that ring?"

"Protection," said June. "Most of my friends knew that Jim had been going with me off and on for a year or so. I couldn't stand the disgrace of the thing—I wanted to go somewhere and hide. I didn't care where, so it was a long way off. I went to an employment agency and they told me about this eating-house job. I didn't know anything about Coyote Springs. It sounded sort of rough and I was afraid it might not be a nice place for a girl waiting on table and not knowing anybody. I thought a plain band ring might be some sort of protection, so I—I bought this one on the way to the train the day I left to come here. . . . It isn't even solid gold; only plated."

Fred Johnson pointed his nose to the stars and heaved a tremendous sigh.

"And all this time," he exclaimed, "I've been cursing myself for being in love with a married woman! . . . June, dear, is that engagement broken?"

"Do you need to ask? Didn't I tell you it was nothing more than a mistake?"

"I hate plated jewelry," remarked Johnson rather irrelevantly. "It's the real thing or nothing with me. . . . How'll you trade for a plain band ring, solid gold—one that'll wear as long as you live?"

June considered this proposal for several seconds. To Johnson the silence seemed to last for hours. Then the girl shook her head and slipped down from the truck.

"No," said she, "I wouldn't trade; thank you just the same."

But there was something in her voice which made Johnson turn and look at her. She was twisting at the dull yellow circlet. At last it was in the palm of her right hand.

"I never could learn to throw," said she. "Not very far anyway."

Fred Johnson fairly bounced off the truck.

"Allow me!" said he. "I've got the best throwing arm on this desert!"

And he threw the plated ring out into the darkness—threw it so far that they never even heard it fall.

THE GLASS-HOUSE WORLD

(Continued from Page 4)

Away with the two-inch pipe between two continents! Away with all the little detective-minded people at each end of it who think they know enough to turn on and off with a faucet what two continents think!

▼

ANOTHER cat Mr. Kent let out of the bag was this:

"There is a disposition to resent anything like American domination or America's speaking in a strong voice at the peace table, manifesting itself in an undercurrent of criticism and in a minimizing of our American effort in France. This is on the part of the politicians and not the people. The people merely wish complete insurance against war." Another was this:

"Since America came in, America has held all the big cards, the politicians say."

Another:

"European statesmen who have been big figures during the war chafe a little now and feel that they are going into obscurity unless they can say: 'We got this for France.' 'This is what we got for England.' 'We got this for Italy.' The strength of America's position with the Allies is that there is no one who wants to say for America: 'I got this for America.'

"I am giving the talk of the inner American circle in Paris as reflected not only by the ablest American correspondents but by some of the very highest and most important diplomatic, military and naval Americans there. Every American in Paris knows the facts, and President Wilson knows them."

These are the statements or the sort of statements the newspapers wished they could suppress.

Mr. Kent's letter was almost the first indication in the newspapers with regard to the sort of thing that anyone with any imagination about the French knew must be happening in Paris. Nothing could be more dangerous or make people more suspicious and more unmanageable than to keep up this steady persistent stream of impressions that everything we read has been doctored. It is bad enough to fool people, but to give them a dozen indications on every page that you are trying to fool them ——

We are tired in America of being confronted with bureaucratic and formal news. We are weary of all these little wooden gods of silence that are being stuck up at us with blank pleasant faces, who put on a holy look of saying something when they know and we all know that nothing is what they are trying to say.

If Paris was full of whispers against Americans, no matter how unreasonable they were, it was dangerous to suppress them from Americans. If the French or some of the French were full of resentment against the interference of the Red Cross, no matter how unreasonable it was—when the fate of the world turned on the French people's understanding us and upon our knowing how to make them understand—the gossip instead of being hushed up should have been published and met. To act intelligently one must have the facts as they seem to people and sort them over and make a diagnosis, and then operate on the diagnosis.

The last thing for us to do, the last thing we really want done by the French censor or by our own, is the hushing up of the criticisms of America in France. We wish to dramatize ideas that would silence the criticisms. We wish to select things to do and things to say in France, and to do and say quick, that will make the criticisms absurd. We have to have our diagnosis. If the censor interferes with our diagnosis he interferes with the fate of France, the fate of America, the destiny of all free peoples.

The fact that our American newspapers have been caught in the act of very seriously siding with the European censors, no matter how sorry they may be for it in this particular case, and no matter how foolish they may now see it was, is suggestive of

(Continued on Page 73)

Spring-needle underwear is made throughout by the knitting methods ordinarily applied only to cuffs and ankles. It maintains perfect body-contact and does not stretch out of shape. Made with an extra mile of thread, it possesses an extra year of wear.

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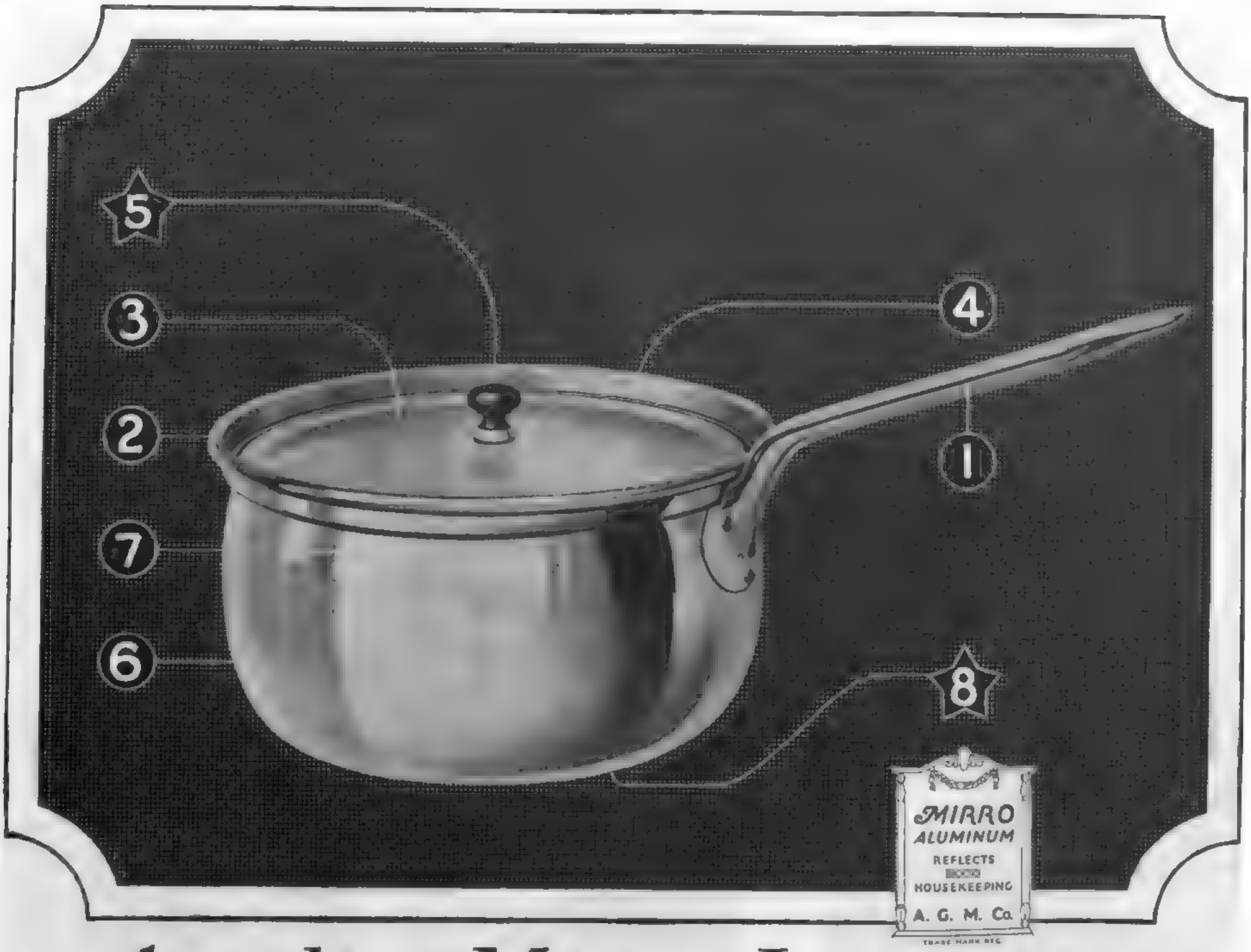
Factories at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis., Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt



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THINK of Mirro Aluminum as more than unusually beautiful, more than unusually convenient, more than unusually durable. Think of it as time and fuel saving—a shining aid to better meals—the ware that most truly reflects good housekeeping.

This Mirro Convex Sauce Pan, for instance: Note the eight splendid features that instantly commend it to the discriminating home-keeper. Then remember that it is this same quality which has made the entire Mirro line such an unprecedented success everywhere:

(1) This shows the hollow steel handle, comfortable to the hand. (2) Tightly-rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt catching crevice. (3) Inset cover prevents boiling over.

(4) The bead of cover is upturned, and thus protected against steam and liquid. ☆(5) The rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob—an exclusive Mirro feature. (6) Convex sides prevent contents from pouring off when liquid is being drained.

(7) Famous Mirro finish, and ☆(8), the Mirro trademark stamped into the bottom of every piece, an identifying mark of Mirro quality throughout.

Aluminum is the modern kitchen ware. But be sure that the Aluminum you buy is Mirro, remembering that Mirro Aluminum, with its many unusual features, is sold at a price that is truly moderate. The better dealers everywhere have it.

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Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects Good Housekeeping

(Continued from Page 70)

what a grim hold the Germans' censor idea has got on the modern mind and how relentlessly we must all look out at every point and resent at every point the censor principle's being used against us.

VI

ONE day not long ago during the war it was whispered to us that the French were charging America rent for the use of the trenches.

There were two ways to act about this fact: One way was to hush the fact up, and the other was to put more facts with it. Possibly the French Army itself was paying rent to the farmers whose farms were being ruined. Possibly the English Army, too, was paying rent. Possibly the fact could be advertised, too, that the farmers of France were paying more than their share for the price of peace for the world, and that some arrangements for having all the farmers of the world share the sacrifice with them would have to be made.

If the censor deals with the first impressions of crowds of people he has to hush things up, but if he takes for granted that they are capable of second and third ones, and knows how to make them, he sees the way to free speech. It looked to the censor as if the whole plan of recruiting an enormous army in America could have been stopped in a week by a good fact that had a bad look like this.

But suppose the worst the censor feared had happened, and the fact had got out and the papers had been full of headlines about it. The other facts, which would have had to come out afterward, would have touched the hearts of all American farmers when they thought of the facts they had never even dreamed of—both of what was happening to French farmers and what the French farmers were giving up for the peace of the world. Censors naturally and temperamentally call people fools a hundred times a day. Censorship is the profession of calling people fools. Censors are special detectives in all the new kinds of fools people can possibly think up and be. The censors in this case decided that a hundred million people would allow the fate of a world to be sidetracked by a horrid stupid unfinished rumor about the French. They did not see that the people who demanded more facts would have got them, and that the whole incident would have been the means of drawing the two nations together and of making them look at each other's unguessed problems with human sympathy, honesty, and imagination and common sense they had not before dared to dream of in dealing with one another. Free speech censors itself if there is enough of it.

To cure a lie let it lie itself out of breath. To control a liar let him give himself away.

People who believe in censorship to-day, who are taken with a sad cramp when they see a truth, are alike in one other respect: They are governed by the superstition that crowds have only first impressions. The idea that crowds have second impressions and third ones, and the idea that the way to handle the truth in a crisis—with crowds—is to drive through to these second and third impressions that crowds have and are bound to have about it does not seem to have occurred to people afflicted with censorship coma. Being sterile and impotent in producing second and third impressions they call crowds fools, and say crowds have no second and third impressions. The way America entered the war illustrates very effectively the way we are going to enter into a world state of peace. America entered the war by alternating between impressions, now on one side and now on the other.

It was the freedom of comment and the many-sidedness of impressions crowds of people in America were confronted with every day which at last made the American people enter the war with such amazing and incredible whole-heartedness. The way to get deep and thorough results with crowds is to drive through to their second and third impressions. This means a militant, a manly attitude toward truth, a refusal to let oneself be bullied and paralyzed as most censors are by the first two-inch impressions or the first eight-by-nine-inch impressions of crowds.

VII

ALL the nations in this war have been growing, except Germany. They have been heaping up German virtues in themselves. From August 4, 1914, the people of the Allied Nations have been coming alive the way people always come alive, the way young people and all lively old people do, by being forced to consider the virtues of their opposites. Germany even during the days of her victories kept going under more and more because she kept on being attracted only by her own qualities, because she had been getting rapidly every day since August, 1914, more and more like herself.

With the peoples of other nations Nature has been engaged during these same four years in searching out for them their opposites. It is true that among the Germans during the war the people may have been growing democratic underneath, and may have been getting ready vaguely a few new virtues underneath to use after the war was over, but among the Allies we have been using daily our new virtues to win the war with. We are facing at last the triumph of our hopes and the peace of the world because we have been daily installing, daily keeping up new powers, because we are working out our new ideas as we go along and liking the way our new ideas work. We have seen Germany running her course with the ideas she began with, screwed up and tightened up to a breaking point. This screwing up and tightening up to the breaking point, this process we have watched going on in Germany is one that one can see any day in any neurasthenic or paranoiac—the process of ignoring checks and inhibitions, of lunging headlong into being insanely like oneself.

When President Wilson goes over to France and says to Clemenceau "I think I am right about having a League of Nations and about having it first, and I hope I can convince you, but perhaps you are right and perhaps you are going to convince me," he strikes at once the keynote of what a League of Nations will have to be like, of the method and the spirit by which a League of Nations will have to be started, the method and spirit by which alone it can be made to work.

Mutual free speech, free speech on a colossal and as yet incredible and inconceivable scale between nations—in other words, mutual listening and mutual advertising and mutual dramatizing campaigns between nations, with money and men spent on them—on nations selecting things to do to nations in dramatic sequence, and selecting things to say to nations in dramatic sequence on the same scale of expenditure nations have employed before for armies and navies, U-boats and airships.

Everybody admits that business consists not merely in making commodities but in the rapidity with which people keep changing what they make for what other people make. Some of us who have thought we had ideas have come to see, not without disagreeable experiences and against our wills, that the same is true of spiritual wealth or ideas.

We have seen men going on ahead of us in their power to change the minds of others because they enjoyed changing their own minds when they could get better ones as much as they enjoyed changing other people's.

We have come to suspect the same principle holds true of nations, and that the power of a nation to dominate turns on the rapidity and on the thoroughness of its exchange of ideas with other nations and the play of these ideas upon men's attention. The censoring of ideas, or impressions of ideas, the interfering, that is to say, with the affinity of all live ideas for their opposites, the interfering with the law of mutual supply and demand in thought—means the suicide of a nation's imagination, a wholesale mutilation—as one sees in Germany—of the creative power and initiative of a people.

The present degradation of the German nation—its sullen backing away into a third-class place in the world—is due to the fact that for fifty years the minds of the Germans have been flocked together like cows and chickens and have been fed with what was handed out to them. So far as ideas are concerned Germany has been for fifty years what might be called a huge intellectual stock farm, breeding, milking and eating all under control; sixty-seven million people locked up for eating, locked up for breeding, and milked.

If people prefer a more buoyant figure the nation has been run like a colossal chicken yard. The people have been taught to have their ideas come like chickens by knocking on a pan in Berlin; and they

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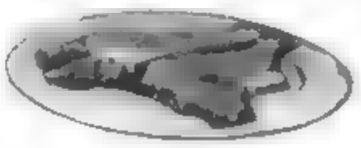

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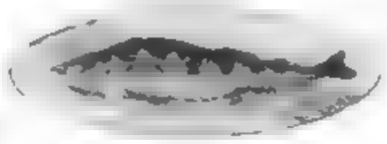

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The 32-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

In meat, eggs and fish the average cost of 6,221 calories would be at least $3.50.

So each 32-cent package served in place of meats saves around $3. And the housewife who saves it should have it.

Make each empty package worth $3 in some special household fund. Then watch the fund grow

This is how some necessary foods compare in cost, at this writing, based on their calorie value:

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In Quaker Oats	$0.32
In Round Steak	2.54
In Veal Cutlets	3.53
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And Quaker Oats, which costs so little, is the greatest food in the list.

Analysis shows the oat to be almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

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The Oat Dainty

Quaker Oats means extra flavor without extra cost. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

In millions of homes this exquisite flavor has made the oat dish popular.

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Through all the problems of war and reconstruction the standards of the CROSSETT SHOE materials and workmanship have stood fast.

Demands of war have necessarily curtailed quantity of factory output, but quality of workmanship and material is of the same high standard.

It is because of this steadily maintained standard under all conditions that discriminating shoe dealers are such real friends of CROSSETT SHOES. They know all that the CROSSETT name stands for. They know that CROSSETT values are dependable.

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The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK

have been called to mating ideas in the same way—the color of the eggs, the fertilizing of the eggs, and the laying of the eggs to be stolen from them—all controlled by the censor.

Someone who thinks he knows sixty-seven million people's worth of knowledge has sorted out their knowledge, or rather the meaning and significance of their news, to them for fifty years. The appalling lack of morale; the colossal collapse the first moment the censor, or Kaiser, was removed; the skulking away of the navy; the dissolving of the spirit of the army into a mist—are the world's first object lesson in what is bound to happen if the right of spiritual initiative, the right of cross-fertilizing ideas is taken away from a people, if the free passage of news is interfered with, and if new ideas have to have passports from the government before they will be allowed to go through to the people.

Of course in speaking of Germany in this way—and I am speaking of the censor within the censor—it would be foolish to claim that ideas were kept away from the Germans or that the news was clumsily hushed up. But the emphasis and heading of the news, the meaning and significance of the news have been all arranged for Germans; news has been fed to them with a spoon.

The question before America and her Allies is a very practical and immediate question. We have been having, and anybody can see we have been having, what is practically a two-inch pipe between two continents, a conduit for a flood of news out of which to create a new world.

Are we going to make solemn arrangements such as our newspapers and our censors are apparently making now to cut down the news to fit the two-inch pipe from Europe or are we going to make over our pipe to fit the news? A good deal of the suppression of the news is mechanical. There is bound to be little enough news, even on a sheer mechanical basis. For America to allow a censor at the European end of the pipe to add to the nothingness of what dribbles out at the American end would be German beyond belief.

The one supreme question that we and our Allies to-day are facing in the presence of our children, and of history and of our own souls—the one supreme question that fronts us all up before the laughter of posterity, the question we have all got to line up to and be men with, is this: Now that out of the paw and the maw of the Germans, out of the clutch of the soul of the Germans, we have pulled away our world, are we or are we not going to run it precisely the way the Germans would?

VIII

NATIONS have generally dealt with the truth before now, and before America came into diplomacy, as if truth were a kind of old New England parlor—curtains down, shutters closed so that the carpet would not fade; the sacred horsehair sofa of verity, only to be sat on and used when there was company on some special or desperately polite occasion.

The censor is the last lonely sickly remnant of the New England parlor we now have in modern life. His mind naturally takes to New England parlors and to the cold cellars of truth. I do not deny that a typical censor's mind may possibly be alive, that it may be living in a vague, creepy way, but not with anything hearty or real, like sunshine and dirt. The mind of a censor, if it could be taken out and pictured to look as it really is, would be like a potato in a cellar—pale, stringy potato eyes, stringing vaguely out and trailing away God knows where in the dark.

America believes that the time has come for the New England parlor among nations to be overwhelmingly abandoned in modern life. Nations must live in their windows now, and the symbol of diplomacy, of international relations is the Peoples' Restaurant window, every nation with its sleeves rolled up frying its pancakes in its front window, anybody coming in, anybody going out, everybody going by, the truth sizzling for everybody in a blaze of light.

IX

I HAVE stated the cheerful belief that the next thing the great free nations are going to do is to swing free, roll up their sleeves and make a real world—take the censorship, the spirit of censorship as a religion and as a method for nations, carry it quietly over to the edge of things and dump it over the ends of the earth.

The practical question remains: How is the League of Nations going to be able to get hold of the hushers and mummers in high places and do it?

It may not be amiss for a minute to consider what hushers and mummers are like and why their minds work as they do, and what can be done with them by the League of Nations.

Looked at pathologically a censor is really a virulent, panic-stricken case of anti-advertising. He suffers from a kind of coma of not letting people know things, a paralysis of the motor nerves of knowledge.

To know what he is suffering from is helpful in dealing with him.

Like most diseases his trouble is based on a fear germ. When the truth was discovered one day about what a locomotive could do with a row of carriages on some rails one man objected to having railway trains allowed in the world because the locomotive would scare cows in the fields. When the truth about fire first leaked out the censor wanted to keep people from knowing it because babies might get lighted with it.

The general working principle with a censor is that any idea which is so good that a dozen bad uses can be made of it as well as a thousand good ones should be hushed up. Censors do not know which they are more afraid of—the truth or the people; but they fairly lie down and cry when they see anybody having the nerve to try putting the people and the truth together. Censor-minded people are the only people a League of Nations has to fear. I have come to believe there is but one fear that needs to be looked out for in arriving at a real League of Nations, a man's League of Nations.

The one fear is the fear of human nature.

I am afraid and afraid only of fear and of fear people and all their works.

If the fear people and the fear nations are to be allowed to have anything other than associate membership and back seats on probation in a World's League of Nations, why whuffle about with them and try having a World's League of Nations, with them? A big, overgrown weak league, a league with a lot of afraid nations huddled together in it with huge silent white faces would be riskier than no league at all. A league composed of a few nations that are not scared, a small, select powerful League of Nations, of nations so vigorous, so shrewdly believing, so shrewdly openhearted, so shrewdly generous, so shrewdly disinterested that the scared people of scared nations outside, like Germans and Turks, will wonder what they can do to their country to brace it up enough to be considered fit to belong to it would seem to be the sounder idea. The destiny of England and America is going to be, as time goes on, to see to it that this is the spirit in which the league does its work.

The best way to start a League of Nations is not to start something that everybody or anybody who steps up with a swagger can belong to, but to start something the way a good club is started, that has definite, dramatically indubitable personal powers represented in it—the kind of club people want to make themselves over for, hoping they will be asked to join it.

The league should begin with what might be called an aristocracy of democracy, the nations that believe in democracy the most, nations that can make frank democratic methods in the interest of all work better than secret methods in the interest of a few and who are in the habit of doing it, and who know and are capable of making everybody else know that they do it. The league would then be dominated by fearlessness, and everything it did would be based on disinterestedness and frankness, and other nations could wait to be accorded place and power in it in proportion as they turned out of office in their own nations censor people and fear people.

The only kind of League of Nations that will work is a league so disinterested it can afford to be open, and so open it cannot afford not to be disinterested. The fate of the world turns in the next few months on picking out people, on putting forward in all nations a temperament, on putting into office in a League of Nations men who have the genius, the vision, the political religion and the political technic for throwing all their cards on the table, for turning hushers and mummers out of their jobs everywhere in all nations, and saying to the whole war-weary, fear-bored, censor-sick governments of a half-dead Europe: "Face about!

(Concluded on Page 76)

Sucking winds prove the quality of your shades

ACCIDENTS and everyday strains soon show the inferior quality of an ordinary shade. It sags and wrinkles! It gets full of cracks and pinholes!

This same everyday usage proves the superiority of the famous Brenlin shades. Brenlin is made to resist strains. It is so prepared that it wears two, even three times longer than ordinary shades.

The secret of Brenlin's durability

The ordinary shade is "filled" with chalk and clay to give body to the coarsely woven cloth. The buffeting of the wind, the little strains all shades get, make this "filling" fall out. Ugly cracks and pinholes are left!

Brenlin contains absolutely no "filling." It is just a fine, closely woven cloth. A special process gives it unusual durability. Brenlin wears an incredibly long time. Year after year, it hangs smooth and straight at your windows. Not a crack nor a pinhole! You are delighted with the wonderful service Brenlin gives you.

Expert care in every step of the process

Of perfect finish, of perfect weave, Brenlin contains exactly the same number of threads in every square inch. It is especially treated so that it will not sag, will not wrinkle.

Brenlin is tinted by hand with a scientifically prepared, expensive color which keeps it supple and reveals its beautiful, linen-like texture. This color does not spot in the rain, nor fade in the hottest sun.

These shades are the most economical you can buy, for they wear two or three times as long as ordinary shades.

See Brenlin at your dealer's

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this wonderful wearing material. You will be sure to find just the color you want for your home.

To have all your windows the same color on the outside, yet to have a pleasing variety of color schemes in different rooms, get Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

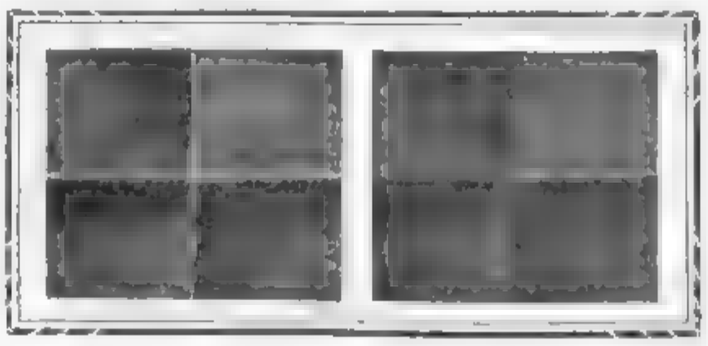
Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in your dealer's shop. He will give you a sample of ordinary shade material and a sample of Brenlin. Fold the ordinary shade material and hold it to the light. See the cracks and pinholes in it. Now fold Brenlin. Hold it to the light. It is unbroken—no cracks, no pinholes.

Look for the word "Brenlin" perforated on the edge when you buy.

If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades give you the greatest value obtainable in filled shades.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 2033 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, O., and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Cal. Owners of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Company.



Make two tight folds in ordinary shade material. Hold it to the light. See the cracks and countless pinholes

Fold Brenlin, the long-wearing shade material. It remains unbroken, no cracks no pinholes

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

Free book on how to shade your windows

Send for this attractive book today. It tells how you can make your windows and your whole home more beautiful. It suggests delightful ways to use the many charming Brenlin colors. With it we will send actual samples of Brenlin shade material in all colors

Winter home of John Hanan, well known shoe manufacturer, Miami Beach, Fla. 130 windows shaded with Brenlin by Frank T. Budge Co., Miami, Fla.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Chas. W. Breneman & Co.
2033 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me "How shall I shade and decorate my windows?"

*Name*_____

Street

City

State

For Sport or Work—

THE Garter!

For strenuous action or leisurely comfort—here is the garter supreme, the garter that never reminds you of its presence. You never know you are wearing the

E. Z. GARTER

"The One That Won't Bind"

Its wide webbing gives perfect support to the hose—and without muscle-binding, circulation-restriction and tightness.

Insist on the genuine E. Z.—the *original* wide-webbing garter.

Single Grip E. Z.—35c, 50c, and $1.00
The E. Z. 2-Grip—45c, 60c, and $1.25

If your dealer cannot supply you, do not accept a substitute. Send his name and price to

THE THOS. P. TAYLOR CO.
Dept. S. Bridgeport, Conn.

Dennison's

"STICKUMS"

Stick to their jobs. Anything broken? Table, chair, china, book? Our fish glue mends. Tubes or cans. Our paste and mucilage at stationers, too.

At all Dennison dealers

Send to Dennison, Dept. G, Framingham, Mass., for "The Handy Book"

13 What Next?

SMOOTH-ON IRON CEMENT STOPS LEAKS

HOUSEHOLD and motor cracks, breaks and leaks repaired at little cost when you do it yourself with SMOOTH-ON IRON CEMENT No. 1. Easy to apply as plastic listing as iron. Your hardware dealer has it.

6 oz. 25c 1 lb. 50c
SMOOTH-ON MFG. CO.
Jersey City N.J. U.S.A.

SMOOTH-ON REPAIR BOOK

Write for this FREE BOOK

GIANT BEANS

30 inches long. A remarkable vegetable that bears GIGANTIC

[illegible] bulletin 17 describing this and other superfine seed strains. J. A. & R. LINCOLN, Seed Growers & Importers, 39 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS

MUNN & CO.

620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 74)

Here are a hundred million people signaling to us across the sea, millions of hearty Englishmen twenty miles across the Channel, and millions of Frenchmen ready, too, who believe in making international confession together, in beginning now all over with a clean breast of the earth, in starting honestly and openly, all of us together, a new world."

X

WHAT is the victory four million dead men have died for and which they have left to us—left to America and England and France and Italy to finish?

The death of militarism, the death of the last and most desperate form, the final cheat of militarism, the militarism of the mind. The censor is Germany's final blow at our modern world. Germany is not whipped until the last censor is dead.

The Germans mock us. We silenced their guns in four years. Did they put their hands on our mouths forever?

Four million dead men lying fooled in their graves mock us.

The only way to contradict Germany, the only way to keep the new war that Germany is now beginning from bringing civilization to her knees is to turn out with a sweep in all nations—so far as they are to be allowed to belong to our League of Nations—all hushers and mummers, and put in advertising men instead.

By advertising men I mean statesmen who advertise ideas for a nation by selecting things for the nation to do which will make people believe in it.

The thing for America to do in the League of Nations which will make all nations believe in America and make her of the most use to others and to herself is to dramatize and act out and insist on acting out her belief in open dealing, to dare her Allies to interfere with her acting out her belief that the censorship or the spirit of censorship or news control as applied to this present world business—whether applied by the Peace Conference, or by the League of Nations, or by the governments of our Allies, or by the officials of our own Government, or by our own newspaper men or public men, or by crowds in majorities in America—is sheer, grim pro-Germanism as applied to thought; thought—the free raw material or world stuff out of which great nations are made. America proposes to deal with censorship as pro-Germanism in its most highly concentrated, most dangerous and explosive form.

If America and her Allies do not do this now, do not strike out in the League of Nations and show that they are different from the Germans, that they repudiate German militarism both of mind and body, if they cannot break with it and get people to break with it now when on every hand the horror of it and of how it works is fresh in the minds of all of us—how long will it take to break with it when people have forgotten?

If it has taken us four years to put down a comparatively rudimentary, simple-minded and less-powerful explosive, like militarism, how much longer is it going to take us to put down Germany's more penetrating, more subtle and dangerous explosive like suppressed news and suppressed speech? Militarism is a good, simple, honest, straight cannon-attacking soldier. Censorship is an odorless, invisible, penetrating gas attacking everybody, attacking the very breath of life in all people everywhere with which they live their lives every day. The air we breathe throughout a world becomes charged with censor gas.

A cannon stands up in a bluff, manlike plain way and says: "This is a cannon!"

Then it goes off

That is all there is to it. With a cannon people know in a way what is happening to them. With a censor no one knows.

The German spirit, which tried to fasten down on us all the idea that might makes right, shall not make men believe that silence makes truth.

Not in America, nor in England, nor among the freemen of France or Italy shall men stop fighting the German spirit—all for a blank hole of a victory of merely not having our bodies shot at. Our spirits are now taking their stand beside our bodies. We are fighting a war all over again against Germanism moved over from free, easy, obvious fool-things, like guns and U-boats, to wise and terrible things, to deep, secret controlled cables, to great invisible fortresses of wireless stations, to secret-agent newspapers grappling in the dark for the attention of crowds. We are fighting from now on for the right of nations to shout what they believe on each other's housetops; the right of nations to listen, the right of New York, Chicago, Paris and London to listen to each other in their own houses at their own telephones; the right of a free people to whisper in the streets!

XI

DIPLOMACY before this has consisted in a nation's getting what it wanted out of other nations, no matter how other nations were going to feel about it in the next hundred years. The general idea of diplomacy was to get something out of a nation which the nation would be sorry afterward that it let you have. Diplomats were proud when they did this. The idea of what constitutes a gift for diplomacy now is precisely the opposite. We see now all diplomacy that proposes to conduct world peace as a kind of elegant horse trading between nations being brought to a stop full-head-on before all men's eyes. The new diplomacy seeks to pick out something concrete, dramatic and revealing for a nation to do to other nations, something revealing for a nation to say to other nations, which the other nations will like better from day to day and from year to year and will be gladder of the longer they have had it.

I saw the other day on the top of a skyscraper in New York looking down from a window, "Buy Liberty Bonds," in letters twenty feet long. Probably twenty thousand people, a great village of windows, flocked about it, saw the words flung out at them up in the sky.

People did not use to conduct diplomatic negotiations with reference to the fact that thousands of people were sitting in windows looking down on the top of what they were doing. They have to now. Diplomacy to-day is exposed to crowds, to crowds of people looking down from above on the roofs where they plot. We must arrange for airplane diplomacy now. Little innocent façades for people merely to look across to have gone by. Façades of diplomacy from now on must be built with six exposures to them so that what men do shall be looked down upon, shall be looked up at, and shall be looked at across from four sides—exposed to the four winds of heaven.

Statesmanship after this is going to be carried on in glass houses, with the people of all the earth flocking by in the streets.

The people are going to stand in crowds when they want to, looking in at the windows as they are looking at the shutters of the Peace Conference now.

The crowds in the streets of Paris and London and Rome, by their wholesale, incredible demonstration of enthusiasm toward America when President Wilson arrived, have startled the secret statesmen of all nations; the crowds in the streets have tipped the scales of a world! The crowds in the streets, the sons and wives of those who have died to get the nations of the world to act together, have thrown the statesmen of all nations out of their little pathetic blind job of puttering with selfishness, of puttying nations together with secrets, forever. The crowds in the streets have slipped in quietly before the drawn shutters, secret drawers and closed doors of officials and bureaus.

The enthusiasm, the trust and expectation that crowds in London and Paris feel toward America are inspired by the fact that America is a glass-house nation, the nation that does things in sight, the nation that cannot help thinking out loud—the nation whose beliefs and disbeliefs, whose thoughts, feelings, desires and prayers are revealing themselves, childlike, perennial, irrepressible as they go along.

XII

NOTHING could be more preposterous, more nationally juvenile, than for America to step up pertly to forty older nations at just this time and—because she is the biggest and has the biggest money chest to sit on and lecture nations from—tell the other nations what they ought to do and how they ought to do it. All we are entitled to is to do things ourselves—the things that we do, in a way that is natural to ourselves. It is not because we feel superior in America, or disinterested, that we propose to European nations to make a national stand for dealing in the open in forming and in running the League of Nations. It is because we are humble about ourselves. It is because we see through ourselves that we request that all we do shall be done in the open.

We seem to have, owing to geography and circumstance, a momentarily more disinterested look than some other nations.

We hope we shall be as disinterested, perhaps, in a hundred years as we seem to look to some people now.

In the meantime the one thing we want in the desperate need of the world is to hold on to all the disinterestedness we have. We want to arrange things so that we shall have to have more, and so that we shall be afraid not to have more. We want to be wedged into having more if we are to be, as we hope, one of the great, responsible, believed-in nations of the earth. The reason we stand for open dealing is a very simple, almost childlike reason. Here it is:

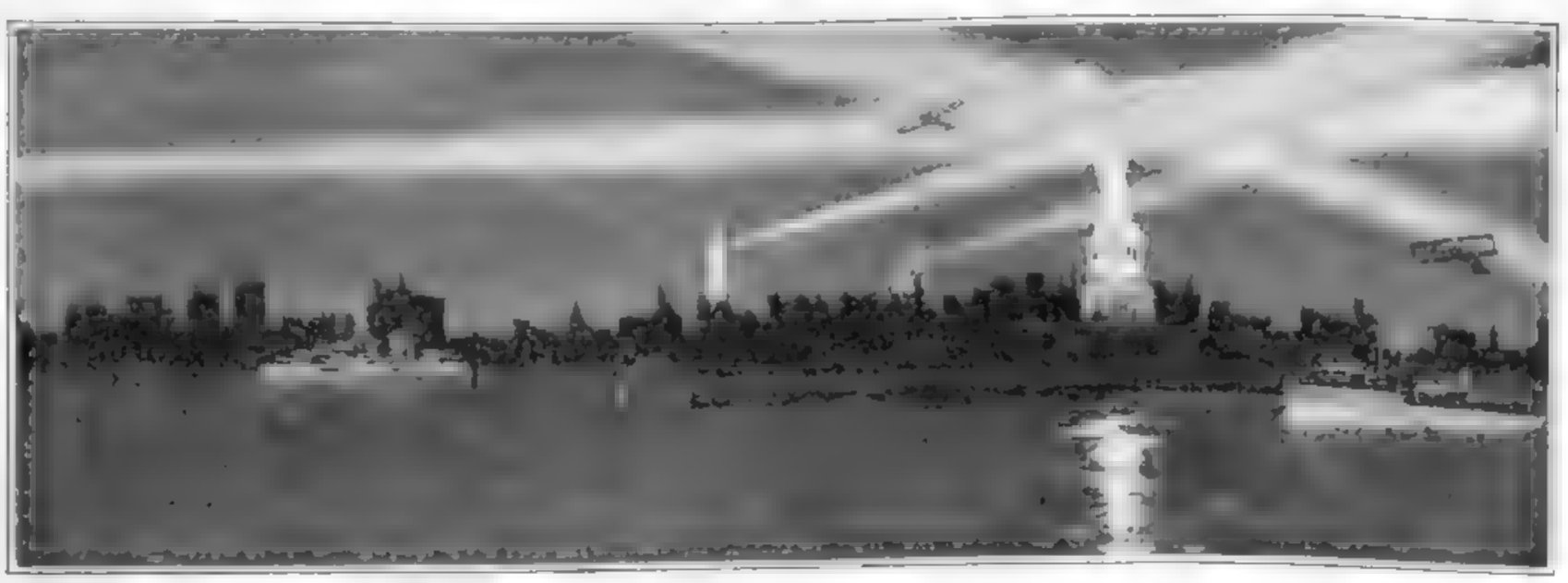
One hundred million people trying to say "Sh-sh!" to one hundred million people, while they are doing somebody a wrong, will have to say their "Sh-sh!" so loud that it will be heard round the world.

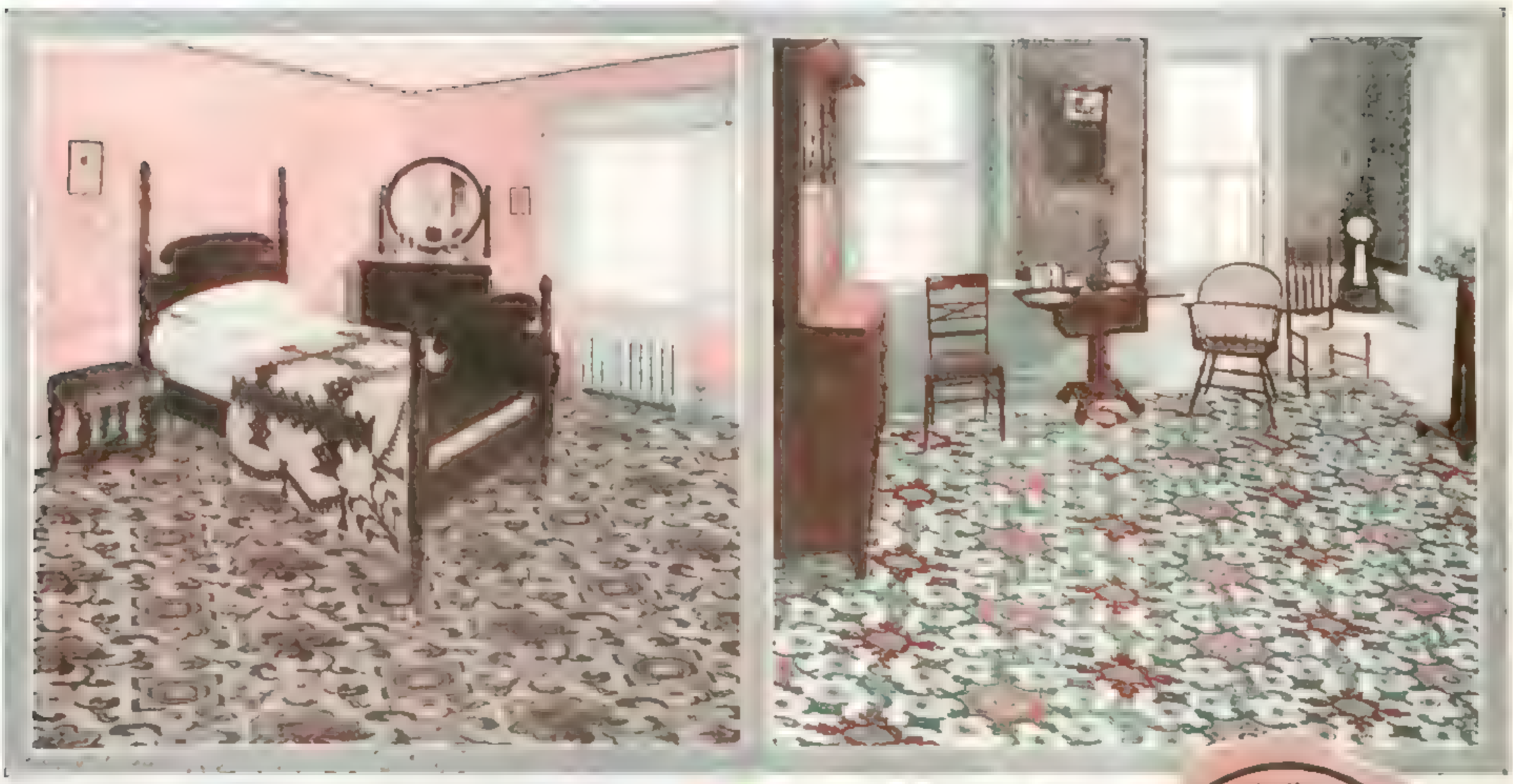
This article began by making an allusion to the proverb that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

It would like to end by saying that this proverb is an understatement.

It would be truer to say: "People who live in glass houses cannot and will not throw stones."

This is why the best way to get a short cut to a powerful and efficient League of Nations is to make arrangements for all the nations along the street to live in glass houses.



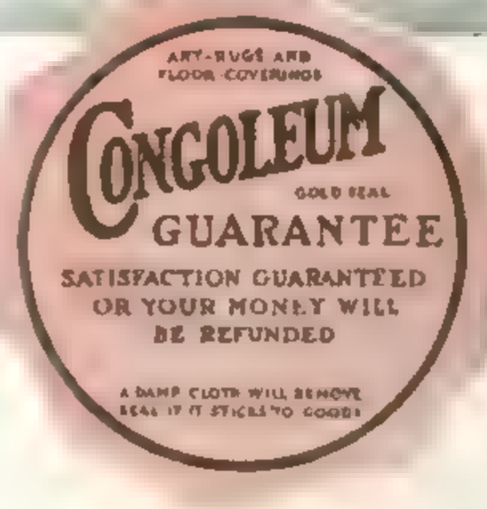


The Pattern on the floor is Congoleum Art-Carpet No. 5025

The Pattern on the floor is Congoleum Art-Carpet No. 5016

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal ART-CARPETS

Always look for this Gold Seal when you buy.


ART-RUGS AND FLOOR COVERINGS
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED
A DAMP CLOTH WILL REMOVE SEAL IF IT STICKS TO GOODS

The *New* Floor-Covering—3 Yards Wide

IMAGINE a floor-covering made in such a splendid range of color harmonies that it can be used in any room in the house—*and three yards wide!*

That's the new Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Carpets, the very latest addition to the "Congoleum Line." The distinctive beauty of their patterns will surprise you. The extra width *(three yards)* means fewer seams—in many rooms no seams at all.

And, in addition, these wonderful Art-Carpets combine the four principal features that have made the Congoleum line famous:

First: Absolutely sanitary—no dust-collecting absorbent surface.

Second: Easy to clean—the beautiful patterns can be kept bright by simply using a damp mop.

Third: More durable than other printed floor-coverings.

Fourth: Most economical floor-covering you can buy. Comes in rolls three yards wide and retails at $1.25 per square yard.

The final test of any floor-covering is its service on the floor. And that's where Congoleum wins. Thousands of housewives have proved to their own satisfaction that Congoleum is the best value to be found anywhere.

Congoleum (2 Yards Wide)

Made in a wide range of attractive designs for those who prefer this width in an all-over floor-covering. Absolutely water-proof and sanitary. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Price $1.15 per square yard at all dealers.

Congoleum Art-Rugs and Rug-Borders

Make yours a "Congoleum Home." Use Art-Carpets where you prefer to have the whole floor covered, and Congoleum Art-Rugs where they are more suitable, surrounding them with Congoleum Rug-Border in either a light or dark oak pattern that looks like a real hardwood floor.

Thus you will secure beautiful sanitary floor-coverings for every room at the lowest possible cost, and lighten the housework. Following are the prices: *Congoleum Art-Rugs:* 6x9 foot size, $8.75; 7½x9 foot size, $10.60; 9x9 foot size, $12.75; 9x10½ foot size, $14.85; 9x12 foot size $17.00.

Congoleum Rug-Border is sold in any length by dealers: 36 inches wide, 90 cents a square yard; 24 inches wide, 80 cents a linear yard.

The Gold-Seal Guarantee

We illustrate above the new Congoleum Gold-Seal. It appears upon every two yards of Congoleum Floor-Covering and upon the face of every Congoleum Art-Rug. Always look for the Gold-Seal when you buy. It is your protection against inferior substitutes and gives you the full protection of our "money-back guarantee." If you don't see the Gold-Seal, have the dealer show you the name "Congoleum" upon the back of the material.

FREE—Beautiful Color-Charts

We have prepared beautiful Color-Charts, of the wonderful new Congoleum Art-Carpets *(Three Yards Wide)*, another of Congoleum *(Two Yards Wide)* and another of Congoleum Art-Rugs that show the splendid designs in the actual colors. Send for one or all of them today and we'll show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

Department of

The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., San Francisco, Boston, Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

For

The confidence purchasers have in the performance of the Overland Motor Car is the direct result of the pride of Overland owners. For ten years public appreciation has been our sole aim and guide. The Overland Motor Car today reflects the best of our great engineering experience and production facilities. The car's reputation

WILLYS-OVERLAND, I
Willys-Knight Touring Cars, Coupés, Limousines, C
Canadian Factory, W

Overland

Him

grows steadily as owners tell their friends of their satisfaction in driving it. Thus the friends of owners form an ever larger proportion of our customers. The constantly increasing sales of the Model 90 shown here now number more than one hundred and fifteen thousand cars. The price this season is $985, f. o. b. Toledo.

NC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars
st Toronto, Canada

LYKNU POLISH

WHETHER your furniture has a dull finish or a highly polished surface, try Lyknu on it and you will understand why this quality polish is so enthusiastically recommended by women everywhere.

Lyknu does not impart a gloss to dull-finish furniture or cover the surface of highly polished furniture with a sticky, dust-collecting coating of grease, gum, oil or wax.

Lyknu cleans so thoroughly that it restores the full beauty of the original finish given your furniture by its makers, and leaves the surface clean, hard and dry—*just like new.*

Only one cloth needed; only a single operation.

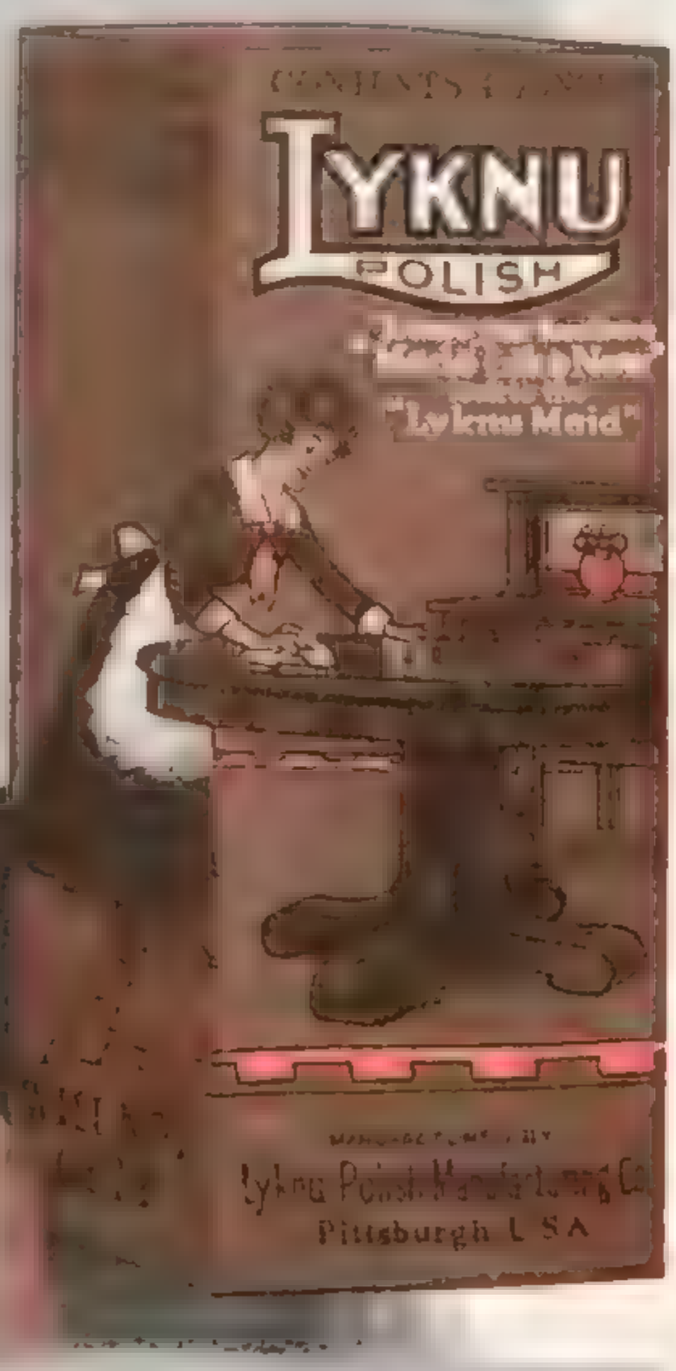
The Right Way to Use Lyknu

(1) Shake bottle well. (2) Moisten a piece of cheesecloth by holding it to mouth of bottle. (Do not saturate cloth; simply moisten it.) (3) Go over furniture with dampened end of cloth, rubbing until surface is dry. (It is not necessary to go over furniture a second time with a second cloth.)

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, $1.00
The 50c bottle is the popular size

Try Lyknu today! If your dealer does not carry it, send 25c and his name and address for bottle mailed postpaid.

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.



The "One-Cloth" Polish

JUST A FEW MEN

By BEATRICE RAVENEL

A DEBT

I gave you nothing, dear, at all;
I stole your dream when day-
light dies.
What comfort can your age recall?
What ash of roseate-colored skies
Or afterglow of memories?

As one who gathers, all the day,
The early April violet,
And cannot put its thought away,
Its blue between the eyelids
set—
Through seven heavens I see
you yet!

—*From Green Leaves, by Anna Fenwick Marsh.*

TELEGRAM FROM MRS. HAMILTON MIMMS, PINEFOREST, SOUTH CAROLINA, TO MRS. JAMES DE CHATAIGNER MARSH, GREENLEAVES PLANTATION

For heaven's sake, who was the man?—LILY.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS

DEAR LILY SUE: I wonder whether there is any question on earth or in heaven—since you drag that in—which you would not be capable of asking. Had I wished to divulge the name of the man I should have done so in the form of a dedication. Of course your dear little feelings will ruffle themselves up at being treated like the multitude; but, on my honor, if my secret heart is to be searched by anybody I prefer the searcher to be a perfect stranger. He will mercifully forget; and he will never be unduly interested anyway. To live with your confidences looking pityingly at you from the eyes of an intimate friend would be insufferable. Women have frequently been murdered for knowing too much; and I don't wonder. I already live in a cloud of witnesses. Most affectionately, NANCY.

P. S. Chat demanded the same thing, and I told him that every well-regulated woman ought to possess a secret to carry to the grave with her and I almost thought that I should have this one for mine.

FROM ALAN DIGBY, NEW YORK, TO ANNA MARSH

MY DEAR NANON: I opened your little book this morning, and the Past fell into the window like a balcony rose and perched on the arm of my chair. Did you ever perch on the arm of my chair in the old days? I fear that you were far too dignified. Somehow you managed to convey the impression that you might have done so had the solar and the social systems been constituted more humanly; so, you see, the principle remains the same.

How many old days ago was it when we two parted? Reckoned that way, they seem horribly many. It was not in silence and tears, however; I am sure of that. I retain a vivid picture of a chattering station, and rain, and the spice of carnations cutting the smoke smell, and a lot of kissing girl friends. And Alan Digby grinning with a dry mouth, and savagely glad that Nanon was going home to some place in the South that was farther away from the world than Cairo or Archangel. Yes; glad!

I could sleep again. I could order my life sanely and soberly. Lord, how young we were! We believed that life was a thing that might be ordered. And mine was going to be something really nice and illuminated, poised like a crystal in the shrine of some very select god, whose dreams might be caught there by devout worshipers of the literary *haute noblesse*. I hadn't an idea yet of what those dreams were going to be like; but they would certainly be tremendous and very different from what they actually were with Nanon running about.

I could forget you. I could at least stop the universe from learning all your tricks. I could walk along the country lanes without jumping when the leaves trailed over my cheek with Nanon's finger tips. I shouldn't find the purple night—we all looked into the purple night a great deal—looking back with Nanon's unconscious eyes.

Because that you were unconscious of my feeling I had no doubt. Not for a second did I fool myself—I hadn't a chance. Sometimes I thought that Thorndyke had. Poor chap! You've heard about him, haven't you?

But I had every confidence in your passion for scientific research. Once you knew that you had me I should have been on the operating table in a jiffy, and your delightful fingers would have been clipping my nervous system loose and laying it upon a charger. I should have furnished a monograph. You were madly interested in biology. You were like the queen who loved to look upon a man, though from a different point of view, being as impersonal as a human woman ever gets to be. A man's relation to you wasn't the problem at all; only his relation to himself. Exasperating infant! Psychology inflamed you; not passion one little bit. And, as you ingenuously admitted once, men's souls had to be surprised through their emotions; they didn't exhibit them to their Platonic friends. Cold-blooded little demon, you positively flirted in the interests of science.

But the point is that you knew all the time, and you let me go undissected. Why? Were you moved by some small ghost of pity? Or was it Thorndyke?

May I dare to hope that you will answer this letter?

Very sincerely yours, ALAN DIGBY.

P. S. You must remember me. Have you read my books? Think before you speak. Not to have read my books is a confession of illiteracy. I was dark and romantic before the hair got thin in the middle. And I talked Verlaine and my own works by preference, and I ate my full share of the candy.

FROM WM. UPTON JENKINS, CLEVELAND, TO ANNA MARSH

MY DEAR MRS. MARSH: I have read with great interest and enjoyment your volume of poems. It was sent to my wife by a friend who informs us that it is prominently placed among the holiday offerings in the shops and is having a good sale. Poetry is hardly in my line, but the recollection of our college days, when you were prominent in our little literary set, impels me to write you this line of congratulation.

"You Might Put Up With That Kind of a Solitude à Deux—or Trois—or More"

I hope, my dear Mrs. Marsh, that you will not misunderstand what I am about to say and that you will forgive me if wrong. I refer to your poem, A Debt. It is undoubtedly true that I was at that time strongly attracted toward you; but it is also true, as I have repeatedly assured Mrs. Jenkins, that no woman in my life could have so amply filled the place in my affections which she occupies. It would be a matter of genuine regret to me to feel that the thought of any lasting unhappiness which you might have caused me is still troubling your mind. Believe me, my circumstances are now entirely satisfactory. For an ideal marriage and a prosperous commercial career—in the wholesale hardware business—I have reason to be thankful. With the hope that your life has been equally happy and that your literary ventures may be entirely successful, I remain

Sincerely your friend,
WM. UPTON JENKINS.

ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS

DEAR Lily Susanna: I have racked my brain until it creaks and I cannot remember who this impossible person is. He just isn't. As I promised to let you see the letters I shall send them, though I think it anything but nice of me.

Yes; I remember Alan. Yes; I answered him. What a silly question?

I have been doing the usual things one does on a plantation—seeing that the vegetable garden keeps up with the season; and that the grist goes to mill before the hominy runs out; and that the servants—if you can call them that—do what has to be done; and living with the chickens. No matter how I try I cannot love chickens. They are so unintelligent. They make me lose my faith in the unswerving righteousness of instinct, which I had always managed to hold on to before I became intimate with hens. Did you know that many of them have no more maternal feeling than an Ibsen heroine? They leave their eggs half hatched—sometimes on the very eve of fulfillment! They desert their little ones or take violent fancies to other people's. They seem to feel, like Lady Harmon, that they drew the wrong children. My henhouse is nothing but a Doll's House.

Pigs are different; they are Nature undefiled. Whenever our pigs have the happiness of becoming mothers I am delighted and Chat cheers up. He really has had a hard time since the war began and his bond-selling business evaporated, and the plantation seemed the only solution of the economic problem. We are so far from the station and the markets that, after rates and crates and commissions are paid, our lovely cabbages and potatoes bring in very little cash. We live on the country; which means a great deal, though it does become a trifle monotonous to eat your way through a crop of tomatoes or melons because they happen to ripen in profusion and spoil the same way. A dollar to me now looks larger than the harvest moon does when it makes a Japanese color print of itself, rising in a flush of pink through the mystery of the pines. Our hope lies in the pigs.

What worries Chat is that he hasn't a sufficiently pedigreed strain. Their noses are too long and they don't achieve the correct amount of embonpoint. We have one little sow that is a perfect Medici Venus of a pig; but even she is not Vere de Vere enough. She would make a stunning war poster, lying with her piglings ranged beside her in an accurate and greedy row, all washed with the same dull apricot color and of a ravishing simplicity of line. What Chat yearns for by day and dreams of by night

(Continued on Page 85)

Un-retouched photograph of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire which has delivered 8,000 miles and is still running on a 1½-ton truck owned by James A. Lackey, Baltimore, Md.

Copyright 1919 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Money-Makers

"I KNOW that Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have helped me to make more money because they have speeded-up deliveries and reduced the cost of making them."—James A. Lackey, Baltimore, Maryland.

IN the following paragraphs are given the reasons why Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have been adopted by Mr. James A. Lackey, engaged in contract hauling in Baltimore for fourteen years.

Until a year ago he had used solid tires on all his trucks. Then he decided to find out if pneumatics would not reduce materially the time his trucks required to haul capacity loads of fruits and vegetables from railroad stations and steamship wharfs to commission merchants and markets.

Accordingly, he placed Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires on one truck and, after testing it in comparison with solid-tired units for several months, definitely determined that the Goodyears had increased the *earning power* of this truck.

"The Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires enable us to haul more loads in less time and at lower cost per load," is the way he explains the fact that he now is re-equipping his three other trucks with the Goodyear Pneumatics as fast as the solid tires wear out.

"The 1½-ton truck which has been all-pneumatic-shod since March, 1918, is operating under the same general conditions that it formerly encountered when traveling on solids. And yet, it is covering much more ground and delivering more miles to the gallon of gasoline and to the quart of oil.

"On top of these marked improvements in the operating efficiency and economy of this truck, I note that the cushioning effect of the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires is a tremendous help toward keeping this truck in excellent mechanical condition.

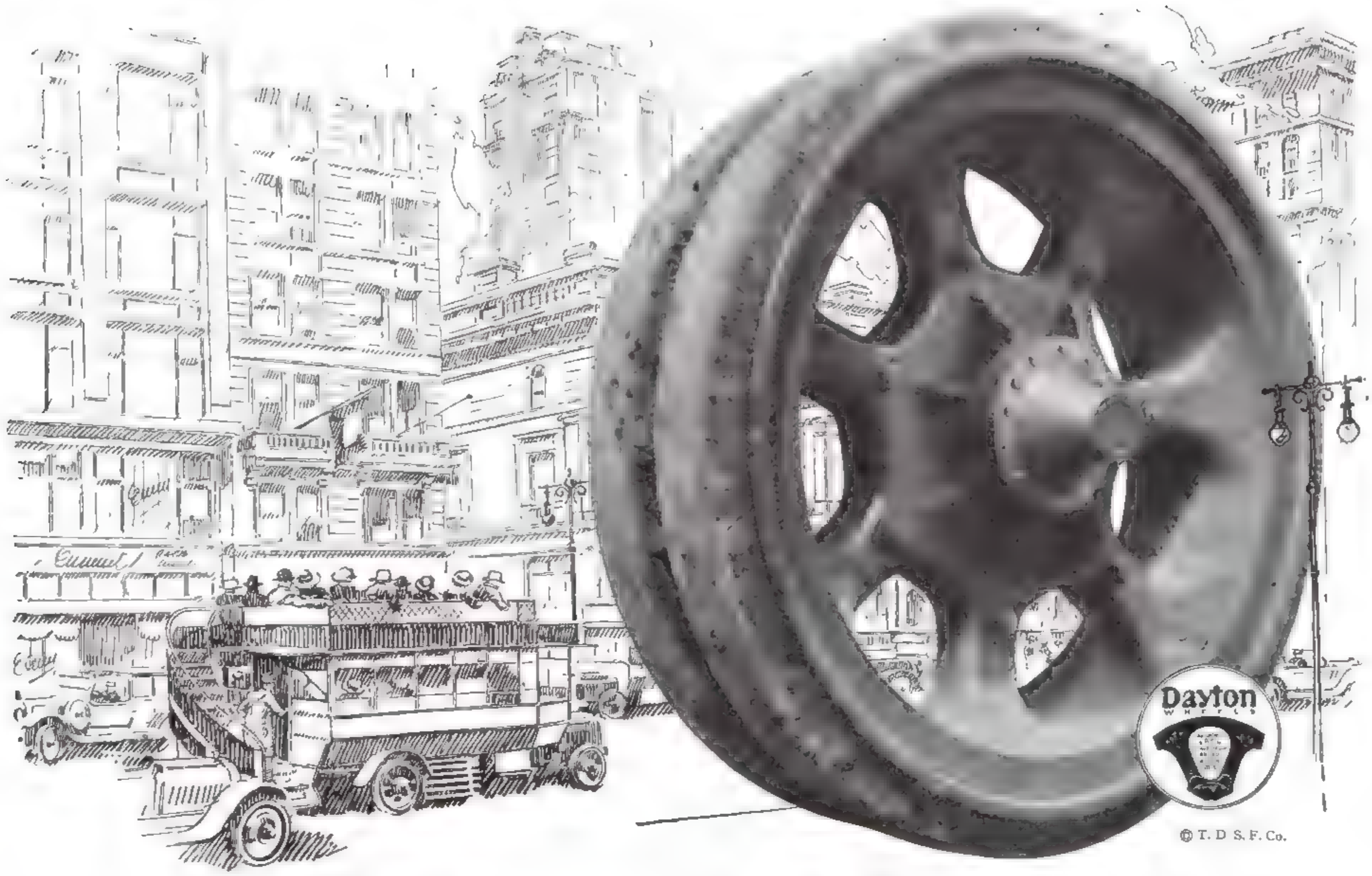
"In fact, since applying these tires we have spent only a very trifling sum for attention to it.

"I want to add that I find the Goodyear Pneumatics extremely durable. They have very tough treads that wear down slowly although compelled to run over bad pavements and areas littered with various sharp objects."

This record, like others of its kind, does not discount the solid tire's ability in service for which it is fitted. But it does emphasize the correctness of the pioneer Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires as equipment in hauling work where either speed, traction or cushioning are prime factors.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES



© T. D. S. F. Co.

Adds Mileage to Truck Tires

THE records of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, of New York City, show that from 1911 to 1917 they reduced their tire costs from .0493 cents to .0078 cents per mile. A reduction of 84 per cent.

It is significant that during those years they gradually changed over their wheel equipment, so that in 1917 their entire fleet of busses was running on steel wheels. It is also significant that these lower cost records were made in spite of continually increasing tire prices.

These are the actual tire cost-per-mile figures of the Fifth Avenue Coach Co., as they changed their wheel equipment to steel. Note the reduction in cost.

1911	.0493c
1912	.0319c
1913	.0207c
1914	.0176c
1915	.0150c
1916	.0108c
1917	.0078c

Such tire-saving records are not unusual for steel wheels. Users of Dayton Steel Wheels have found this true.

For Dayton Steel Wheels stay round. Tires wear down evenly and give their full mileage—there can be no "wheel flats" and pounding to shred them. The tires do not loosen or creep when brakes are applied. And the wheels, being steel, conduct the destructive heat of friction away from the tires.

Besides these tire-saving characteristics, there is distinctive appearance, strength that defies wear, resiliency that protects vital truck parts from the extreme shocks of the road, and lightness that adds to carrying capacity.

Dayton Steel Wheels mark an epoch in truck wheel construction. No truck so equipped has ever been laid up for wheel repairs. Look for the name Dayton on the spoke.

We have proof that Dayton Steel Wheels better truck performance. Send for it.

The Dayton Steel Foundry Company, *Main Office and Works,* Dayton, Ohio

Detroit
Chicago

Dayton
Steel Truck Wheels

PATENTED

Cincinnati
New York

(Continued from Page 81)

is a Duroc-Jersey, to be the honorable ancestor of the herd, a descendant of the famous champion, Orlando. After that we could simply wait and become rich automatically. But he would cost such a lot! Of course we want some others, but, above all, that not impossible he.

Now that the other trees are growing bald, the pines are more saliently lovely than ever. I shall not let the woods opposite the house be touched. Chat hates them. He has no taste for sweetest melancholy; they depress him. When I say they are beautiful he says: "Yes, and 'Death is beautiful.' I wish to heaven we could afford that hog!"

Mamma writes that she and Agatha are deep in Red Cross work in Richmond. She says that Aggie finds it such a resource and comfort. Of course you will see them when you go on. You can't imagine how far away that life feels—the hurry, and the clothes; and even the talk! Shall I ever be able to conduct a polite conversation again? And, to prove that the world enjoys a like ignorance concerning us, what do you suppose mamma sent the children the other day? Hair ribbons like sashes, and silk stockings!

Yes; he answered the answer.

Affectionately, NANCY.

P. S. The little pigs are named Coosawhatchie, Salkehatchie, Pocotaligo, and Yemassee, after neighboring townships. No more family names.

FROM MICHAEL THORNDYKE, QUEBEC, DOMINION OF CANADA, TO ANNA MARSH

ANNETTE: Speaking of debts, I owe you an enormous lot. For a while to-day you made me outrageously young again; you gave me the blessing of forgetting. Violets under the snow! One gets dead tired of snow here.

After an interval like this no doubt I ought to say How do you do?—properly—and give a brief summary of my activities, and ask politely concerning yours. But we never did meet like that. As you remember, our friendship was the kind that kept on growing all the while we were apart, like a banyan tree that becomes a grove if you take your eyes off of it.

So I shall begin with the snow. In the solarium, gazing through an acre or so of glass into nothing but snow, month after month, you can feel your hair turn white—I wish I could say your soil. But snow makes such an incomparable background. There never was a temptation like it.

You come out of war, you know, with devil pictures all over your brain. They say that you outgrow them after a time—if you have the time!

Looking into the snow is like studying music—you grow sensitive to tones, cunning in classifying semiquavers of color. You told me once that your most beautiful memory was a flock of cranes against a pale sand bank, white on white, with the sky's white fire beyond. There is the entire palette in the snow, unearthly lilacs and escaping blues; and at sunset the whole thing becomes incandescent. To see properly any single expression of this earth would take a separate lifetime.

You are quite right. You never gave me anything—that is, anything you could help giving. I have been holding your little book all day, just to get the feeling of you, clear-cut with an outline, again. There isn't much poetry in it, you know; you can do better. But there is a deal of Annette; which is what I wanted.

You remember that you used to gibe at my ungodly imagination. Set it going and it declined to stop until it had wound up the story and clicked the spring. Therefore, how should you have escaped? You've gone along beside me, with intervals—I concede the intervals—all my life. I always meant the journey's end to be with you.

I was poor. I was ugly. I hadn't the secret of success—the open-sesame gesture that men like Digby are born with. I could hardly offer a spoiled young woman merely an ungodly imagination and a capacity for feeling that went straight down to hell. And in one of the intervals you married; and curiously enough I found that our story ended there. According to the higher ethics of our school of thought such an incident ought not to have bifurcated the path with such finality. Somehow, Annette, in spite of that daring—may I say, that dare-deviling—of yours, I was convinced that when you had definitely admitted one man to your guarded intimacy all the other men were outsiders.

Then why am I speaking now? Because you began it. You haven't forgotten; you saw and understood. How was I to resist answering a call like that? Secondly, when a man has a limited time to talk he says the vital things first. And he has the world's kind permission to be as outspoken as he pleases—right from the arteries.

Now don't say: Please tell me all about it—meaning France. I'm not going to tell you anything about it. Look in the papers if you must know. I want you on the snow for a while, not devil pictures. Occasionally I acquiesce in leaving a scheme of planets that includes horrors like them. Sometimes I'm resentful. I have not drunk deep enough yet; I have not used my faculties sufficiently. My work, Annette—my work! It isn't done. If I am dragged back from sleep it will be for that, not for you. I have you. It will be to write the poems that cry for birth and that my smashed-up brain hasn't the strength to bring forth—weeping like Rachel!

Your job's the most important thing in life.

Generally I'm willing enough to go. I'm tired—inexpressibly! And we did do the most urgent job of all; we turned the trick. Perfectly worth while. After all I have had so much more than most. That ungodly imagination has been as good as a brace of lives; a magic casement, a drug, a friend—all together. Most of the men in my company were younger than I; and precious few of them are left. I have given less than many. The women—my God, the women! And the living pieces of men I have seen; and the blind!

Perfectly all right. Perfectly content.

There's a funny little Sister who likes me. She touches my wrist and says "*Méchant!* Up again. Stop loving that girl for one half hour, *hein?*" So good-by!

Write to me, won't you? MICHAEL THORNDYKE.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS

DEAR LILY SUE: No, he was not, not, not the man. I am almost ashamed that he was not. I ought to have seen.

I feel like a wretch and a cur for having promised to let you see these letters; but, since you show such poor taste as to refuse to release me, of course I shall keep my word.

The children and the pigs are all well, thank you kindly. So sweet of you to bracket them together.

Lovingly, NANCY.

FROM ALAN DIGBY TO ANNA MARSH

MY DEAR NANON: You have not answered my last three epistles. If you will stir up ghosts you must take the consequences and expect to be haunted. I am. I find myself stopping in the midst of really urgent business to hold long reminiscent interviews with the creature on the arm of my chair. Do you remember this and do you recall that? The most unexpected curiosities come back. Do you remember when poor Thorndyke started the Marcus Aurelius Club? Its motto was "Be not perturbed!"—and its object, necessarily, nothing in particular. It was interested in fostering a calm, contemplative frame of mind that was warranted to remain unexcited under any provocation. The first meeting, I believe, took on a few honorary members, like Lucrezia Borgia and Plato—or were they canonized? We certainly blackballed the Deity, because He regarded various matters entirely too seriously. The conversation concerned the Whole. We were determined at that time to see any and every thing in its relation to the Whole. The refreshments were all a trifle stale.

We had favorite puzzles that we were continually fracturing and putting together again. One hinged on the possibility of a man's loving two—or more, why be stingy?—women at the same time. You were rabidly against this; you embodied the collective jealousy of your sex. But you were very strong for the freedom of the intellectual friendships of a woman with any number of men.

Dear Nanon, I am consumed with curiosity to know what your husband calls you.

Anxiously, A. D.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO ALAN DIGBY—FRAGMENT.

My husband calls me Nance. A wife, like a hunting dog, ought to have a one-syllable name.

FROM MICHAEL THORNDYKE TO ANNA MARSH

KIND little letter! I kiss your merciful hands.

But consider, Annette, the publicity value of dying like this. It does me good to think of Digby painfully gathering together my fragments from the magazines and papers and writing a touching but not unduly sentimental preface. He dotes on that kind of thing: he has the touch.

(Continued on Page 89)

Not for a Second Did I Feel Myself—I Hadn't a Chance

United States Tires
are Good Tires
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

'Royal Cord'

A Titan Among Tires

The 'Royal Cord' is super-strong.

It has more than enough strength in the carcass.

More than enough thickness in the sidewall.

More than enough toughness in the tread.

The tire structure is built up of powerful, sinewy cords—tens of thousands of them in many layers. Each adds its individual strength to the tremendous sum-total of the tire as a whole.

The layers of cords are placed diagonally in opposite directions. Each cord and each layer has free play—entirely unrestricted by cross-weave. Also, cords and layers are impregnated with live, springy rubber.

So, in addition to giant strength, there is about the 'Royal Cord' an aliveness and responsiveness that is amazing.

Motorists who ride on 'Royal Cords' find supreme satisfaction in their use. Greater economy—a heightened comfort, a more positive assurance of safety.

The 'Royal Cord' is one of five distinctive United States Tires—all good tires—all built with the surplus strength that means long life and lowest cost per mile. They constitute the only complete line of tires built by any manufacturer.

No matter what type of car you drive, or what kind of roads you travel, there are United States Tires that will exactly meet your needs.

Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

Mother's Pride

Baby—the idol of the household—whose health and comfort depend so largely on a generous supply of soft underclothes and dainty outer-garments kept hygienically clean and fresh.

CRYSTAL WHITE—the pure, white soap, made of vegetable oils, is mother's favorite. It is entirely free of harmful ingredients and is especially recommended for the exacting requirements of baby's laundry.

Peet's Crystal White

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.—KANSAS CITY—SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 85)

He is the darling of the public; and, upon my soul, his quality is so excellent that you wonder why. Even I feel a sneaking gratitude to him for saving that much of me from going out.

If I am going out! Because this is the question that is now giving me furiously to think.

There was once a morning when we cut classes and took to the woods without any lunch except some chocolate, and decided that one jolly world was really more than anybody had a right to expect. You were enraptured with the bowlders, sprayed and netted with new green, and with violets lapping them like blue waves. I never knew there were so many violets; you kept on seeing them when you shut your eyes. Just like your poem! We took a vast interest in a cloud of minute insects disporting themselves under the birches. Birches in spring veils were fresh to you. You stroked them with your long fluid gestures that seemed to vibrate straight through the air into my nerves. They've always looked like girls to me since. And you sang a song to the insects—something like this: "We are the favored Ephemeræ; we've studied religion. We are small, but so clever; we own the Forever and a circular psychical memory."

"They are sorry for us because we are as the beasts that perish," said you.

As old Hawes used to say, our interest in church millinery was one of our stigmata. It worked out so well in Rossettian verse. But when it came to the mystery of faith, under the mystery of lace and incense, we had a distinct feeling of intruding at a party to which we hadn't been invited. As for any claim to personal immortality or particular recognition of our negligible existences by the High-up One —— We flattered ourselves that we at least had a sense of humor. We should have been incapable of such subliminal impertinence and conceit. All the same, I harbored a somber suspicion that you said your prayers every night.

When night comes, and the world begins to lose its color, some of us crawl home again. It's cold for a ribald little beast to die alone out in the open. . . .

Being what you were, you couldn't escape Him. You knew that you were His beloved, Annette, even though you would have considered it utterly Philistine to admit the soft impeachment. Feeling as every lover does—that the whole of life is ambushed against your precious safety—it is surpassingly comfortable to leave you in the hands of the Great Lover. He can't let anything particularly horrible happen to you. Never to you!

I hope, just at the end, that I shall have a few good moments, and a sunset to ebb out with and the great crossbar of the window against the flames; and you, Annette, on the snow—white on white.

Yours, MICHAEL.

P. S. Little Sister, who likes me, said to-day: "You had a bad night. Once I had a wicked night with the toothache. I tried to offer it as an act of expiation for my sins. But so many sins—when one looks back one cannot see how, things being as they were, one could have acted otherwise."

Wasn't that enlightened of her? You don't expect a woman to realize.

"So I tried to be glad to suffer because He had suffered. Not repentance; only love."

Do you get it?

FROM LILY MIMMS TO ANNA MARSH

DEAR NANCY: You are a horrid woman! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are giving that strange Digby man the impression that Chat is the little-dearer-than-his-dog kind of husband. And you mean to give that impression! Probably between the lines you hint that he beats you. And Chat is such a good sort—much better than you will ever get again.

Thank you for the mammoth hardware catalogue which came with the other documents. I suppose that for the sake of old memories he lets you have what you need on the plantation at cost.

I shall be in Richmond next week; so send the letters in care of Cousin Virginia. Of course I shall look up your mother and Agatha at once. Why Agatha should need so much more comfort and solace than anybody else is a mystery. Nobody believes she was so overwhelmingly in love with poor Jack Miner; and because he died before she could marry him and his fortune is no reason why she should give herself the airs of a mourning bride for the rest of her life.

I know this sounds heartless of me, but I really believe that she makes capital out of it and keeps your mother in subjection by referring to her bereavement whenever she wants anything. She certainly spends more on her clothes than you do on your whole household. I have been a widow myself for several years, and nobody could have taken the situation more seriously. I hardly left my own grounds for a year, and every day when the clock showed nine-twenty-five A. M. I burst into tears, that being the exact moment he left Pineforest for Paradise, as I devoutly believe. But I never tried to ride roughshod over other people just because of it.

I hope my godchild is learning her letters. Love to all.

As ever, LILY.

P. S. My own husband sometimes called me Lil, but I never even thought he meant anything inconsiderate by it.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS

DEAR LILY SUSAN: Don't be absurd! Do you expect a man to be interested in a woman who is ideally married? What would remain to be interested in?

Oh, Lily, I'm growing young again! I'm waking up. Little green leaves are coming out all over me. I wait for little excitements—and the mail—like a girl. Something impossibly delightful is lurking round any wood path. Perhaps I'm falling in love!

I wish I could see you read this.

I have broken my word about one letter, because by a perfectly reflex movement I sailed it into the fire before I thought. It was from a man who misunderstood. I met him the summer after I was engaged, at the Springs. He was the kind of man from the Far South who is trying to revive the pre-war type of gentleman and not succeeding very well. In his case the conception included a code.

For instance, Chat was no friend of his. One day out hunting he almost shot me by accident. You can understand how this inevitably precipitated a declaration; he owed me one, to show there was no hard feeling. After I had snubbed him fairly well, he began to love me as other men hate, relentlessly and painfully. You see the connection, don't you? If I had been a little sympathetic he would have saved his face and forgotten all about it; but his face, instead of being saved, was slapped—metaphorically, at least. It seemed outrageous to me to have words and gestures that were sacred to Chat used by this outsider.

His letter went into the cleansing fires, where I hope some day he may follow it. I think he wanted to ascertain whether Chat was still in the ascendant; or whether there was a nearer one yet, and a dearer one.

Dear Lily, this upheaval is so good for Chat. Don't worry about him. At first, he thought the whole affair of the Claimants, as he called them, the most gorgeous joke; but now he is getting disturbed. He is beginning to think more about me than about the pigs; and that is such a triumph. When I told him I was going to show him no more letters because they unsettled him, the most remarkable thing occurred. Making a poet out of a man is not nearly so dynamic a process as making a lover out of a husband. He was wistful.

"Chat," I said, "it will be the most selfish thing if you interfere. Here is something that I have never before seen outside of a book." Chat's courtship was conducted entirely by word of mouth. "And they are the only real amusement that I have."

"You have your children," said he sternly, exactly as they do on the stage. It's extraordinary how naturally melodramatic people become!

"Well," said I tearfully, infected with the histrionic germ, "if you consider children an amusement! To me they are the most harrowingly serious things in life—especially if we don't make a success of this place."

They are! How they are ever going to learn anything formal is more than I can imagine. They read omnivorously—down to the dictionary if there is nothing newer in the house. They ride anything. They are experts in swamp botany and zoölogy, and they know as much negro folklore as the most specialized books—more, because there are things the negroes never tell to grown people for fear of being laughed at. But they slide out of regular lessons like eels.

Sometimes I wonder whether, like the pigs, they lack the right strain. For instance, they are devoted to the creatures on the place; they name them after themselves and humor them in every way. I understand that; but what I cannot understand is how, feeling as they do, they consent to eat these same friends and brothers. Animals to them are simply people in a different shape. They often turn dinner into a funeral feast, greeting the *pièce de résistance* most gruesomely by its Christian entitlement and weeping into the gravy. But between weeps they eat it and ask for more. Juliana is the worst. She positively makes poems to pigs' eyebrows while she devours them. It is horrible! It causes me to wonder whether they may not be cannibals at heart.

And when I am not worrying about that, it is their manners or their education. So don't grudge me a little distraction. I am living so many other lives that I have no time to live my own. And that is not normal.

I want something utterly visional and unreal. I want to open a door into a tree and get into an enchanted intervale of solitude, where I can be by myself just for a little while, and rekindle my vestal fire, and play that I am a girl again. It doesn't seem very wicked to me. It seems like a spiritual rest cure.

Your godchild doesn't like letters; so she won't learn them. Now, to anticipate the advice you, as a member of that large class, the married old maid, will give me, let me inform you that there is no way in which to bring up a child properly. Either you must be too indulgent or too cruel, and you cannot know which until afterward. The child doesn't tell you. A child is as secretive as a religion. And I have never believed in Procrustean bassinets.

Affectionately, NANCY.

P. S. I notice that in spite of your disapproval you still want to read all the letters.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO ALAN DIGBY—FRAGMENT

I DO NOT know how to write about myself any longer. I used to be so beautifully whole and sleek and selfish. When they caught Matho, the lover of Salammbô, they made him walk the length of Carthage while the women on either side tore at him with their long gold pins until he was one frazzle. That is the way I feel sometimes at night. I lose my soul by the slicing process. What's left?

FROM ALAN DIGBY TO ANNA MARSH

DEAR NANON: Seventeen letters in two weeks is a very moderate allowance; I don't care what anybody says. Some of them deserve nice allusive—not illusive—answers. I'm becoming superstitious about those days on which I do not say, at least, Good morning, Nanon! Nothing goes right on those lost days.

I try to think of you in the country. You belong in a crowd. A spirit portrait of you would show a fencer in the midst of a ring of opponents, pinking them one after the other. What do you sharpen your wits on? All I can see is a composite of Southern stories and plays—a stately white colonnade at the end of an avenue, with tassels of moss casting extraordinary shadows across the distance. Let me add a hedge of immemorial box and cascades of roses and jasmine. Or is it too late for them? And the bloods of the neighborhood ride over on equally blooded horses and drink tea—is it tea?—out of a gigantic urn. At least, it is poured out of that. I suppose they drink out of spode cups. You might put up with that kind of a *solitude à deux*—or *trois*—or more.

I wish I were one of those young bloods. No, I don't. I wish we were where we used to be and it were to do all over again.

ALAN.

P. S. So he calls you Nance! Does he beat you?

FROM ANNA MARSH TO ALAN DIGBY—FRAGMENT

YOU have no right to suppose that I am lonely. What I have may be as absorbing to my consciousness as what you have is to yours.

There is a bit of swamp near us. We live on a ridge full of pines and oaks. An unseeing human would call that swamp the loneliest thing in the world. Evergreen cedars and magnolias bar the sky from it all the year round. Queer flowers with no names follow each other along the crawling pools; purple spiders on wires and pink mists and bunches of poisonous mock fruits. But if you told it that it was lonely it would blink its watery eyes at you and sigh: "Lonely? With all these undersides of leaves to look at?" It is as full as it can hold of a crowded intensive life.

ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS

DEAR LILY: I deny that they are love letters. I challenge you to find the word even in any of them. I hope that you are not so narrow-minded at your age as to pretend to misunderstand an intellectual friendship. If so, I am sorry for you.

As ever, NANCY.

P. S. I wouldn't meet the man for the world! Do you think I would destroy that lovely magazine mirage? You know that I don't live in any columned and landscape-gardened mansion, surrounded with liveried retainers.

FROM ALAN DIGBY TO ANNA MARSH—FRAGMENT

THIS preface is the most difficult thing I have ever had to do; worse even than collecting his poems—fugitive with a vengeance—from all over the country. When he had done something almost great he was as apt as not to toss it to a provincial newspaper. There never was a man who knew so little of getting on in the world.

I suspect you could tell me a great deal about the more intimate view of life that he struggled up to; but you won't of course.

At least I may write about my work if not about other things? If there is anything decent in it these days it comes from them.

A. D.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO ALAN DIGBY

NO; I WILL not say that I want to see you again. I do not.

You know there are days when the dreams will not come right. You cannot make yourself happy by any motion of the will.

When I feel like that I go away by myself among the trees and sit under the warm unconscious slumber of the boughs. The water looks like a happy blind girl, smiling.

(Concluded on Page 93)

Announcing Two

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

Perfected from experience in building the more than 50,000 Republic Trucks in use

Founded on experience gained through building and watching the performance of more than 50,000 motor trucks, Republic announces two improved models.

These improved Republic Trucks have been developed from a careful study of the needs of motor transportation in every industry and business and under every road, load and climatic condition encountered in the 27 countries in which the "Yellow Chassis" Trucks have served so well.

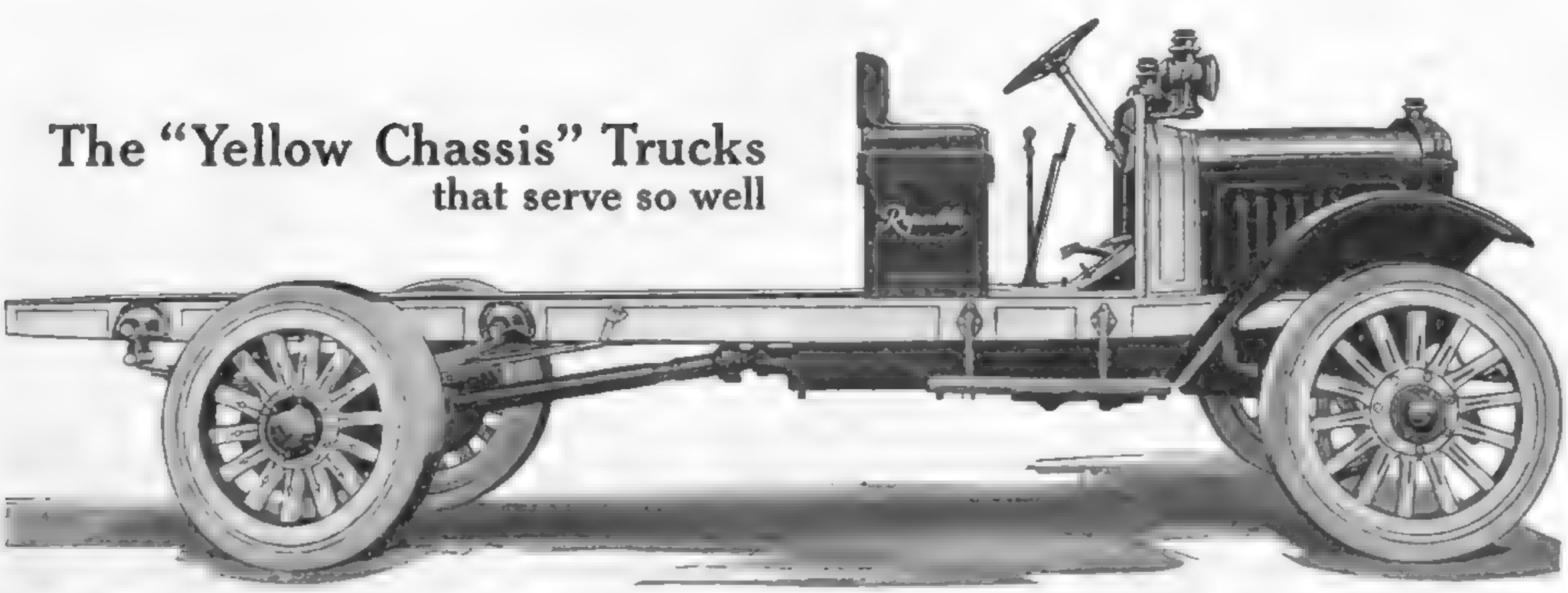
In basic design they adhere to standard Republic practice; which has amply proved its correctness through five years of constantly increasing public confidence. But there have been many refinements of details and improvements in design to give increased service value.

Continental motors of the newest type are used in both models; a Four Speed Transmission gives greater flexibility and more power in the low speeds; Oilless bearings supplant grease cups on the brake shaft bracket and brake pedal; enlarged radiators give increased cooling capacity equal to any emergency. In fact, every improvement that could be logically dictated from Republic's vast experience in all kinds of hauling—both in peace and war—has been incorporated in the Republic INVINCIBLE and the Republic DREADNAUGHT. They are ready for immediate delivery.

More than 1400 REPUBLIC Service Stations insure continuously satisfactory service to every Republic user.

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

The "Yellow Chassis" Trucks
that serve so well



Model 19—Republic INVINCIBLE $2395

REPUBLIC

Built by the Largest Manufacturers

Improved Models

Model 19–Republic INVINCIBLE 2-2½ Tons

This sturdy, well balanced truck will handle a wide range of hauling. Its Continental Red Seal Motor develops 28.88 horse power at 1000 r.p.m. A late type, float-feed carburetor insures fuel economy. Constant speed oil governor holds truck to rated speed and delivers full power at all speeds. Four speed selective sliding gear transmission with center control operating in ball-in-socket joint gives extreme flexibility. Drive, two piece shaft, tapered at ends, with three universal joints and supported at center by self aligning bearing. Rear spring suspension constructed according to government design. Wheels are artillery type; wheelbase 144", optional 168"—Firestone pressed-on tires 36" x 4" front, 36" x 7" rear; Pneumatics, extra price.

Model 20–Republic DREADNAUGHT 3½ Tons

Here is a truck built with ample strength and power for heaviest hauling. Red Seal Continental motor gives 32.40 horse power at 1000 r.p.m. Carburetor of late improved float-feed type is specially designed and adjusted for power and economy. Perfected oil governor absolutely controls speed and delivers maximum power at all speeds. Four speed transmission gives flexibility and adds power at low speeds. Two piece drive shaft, tapered at ends, with three universal joints and supported at center by self-aligning bearing insures smooth, even transmission of power. Rear spring suspension constructed according to government design. Heavy steel wheels of spoke type, equal to the severest service; wheelbase, 165 inches; Pressed-on Firestone tires 36" x 5" front, 36" x 5" dual rear; Pneumatics, extra price.

Republic Dispatch, with Express Body and Canopy Top	$1095.00
Republic Special, with Express or Stake Body	1295.00
Model 10: 1 Ton, with Express or Stake Body	1535.00
Model 11: 1½ Ton, Chassis	1885.00
Model 19: 2—2½ Ton, Chassis	2395.00
Model 20: 3½ Ton, Chassis	3450.00

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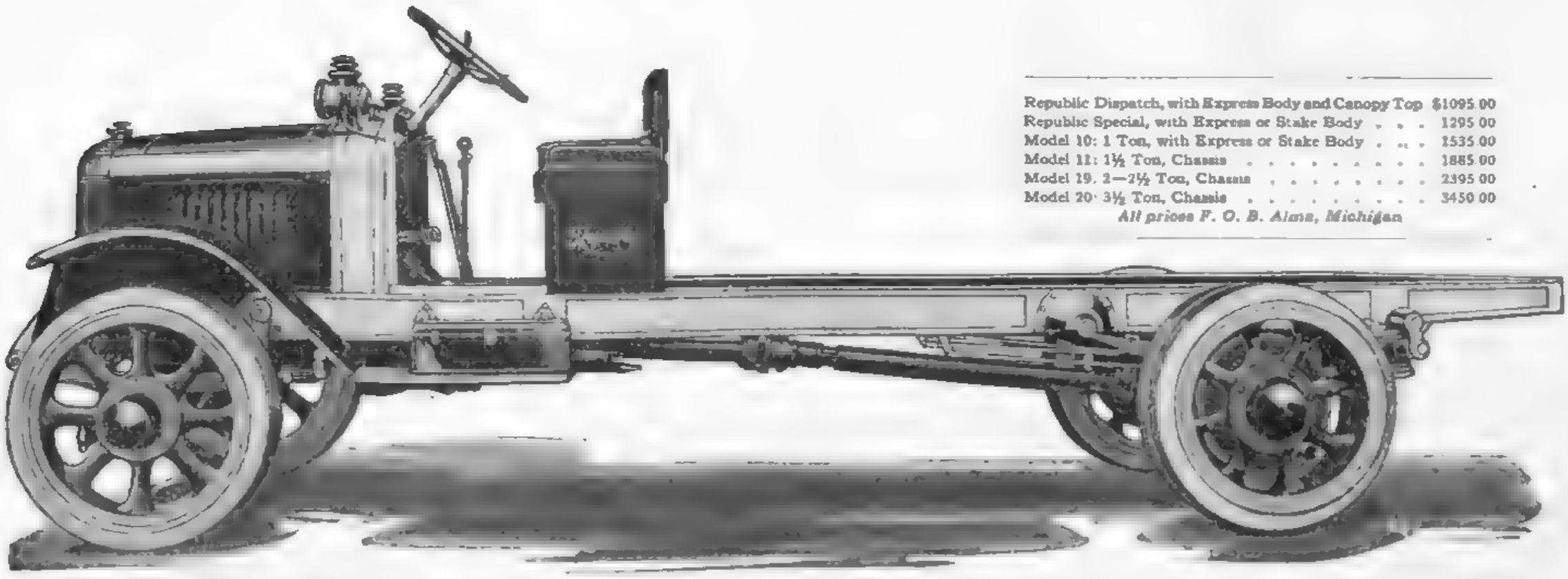

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The Torbensen Internal Gear Drive—used in all Republic Trucks, delivers 92% of the motor power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much. The entire load is carried on a separate I-beam axle. The driving mechanism has nothing to do but *drive* the truck

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THE mighty thunder cloud often generates and wastes 150 thousand horsepower, when it hurls its terrific bolt flashing and crashing through the sky.

The fiery little Columbia generates a fraction of this volume, but sends its power on a specific errand, through wires, under control, without waste.

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THE Columbia Dry Battery is the handy-man of the world. It ignites stationary engines, autos, trucks, tractors, and motorboats; rings bells and buzzes buzzers; lights lanterns and makes telephones talk; runs toys for the youngsters.

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Columbia Service Dealers or Service Stations anywhere will be glad to demonstrate why and how you—like legions of other automobile owners—will prosper with Columbia Quality and Service.

Columbia
Storage and Dry Batteries

(Concluded from Page 89)

After a while I slip into the trance of the woods and am quieted, because—the woods do not know I am there.

That old poetic trick of demanding a personal acknowledgment from Nature is all wrong. I love to be with my pines and gum trees, because they are as unaware of me as I should be of a chilly little ghost that had found some human warmth in my company.

If I could meet you in some such way; if I could come as a very perspicacious but unnoticeable shadow—perhaps ——

But as things are I do not want to see you. NANCY MARSH.

FROM ALAN DIGBY TO ANNA MARSH

NANON DEAR! You said what I was mad enough to hope you would say. If you don't want to see me it is because you don't dare to.

Once upon a time you were not afraid of admitting any truth. As for me, nothing is true any longer except my memory of you. I'm dogged and haunted. As if we could ever be really free of each other!

I'm writing like a schoolboy. I feel that way.

Little drifts of you go by; little trills of Nanon music, just as they used to do. The night is full of you again.

Do you fancy that I intend to do without you all my life? It isn't natural. ALAN.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO ALAN DIGBY

You must not write to me again. You do not understand. N. M.

FROM ALAN DIGBY TO ANNA MARSH

When shall I come?

FROM MRS. EDWARD FENWICK TO ANNA MARSH

DEAR DAUGHTER: I have just had a long and most disturbing conversation with your friend, Lily Mimms. No one could ever consider Lily a person of tact or overfine feeling; but I have always found her, if anything, only too truthful! In this instance I can only hope that she has been mistaken.

My dear child, I hardly know how to open this painful subject. Lily tells me that you have been receiving letters almost if not quite daily and replying to them frequently; and that your correspondent is not a member of your own sex. I trust and believe that nothing but the most innocent sentiments may have, as yet, passed between you; but from what Lily tells me of the contents of his epistles—she says she has not perused yours—I feel it my duty at least to ask you this question: Do you consider the pursuit of this correspondence wise?

My dearest child, all your mother wishes you to do is to reflect on your duty as a wife, a mother and a Christian! I am sure your own conscience will point you to the true path.

Your loving and anxious MOTHER.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO MRS. EDWARD FENWICK, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

DEAR MAMMA: I am glad to be able to relieve your mind; and I assure you that, up to the present time, I think I may call myself a perfectly virtuous woman.

Yours affectionately, NANCY.

P. S. I do think you have the worst literary style I know; something like Queen Victoria's Memoirs of the Prince Consort—only much more so.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

LILY MIMMS, what did you tell my mother? That I was carrying on an intrigue with a stranger? You must have, because you were the only person who knew anything about my writing to just a few men, except Chat. And he has at least the instincts of a gentleman.

Your infuriated NANCY.

FROM ALAN DIGBY TO ANNA MARSH

LET us be serious and talk this matter over calmly like the two good friends we used to be. It resolves itself into this: Here is our happiness at your absolute mercy. Here is my everything under your feet—I beg pardon; I didn't mean to be rhetorical. What are you going to do about it?

What are you going to do with me?

I persist that no claim on you is more eternally justified than my claim. Not because I love you—that is nothing; but because you love me. What's the use of denying it? You cannot do so great a wrong to yourself as to thwart the whole seagoing current of your nature; to bank it up with shifty dunes of conventions and everyday habits. You're nobody's woman. You are free! You own life in fee simple. Have the nerve to come out and take possession of it and of your own soul.

Nanon, if you would! The beauty of it!

I have always been pleased with the pleasantness and well-flavoredness of this earth, seeing that it is the only one we are likely to get. I think that, living simply from day to day, I have put out my hand and helped myself to most of the minor goods of it. But the great love and the great poem eluded me. When you came to me again I caught the promise of the first, and to gain that I would give up any hope of the other. What more can I say? But they will come together; they cannot fail to come together.

I have set my heart on you without keeping anything back. And that is the touchstone, I think. In the lesser loves one cannot help reserving a point of vantage in self-defense; a bit of self-consciousness to smile with understandingly and sardonically in case things go wrong and the fairly probable disillusionment comes. I give you everything!

One thing in life is the reward for the trouble of living. It is rather rare. We, having found it, should be fools to throw it away. Don't! Don't! It would be like choosing to be blind.

Light of my eyes, when may I see you?

FROM ANNA MARSH TO ALAN DIGBY

No! No! No!

FROM LILY MIMMS TO ANNA MARSH

DEAREST NANCY: I don't know what you mean by insinuating that I have not the instincts of a gentleman. I am sure I have them just as much as you have. No sister could have been ruder to me than you have been on occasion; and I have put up with it like a lamb.

Oh, Nancy, forgive me! I was getting scared. He is such a fascinating man!

If you really want to know what the last straw was that made me have that historic interview with your mother, it was neither your Mr. Digby's last letter nor my apprehensions. What I could not stand was Agatha's clothes and her airs.

You know my opinion of Agatha. Suffice it to say that, with her furs and her ornaments, she—on the hoof—would have been worth several pigs of high degree. Having appraised her, I broke the news about you. Not in Aggie's presence, of course. By the way, she has a Peek now as a solace. They shiver about in unison and look at you without turning their heads. Don't tell me Lamia had snake's eyes; she had Peek's eyes, round lustrous orbs that worked on a swivel. Agatha looks more than ever like some little thing off the mantelpiece, so that you glance at the other side of the room for the match, and find it—in the mirror.

Did you know that those long lakes of glass were coming in again, just in time for her? Of course we have always had them in Pineforest, because nobody wanted the expense of painting the drawing-room over to hide the fresher squares on the wall that their removal would have divulged. Just after the war the poverty of the Southern towns was their salvation. Nobody could afford to buy any of the new atrocities; so our houses have always remained at least dignified.

I broke it as gently as a summer breeze. Your mother was annihilated.

"But Nancy has the highest principles!" she said. She kept repeating it at intervals. It seemed her only comfort.

"Nancy is an artist," I told her. "They have higher principles than anybody; so high that they frequently have nothing to do with real life at all. Look at Shelley. He was an angel in grain he really was; but that didn't prevent him from running away. They look at things differently from commonplace folks like you and me."

"But her social position; her her reputation!" said she I must say she did think about the principles first. "What is she thinking of?"

Then I got in

"What are you thinking of?" I demanded. "What did you expect? Nancy, until she married, was brought up to do exactly as she chose. She never had to think of money. When she wanted to go to that coeducational college, when she wanted to stop in the middle of a term and dance a while, when she wanted to go abroad—nobody objected. The first real fact she ever bumped into was when Chat's affairs went to pieces and she had to scrimp. And everywhere she went she met the interesting people—the writing, painting, acting and, above all, talking set. I don't think Nancy would do anything so stupid as to fall in love with this man. But can't you see that she might confuse his irresistible background with him? Nancy is a goldfish out of a bowl in the howling wilderness. She only cares to dance with daffodils when there are no men to dance with."

"But her children!" wailed the heckled lady.

"Nancy loves her children dearly," I testified. "She talks about them in the funniest way, as though they were foreign young barbarians thrust on her care—like the hens; but she loves them so that she feels an absolute responsibility for everything they do and are. And nobody can stand a strain like that forever without nervous prostration of the conscience."

"But her principles—and her social position!" she went on lamenting.

"She won't lose that," I comforted. "Things have changed in the world, Mrs. Fenwick. If Nancy insists on going, Chat will do anything that will protect her most, whether it tears him up by the roots or not. And the writer man will marry her. He has heaps of money, I believe. And they will live among those artistic pagans who don't mind such things; and Nancy will have that brilliant, talkative, unconventional crowd to flock with. She won't be in outer darkness—if that's what you mind."

Then I drew two most touching pictures: One of Nancy in the wild, dropping large tears into the soup pot, toiling over contumacious account books, making the children's winter nightgowns out of the summer blankets, cutting up the remains of her princessly trousseau to clothe the latest baby, eking out in every possible way, and going to pieces in the process. And the other, Nancy in Venice perhaps, blooming like an orchid, floating down the lagoons among the lily pads—do they have them there, or only footpads?—to the sound of lutes and epigrams; Nancy in a perpetual carnival of multicolored conversation. I became lyrical. I convinced myself to the point of tears. Oh, Nancy, that's where you belong! I saw you there.

"And she could write the things that grow in that kind of jungle," I said. "Those little lyrics aren't anything. They were done between the cradle and the cookstove. Give Nancy a chance, Mrs. Fenwick!"

"Why, Lily Mimms!" gasped the poor lady. "You don't mean let her go with the man?"

"Oh, no; no, indeed!" I shouted. "I should hate that as much as you would. I mean do something to stop her worrying and using up her whole soul about the children's future."

"I have offered to lend Chat money," said she, stiffening. "He refused in such a spirit that I have never seen my way to assisting them since."

"That wasn't the way," I answered. "Why didn't you go to Nancy? You don't offer to lend Agatha money. You give her what she needs—and a lot more. Nancy hasn't ceased to be your child, Mrs. Fenwick, because she married a man you don't care for."

We were both weeping by this time, otherwise I shouldn't have dared to be so impertinent. She capitulated all at once.

"What ought I to do? I'll do anything you say to save her, Lily. You seem to know her better than I do."

"Give her a good fat allowance—that's always the nicest way of doing it," I suggested. "And you might lend her your cottage in Pineforest. You almost never use it. Then the children could go to school; and they could have a little car and go to the plantation for week-ends and holidays. Lots of families do that."

"If you think so," said she. I wish you could have seen her meekness.

"And meantime," I continued, "I think that nothing would tend more to the saving of Nancy than a pig."

"A pig!" said she, as though she couldn't believe it. "What pig?"

"Oh, no particular pig," said I. "I don't know his address. Only, he must be of one particular family."

"But a pig!" she repeated, as though she couldn't get reconciled to it. She was like Naaman the Syrian, who had expected to be told to do some great thing and was ordered just to go and bathe seven times in the Jordan.

"Take comfort," said I. "It's at least a pedigreed pig."

I met Agatha in the hall as I went out. She observed: "I hope Nan's sentimental troubles have made her thinner." I wonder if she had been listening!

Lovingly, LILY.

ANNA MARSH TO ALAN DIGBY

YOU are not to come. You are never to come! You wouldn't be able to find your way to this place. I forbid it!

A. M.

ANNA MARSH TO MRS. FENWICK

DEAR MAMMA: I am so sorry for the horrid things I said about you and dear Queen Victoria. I have glanced over the Memoirs again and I am sure that it is a very nice and creditable book. After doing all the household niceties that my aborigines cannot do, I have to sit in a Chippendale chair in the bay window and read a work like that to increase my morale.

Your second letter came hard on the heels of your first. I don't know how to thank you for all your kindness. It will make a world's difference to us! Phil's arithmetic is beyond me; and if Anne doesn't begin to flock with girls of her own age soon she will never learn to wear her riding breeches like a lady.

Lovingly, NANCY.

ALAN DIGBY TO ANNA MARSH

I shall leave for South Carolina on Saturday. A.

ANNA MARSH TO ALAN DIGBY

I shall not be here. You are driving me away! A. M.

ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS

DEAR LILY: You have often offered me the hospitality of your house and all the charming things it contains. Would you mind my taking you—if the worst came to the worst—at your word? I may become a refugee at a moment's notice. I never dreamed that things would go so far! I simply will not see him!

In acute apprehension, NANCY.

TELEGRAM FROM LILY MIMMS TO ANNA MARSH

All at your service. 'Am returning tomorrow. 'Am I forgiven?—LILY.

TELEGRAM FROM ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS

Danger averted. Needn't hurry. No death to be in at—NANCY.

FROM ALAN DIGBY TO ANNA MARSH

Good-by! There is nothing more for me to say, I suppose. You prefer being blind.

ALAN.

FROM ANNA MARSH TO LILY MIMMS

DEAR LILY SUE: He has come! I am the happiest woman in the county. He is a miracle of strength and beauty.

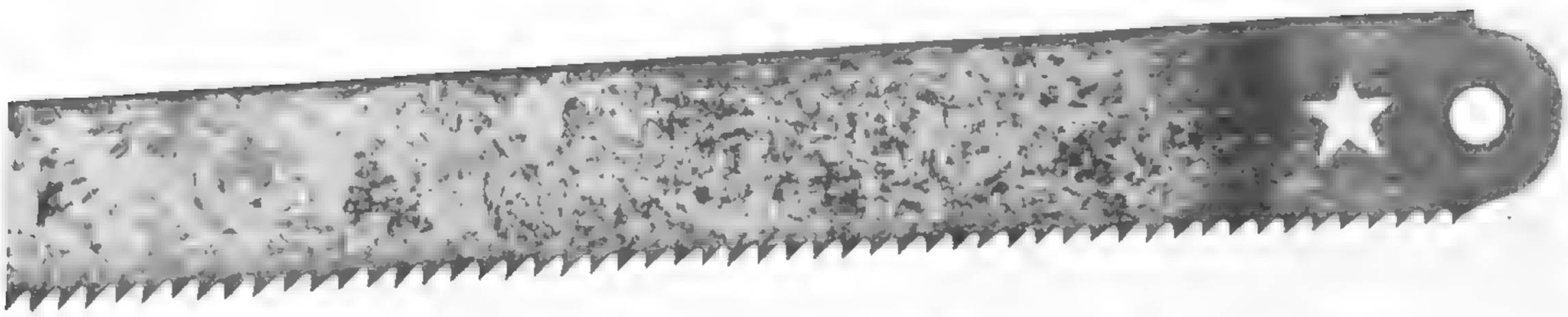
Yes, dear child, I forgive you. For being the best friend an ungrateful wretch ever had, I forgive you. I hope that you are comforted. Like Balaam, only blessings will proceed out of my mouth. I forgive you so hard that I am herewith going to divulge the mystery of my poem instead of carrying it to my grave and having it flower into violets above my silence.

Do you remember a drawing—in Punch, I think—of a depressed young man regarding a crushed hat and murmuring: "I must have had a—somewhere—of a good time last night"? That poem is my hat. I must have had a wonderful time when I was a girl. However, I do not remember to have orientated my heart to such an extent as to justify the echoes that answered my *cri de cœur* from every point of the compass. It was not my fault. It was Fate.

I simply could not bear it that Chat shouldn't have everything he wanted. I published that absurd little book in the forlorn hope that I might earn enough money to have his dream of a pig added unto us. Did I tell you that he is registered as Victor Orlando, but we call him Theodore? Yours as ever, NANCY.

P. S. You know very well that there was never any man but Chat. And what have I to do with romance anyway? What has any woman to do with romance who raises pigs for a living, and has seven "head o' chillun," and weighs almost two hundred pounds?

STAR HACK



Star Service Goes With the Saw

When you buy hack saws you are not buying blades at all in reality, but the sawing results you get from using those blades.

That is why the Star Service that goes with our saws is only second in importance to the blades themselves.

That Star Saws can beat the world on results has been proven time after time. But Star Service may be able to put some of our thirty-five years of special sawing knowledge at your disposal, with a surprising increase in results.

Just the other day we made a hack sawing suggestion to a large railroad shop that cut their sawing cost almost in half. Think what such a saving means to a large shop in a year's production.

It is well worth while to let our Service Department check up your methods anyway. We will be glad to do it no matter what blades you are using. And it may be we can help you make a substantial saving.

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

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Machine and Hand

Star Blades are standardized to do the widest range of work with maximum efficiency. The unique design of their teeth enables them to do fast cutting as well on light as heavy work. This gives them not only a great advantage in the range of work but in the low cost per cut.

And these results are made possible because our steel mixture and heat treating methods enable us to put a more effective cutting angle and clearance on the saw teeth that do the work.

Flexible and All Hard

Star Service men are in all the chief cities. Address our main office at Millers Falls, Mass.

Star Hack Saws are sold by leading supply houses, hardware jobbers and retailers everywhere.

Write for our free book "Hack Saw Efficiency." A valuable handbook for everyone who saws metal.

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SAW BLADES

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This is What Novo Power Means

The water mains shown in the accompanying photograph were laid in low, sandy ground, in East Chicago. Surface water accumulated in large quantities, and had to be pumped off.

Five Novo Triplex Pumping Outfits, of 6 H. P. each, were put on the job. At the time the photograph was taken, these five Novo Pumps had been running continuously for two months—24 hours every day, and seven days a week.

That is the kind of service these five Novo Pumps delivered to the Leonard Construction Co. That is the kind of service you get every time you put Novo Power on the job.

Novo Engines and Outfits, 1½ to 15 H. P. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, distillate, natural or artificial gas. Outfits for Pumping, Hoisting, Air Compressing, Sawing. Write for full information.

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THE MARCH INTO GERMANY

By Maude Radford Warren

FIVE minutes ago as I looked out of the window I saw only a German street, its narrow muddy pavements flanked by clean white houses behind which well-cultivated fields rolled up to the hills. My neighbor, Frau M——, was scolding her little boy, and would presently make some excuse to come to my room and cry and say she never would have been so cross if her nerves were not so upset over the terrible war and did I think her husband might even yet be alive in Palestine. The pretty Fräulein with the blue hat and the yellow fur fox went by, cocking her head in my direction with a resentful expression—the expression of a little child to whom one has said: "No; you mustn't do that again." The stout pastor was passing by, as usual a little breathless, a little late to whatever appointment he had, and as usual followed by his dog, that had always the air of expecting to be sent home. The tall baker was in the road surveying his shop window, head critically on one side, reflective finger tapping his long nose. A few other civilians were going about their business or talking, two and two, under windows. Two or three children were playing in a game from which Frau M——'s child had been reft. Just a commonplace German scene in a common German street.

Then suddenly I heard a sound that always seems to me like the call of a trumpet—the sound of marching feet. From round the corner came a platoon of men returning from some detail duty, swinging silently along after their lieutenant, eyes front. From round another corner came a group on their way to the Y. M. C. A. concert. The Germans stopped talking and watched. Always, always there are Germans watching our men.

With the Army of Occupation

THE children went on playing, but everything else seemed to change. No longer just a little German town was this, but a place where Germany's late enemy was billeted, a town held by the conquerors; and though the conquerors are big-hearted boys who cannot hate people they live beside, their presence makes this part of Germany, by what is both bitter irony and poetic justice, just what the Germans find it hardest to endure—occupied territory.

To the few civilians who were allowed to accompany the march into Germany the experience will forever remain as one of the glories of our lives. Perhaps to the soldiers themselves the full value of it will come only in retrospect, for often to a man in arms the fabric of glory crumbles into the dust of weariness and grief and loss. Yet even when at the end of a day they felt the weight of a full pack and of mud-laden feet our soldiers took this march as they had taken no other in the months of warfare. They had fought the good fight; they had laid the guerdon at the feet of their country, and now they were going home. By way of Germany, indeed, but still they were going home.

To an onlooker every mile of the march was picturesque. Those many, many men in khaki! it almost seemed as if they were converging from all the roads of the world. The flags they carried; the banners they passed between in Belgium and Luxemburg; the dusky glow of the kitchens at nightfall; the five sharp shots that signaled the practice riot call, followed by the sharp running of many feet; the gypsylike tarrying in this town for a night and in that town for almost a week; and always spectators—our allies of Belgium, the neutral people of Luxemburg, our late antagonists, the Germans.

A long series of pictures, but the most vivid of all is the last day of the march with one particular division from Adenau to Ahrweiler through country than which there can be none more beautiful in all the world. For we were going through that valley and mountain land that leads to the Rhine. Beside us in the flat bottomland a green river rushed swiftly to its father Rhine. At right and left towered dull scarlet or gray brown mountains; scarlet with a covering of fallen autumn leaves, and gray brown with grape terraces. Most painfully and carefully had those terraces been built of many, many stones and a little earth. Up and up they labored, with here and there a sharp path between them. One could but marvel at the skill and patience and thrift they embodied. Once a tall fortress sat beside them on a solitary mountain that rose like an island from the plain; twice ruined castles looked down upon the modern cream-colored villas that had superseded them. Sometimes the white houses of long village streets sprang into place, showing a preponderance of inns, which reminded one that this was the great tourist country, the region where young artists and students and thinkers used to love to take walking tours and draw inspiration from the beauties of Nature, and work out the theories of living they were so eager to essay.

And now through this country marched our victorious Army. One might have thought that nothing in that scene could seem so impressive, so full of quiet force as those immemorial mountains—until our soldiers marched by at their feet. Never, never have I seen so impressive a sight as that long, long column of marching men in view for miles along the winding road, passing over the massive stone bridges, marching, marching, tingling with a sense of power, strong with a sense of restrained force, full of life, the symbol of our young country. It was breath-taking to watch them; one could give them only the tribute of silent admiration. No one who saw those men can ever doubt that our country may realize whatever destiny it will.

In Ahrweiler, in the wide square in front of the cathedral, I stood watching a column of soldiers entering, band playing, flags flying, the German people on the sidewalks silently staring. Suddenly upon the balcony of the hotel opposite the cathedral appeared a tall thin man with dark, intent face. It was the commanding general, informally and silently reviewing his troops. Some whisper must have warned the men, for as they passed before the balcony, in spite of the long miles they had traveled, their shoulders were straight, their heads were up, their step was as fresh as if they had but just begun their day's journey.

On they strode in the sunshine. In the cathedral a service was being held, and subdued solemn music rose above the crisp rhythm of the soldiers' march. It rose, but it fell into nothingness, like the aspirations of a conquered people. It was our martial music that was triumphant, our flags that waved, our men whose presence in Germany said: "The war is done; the nations that for four years you have taken away from their peaceful concerns will now decide for you what your coming years shall be."

Getting Up the Supplies

UNFORGETABLE from the picturesque side, that march, but equally impressive in another way, for it was perhaps the most stupendous achievement in moving troops that the world has ever seen. Yet it was accomplished as easily as if it had been rehearsed. In outline it did not seem so appalling. Scarcely any plan on paper looks overpowering. Marching abreast with the Tenth French Army and the Second British Army our Third Army, consisting of nine divisions, was to proceed into Germany in tactical formation, six of the divisions in the first line and three in support. In the first wave four divisions would advance "contagious," as the Irish say, with two behind. They would be distributed so as to effect strategic security and so as to utilize available billeting space. The organization was arranged, as far as possible, to eliminate waste and to save time. The Third Army would have radiating from it, like spokes from a hub, three corps, and each of these corps would radiate divisions.

To give one concrete example: In the matter of supplies the army would be the wholesaler, as it were; the corps the commission man; and the divisions, with their regiments, battalions and companies, the retailer. When some supply officer in a regiment or battalion of a certain division wanted, say, a motor, he consulted with the officer higher up, who got in communication with the proper corps officer, who in turn communicated with the Third Army officer, the court of last resort.

For each division G1, G2 and G3 would be on the job even more strenuously than heretofore. G2 would be doing intelligence service in the same old way. G1 would have charge of all the services, supplies, ordnance, evacuation of sick and wounded, and so on, as usual. G3 would as always take care of operations. Both G1 and G3 would daily put out their orders by which the advance would be run. G3 would produce his field order; G1 would see it and get out his accompanying supply order; they would go to the chief of staff for approval and afterward to the commanding general. Then nothing would be left except for the orders to be carried out!

Thus the paper plan. But it was a stupendous task to move close to half a million men over strange country along many unknown roads, and feed and clothe and warm them, and keep them out of danger and out of mischief. If you want to know

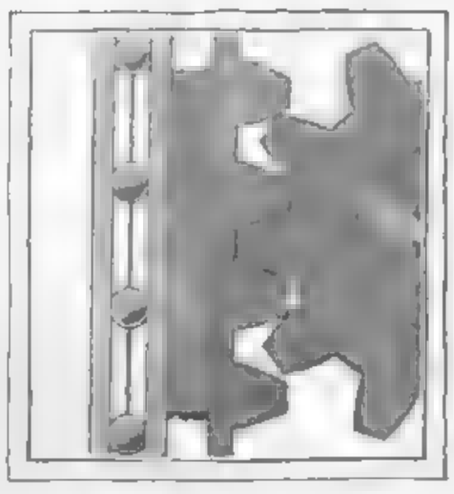
(Continued on Page 101)

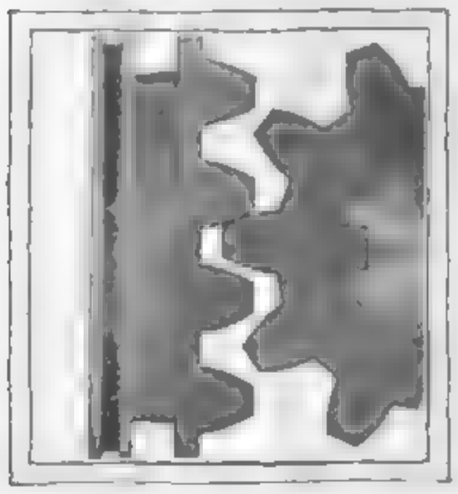
BAILEY BALL THRUST

A frictionless ball bearing to replace thrust washers on Fords and Chevrolet 490's

With Bailey Ball Thrust

Gears are always properly meshed—ball bearing stands up under pressure and holds the gears snug. Drive is exerted firmly on strong part of two teeth instead of on one, no noise, no lost power, no jerky "back-lash" and no stripping or breaking of gears. See illustration opposite.





With the Ordinary Washer

The gears are partly out of mesh because the washers at the left side have worn thin due to gear thrust. This results in drive being taken on one tooth only and on weak part of that tooth (see illustration at left)—resulting in loss of power, noisy gears, jerky "back-lash" and in stripping of gears.

Prevents Rear Axle Trouble

PLAIN flat washers used at left side of Ford and some Chevrolet 490 differentials grind together, create tremendous friction and wear thin. This causes drive gear and pinion to get out of mesh or shift away from each other. The drive then is taken on the weak part of one tooth only instead of firmly upon two, and in a short time the strain causes a snapping of the gear teeth and excessive rear axle trouble and repair expense. Moreover, fine particles of metal worn away through washer friction get into the other axle bearings and lessen their life and service.

Quiet Gears—No Wear

But the Bailey Ball Thrust bearing with its rolling, Hoover chrome-steel balls, creates no friction—hence no wear. It must therefore make gears mesh properly, run quietly, smoothly and without the danger of broken gear teeth.

Each Bailey Ball Thrust bearing possesses the strength to withstand six times the thrust (or pressure) applied at any time and so we can and do unqualifiedly guarantee every bearing installed, and we insist that our dealers repeat this guarantee to the car owner. In the past year approximately 125,000 of these bearings were installed and made good.

Your Dealer Knows

See your dealer or repairman—he undoubtedly carries this bearing in stock. Most dealers do. He will tell you how Bailey Ball Thrusts have helped other Ford and Chevrolet 490 owners in preventing axle trouble, and that all other cars are equipped with ball or roller bearings to take this gear thrust in order to eliminate friction and wear. If he cannot supply you, write us direct, giving his name; we will see that you are supplied. Price $3.75. (Canada $5.00.)

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on Bailey Ball Thrusts—learn how to avoid rear axle repair expense.

From the plant of GEO. D. BAILEY

SHAFER ROLLER BEARINGS

For Ford and Chevrolet 490 Front Wheels — Self-aligning, 100% Thrust

Prevent Front-Wheel Bearing Trouble

WITH Shafer Roller Bearings in the front wheels of your car, wheel wobbling vanishes, steering becomes easier, repairs cease. Shafer bearings are a radical departure from what up to the present time has been accepted as the last word in roller bearings.

Accepting the greatest possible radial (downward) loads, for their size, Shafer Bearings possess maximum capacity.

100% Thrust Ability to take thrust (side pressure) equal to radial (downward) loads.

This bearing resists all end thrusts on the entire length of rollers, instead of only upon outer edge of roller's end. This solves what has heretofore been the chief problem in front wheel bearing construction.

Self Aligning Ability to run "out of true" without friction, wear, straining or pinching of rollers.

The outer surface of the cone is convex, having the contour of a perfect ball, and the rollers possess a concave surface, thereby forming a cradle for the cone and allowing it to swing to meet any deflection of spindle when same gets out of alignment. The cone being free to move with spindle and load being taken upon full length of rollers eliminates straining or binding of rollers as occurs with a bearing the cone of which is held perfectly rigid and cannot meet spindle misalignment.

Adjustable For whatever small wear may occur by merely tightening cone of the outside bearing.

Shafer Bearings besides being made of the finest steel, heat treated and ground, and possessing the exclusive features of 100% thrust capacity and self-alignment are easily adjustable and are guaranteed without reservation.

Have your dealer or repairman install a set of Shafers now. If he cannot supply you write us, giving his name—we will see that you are supplied.

Ford and Chevrolet 490 deliveries immediately — replacements for others later.

(Four bearings) $10.00 (2 wheel set). Canada $12.50.

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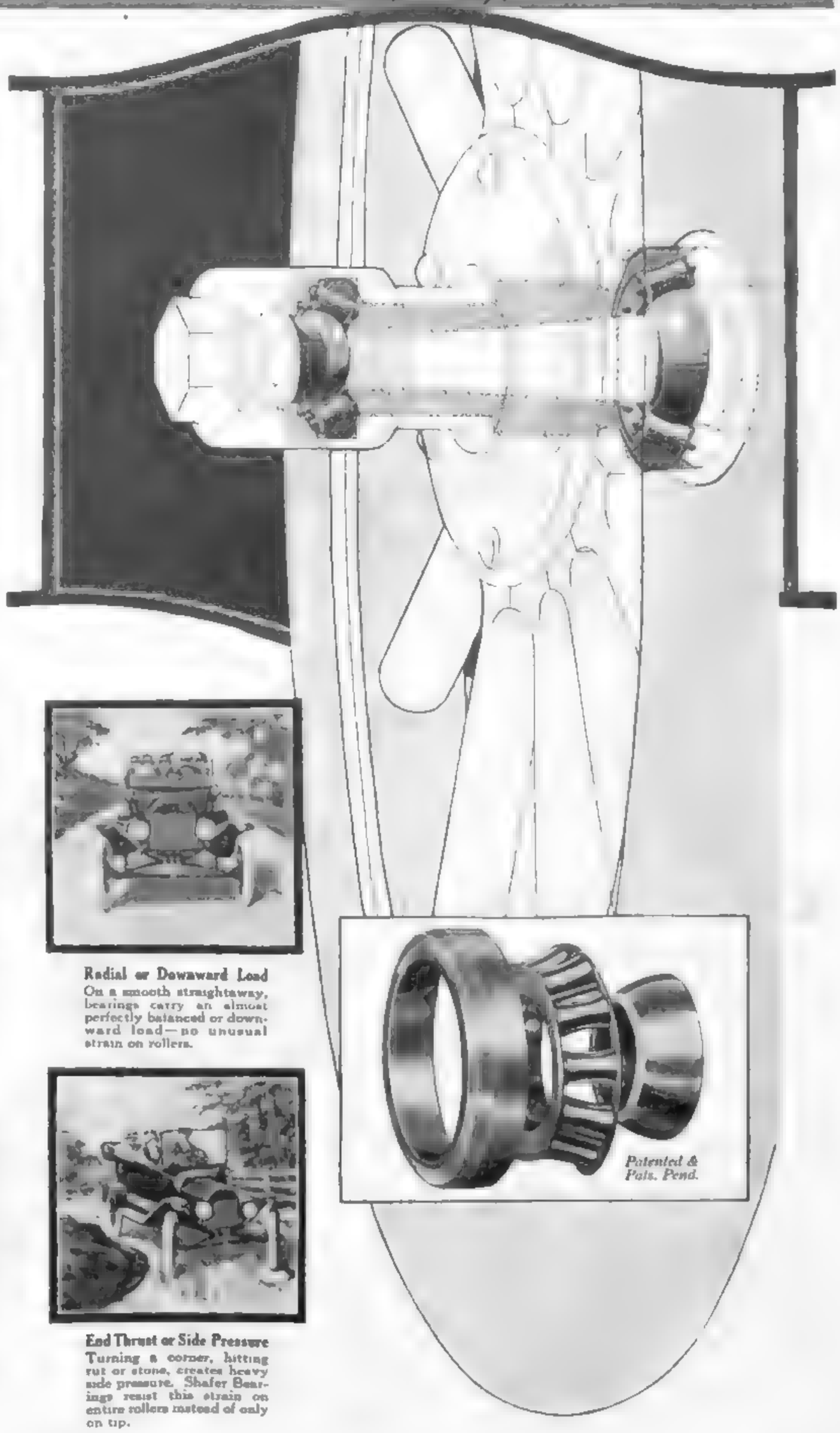

Radial or Downward Load
On a smooth straightaway, bearings carry an almost perfectly balanced or downward load—no unusual strain on rollers.

End Thrust or Side Pressure
Turning a corner, hitting rut or stone, creates heavy side pressure. Shafer Bearings resist this strain on entire rollers instead of only on tip.

Patented & Pats. Pend.

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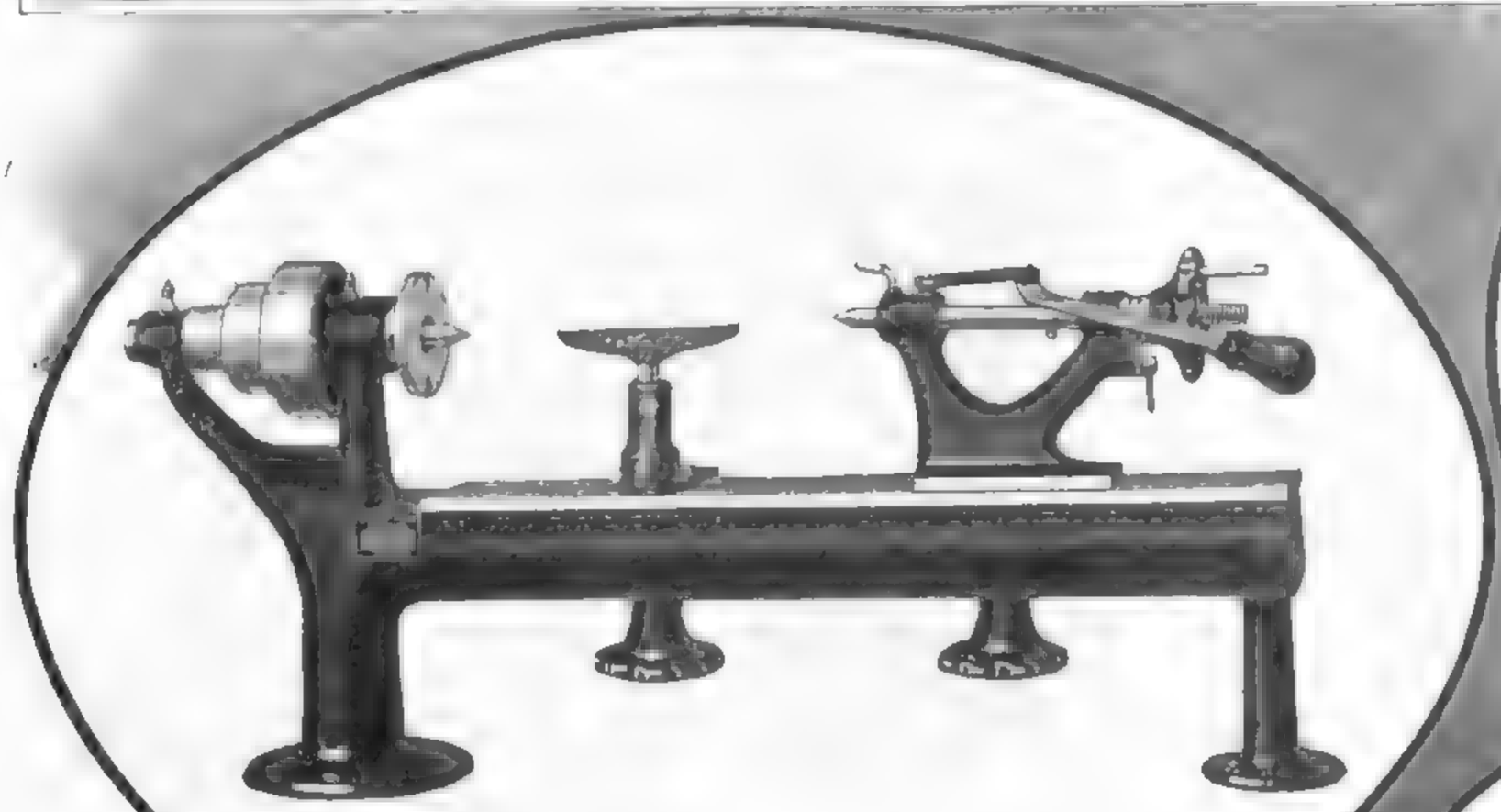
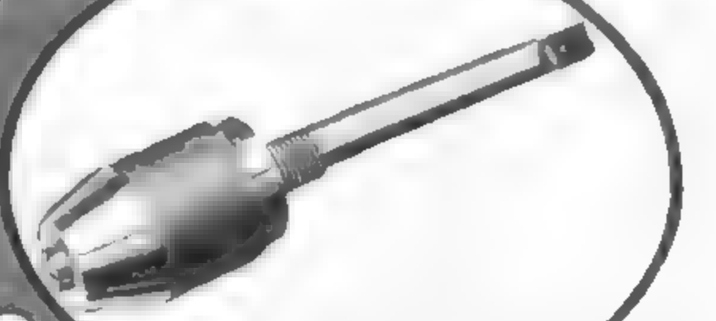
1500 GOOD TOOLS



Bench Lathes
125

High Speed Hand Drill
486



Drill Chucks
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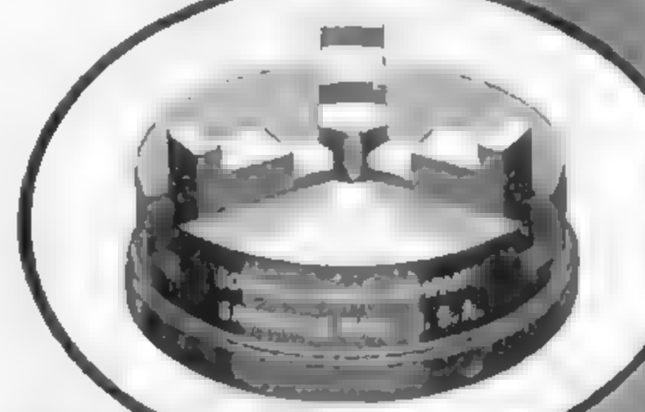
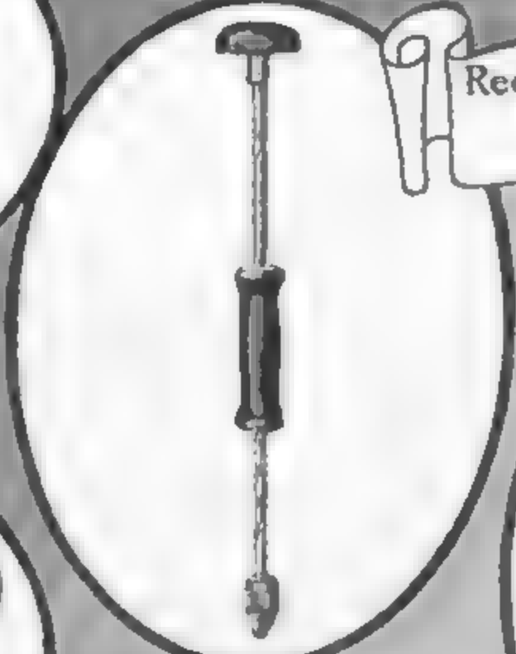
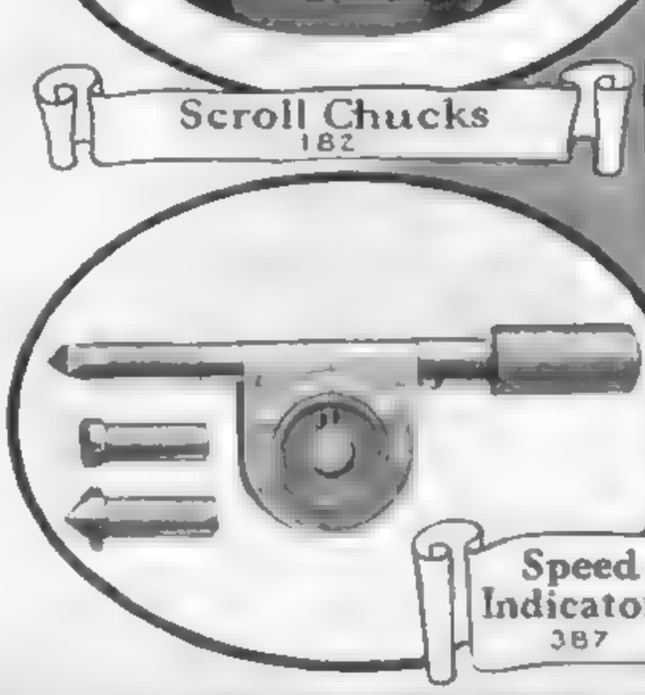


Scroll Chucks
182



Reciprocating Drills
101



Speed Indicators
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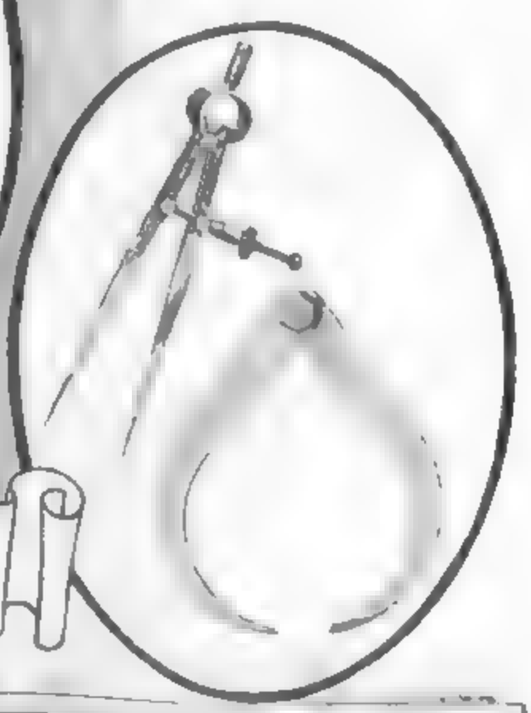
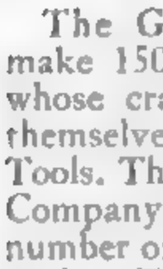


Calipers and Dividers
401 — 514

Men and Tools



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GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY
Toolsmiths
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GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY *Toolsmiths* Greenfield, Mass U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 97)

something about the difficulties of moving many troops either in a wartime advance or an occupational advance recall your worst experience of house-moving; add to that, as if on the same day, a house-cleaning, the coming of an unexpected and critical guest, the intrusion of sickness and a trained nurse, the leaving of the cook, and a stream of bill and tax and charity collectors, telephone and electric light inspectors and the census taker. Then you may have some notion of the anguish of spirit induced when soldiers are getting from one place to another. Wartime moving shows few difficulties on paper. This division moves out of this territory, and that division takes its place. The same towns are used for railheads, for divisional headquarters, brigade headquarters, regimental headquarters. The same billets are used. Nothing to do but travel.

Advancing by Clockwork

Or suppose divisions move to attack; clockwork again. Guards and outposts are set, wires strung; the infantry comes up in skirmish formation over the fields; behind them on the roads, supplies and artillery. All the military powers have to do is map it all out, and our splendid soldiers do the rest. And as we have seen in all the American drives our soldiers did do the rest, under heavy fire, often hungry and cold because the help the paper campaign meant to afford was delayed owing to the perversity of inanimate objects and the fallibility of various human units. The commonest symbol of it all was the huddled, miserable, maddening, fearsome congestion of the roads.

In the advance into Germany the traffic was mostly one way, and there was no longer shelling and bombing and machine-gun fire. If someone in an airship could have looked down for many days upon that advance he would have seen whole cities of men steadily moving forward through two strange countries into a third which had so recently been hostile. He would have seen that they moved mostly by day over main roads and side roads, northeast and then north and then east, halting in this town a few days and in that a few days, so as to be in certain areas by certain dates. If he had flown low enough he would have seen that in general two companies or a battalion or, if possible, a whole regiment proceeded in a column of squads, each organization with its own transportation. If he were observant he would have noticed that the second line of resistance was always exactly two days behind the outposts.

He would have known that he was watching the working out of a very precise scheme that had to be precise to succeed

For if the men of any one division were placed in a column on one road the column would be thirty miles long. It would take about two days' march for the rear to get to the head. Any division had to clear with its tail a certain line as well as have its head on a certain line so as to allow for the divisions following after. This could be achieved only by the most careful consideration of roads, foot transportation, animal and motor transportation, heavy and light artillery. G3's job.

G1 had to choose nearly every day new railheads; the choice depended upon the location of the troops, the town where they were to make the longest stop being taken for the railhead. That meant that this must also be the center for the motor transportation. The headquarters was not always in the same place as the railhead, and also there could be headquarters and advance headquarters.

But though offices had to be moved from day to day, the work was expected to go on; and it did go on despite the fact that the game in a way was a game of guess for a corps and a division until it got the field order for the next day. Each officer in high authority had to try to guess correctly what the order for the next day would be, try to foresee all the contingencies, figure out and allow for all possible emergencies—to the end of keeping the troops always tactically placed and of making circumstances as easy for them as was possible consistent with getting out of them the maximum efficiency.

The main difficulties of the advance were three: Roads, trains, trucks. When we were moving in France there was not a road whose capacity was not known. Often, unfortunately, the people on it were not the ones acquainted with it, but there were always authorities who could tell to the latest shell hole the nature of that road. In Germany each road has had to be learned as one learns the character of a new acquaintance. The main roads are adequate enough but our men have had to travel over many side roads, which are anything but adequate. G3 daily marked out at least two available roads and perhaps more. At least one day before the next position of the advance, engineers reconnoitered the roads, frequently finding that a road would seem to be going somewhere and would lead into nothingness. Often when a road called itself two-way it was so much one-way that two trucks in muddy weather could not pass each other.

The best point about the German roads is that every embankment and curve is marked by white stones which can be seen at night even in a mist, and which must have saved the lives of many men and horses and motors.

Congested Supplies

What most immediately affected the comfort of the soldiers on these roads was the mud. In France we could send our engineers ahead to repair and clean a road. Here we are not doing that; it is not our job. Further, during the last part of the muddy march the axis of the direction of the roads ran diagonally across the direction of the march. The soldiers said that twenty kilometers on the German roads tired them out more than thirty kilometers on the French roads.

But after all the nature and state of the roads meant only weariness and cost in energy and shoes and clothing. The adequacy of the train service was even more vital than all this; on it depended the coming of the food and the other supplies. For our rolling stock in this advance we had to rely on France and on Germany. The French gave us absolutely all they could spare; they needed a great deal with which to take care of their reconquered territory. The Germans have been slow in giving us the rolling stock we demanded; what they have so far given is anything but their best. Where is the boasted efficiency of the German rails? They have not been able to digest our enormous traffic.

We have been far from able to do what we wanted in the getting up of supplies. In the advance our principle was that we should never outrun our communications as the Germans did when they attacked; that we could put forward our railheads and proceed by bounds to our objective; that our supplies could always catch us up and that we could go unlimited distances. And that is the way it is—but with limitations imposed by the insufficient rolling stock. No margin for waste have we.

We needed a perfect railroad system. Our men were fully outfitted before they started their march—but they were still many kilometers from the Rhine when they required a million shoes or thirty-odd carloads of shoes; a million socks; hundreds of thousands of blouses and of suits of underwear. Every day tens of thousands of gallons of gasoline are swallowed by the motor transport, and much of this must be carried by train. A daily train is supposed to come up to a divisional railhead with rations and other supplies. The divisional supply column of trucks goes to the railhead, loads the proper amount and sets out to the dumps, from which each unit gets its quota. Despite trains that did not appear on time, that halted here and appeared unexpectedly there, and despite accidents to supply wagons, nothing worse has resulted, so far as the food was concerned, than occasional inconvenience. Bread might be lacking to one company for a meal perhaps, or corn-woolie might be served oftener than a delicate palate would prefer.

Once or twice men may have had to miss a meal. It has taken the most energetic planning to make up for that meager rolling stock.

So far as numbers of trucks are concerned, they are more plentiful in each division than they ever were before. There are something like three hundred that can be called upon by each division. But many of them are English trucks that have already given many months of service. It would be as unfair to expect perfect action there as it would be to expect from a sixty-year-old servant the vigor and labor of a servant of twenty. Moreover, the trucks have to be considered in connection with the gasoline supply and with the train service. A certain division is given an allowance of 2000 gallons of gasoline; it needs 3500. It can have more if it will go to the S. O. S. for it, but to do that would use more gasoline than the truck could carry back. Sometimes a gasoline dump moves up close enough to make it worth while to go after it with truck service. And so far as train service is concerned, food must come before gasoline. We're too far away from the source of supplies for a truck train to be practicable. By using trains and trucks to capacity and by cutting out all joy-riding the army is just able to take care of all the necessities. The future holds promise of more.

The Machinery of Movement

It was impressive to see that great machinery of movement at work; it is equally impressive to see it at work now when we are "set." But the other side of our advance was, if not so impressive, even more interesting—the way the soldiers reacted to the new lands and new peoples they encountered. Nobody seems at first to have pondered over the psychology of our soldiers, far less to have attempted to influence it. Manipulating psychology is a German trait, not an American. Here our men were, hundreds of thousands of civilians made into soldiers and now by the stroke of a pen the war was over. Very well; gladly they accepted the fact and they wanted to go home.

I believe that the majority of those that are here would at first have preferred to go straight home, especially those who had been in active service for many months. Many there were, indeed, who were anxious to go to Germany, feeling that to occupy a part of the country would be a fitting end to the war. There were thousands who appreciated the honor of being among the chosen divisions. Here and there was to be found a malcontent, sometimes humorous. A first-class private with two wound stripes—which he removed before the advance so that the Germans would not discover that they had done anything to him—took it upon himself one day to interpret the psychology of General Pershing in regard to choosing the divisions for the occupation.

"For myself," the private said, "I want *tout suite* to get to home and mother. Why, say, I want to get there before a returning soldier is an old story. We don't want the fellows that have been in the S.O.S. to get there first and have all the best lies picked out to tell.

"Believe me, the men that have been over longest ought to get home while folks still remember that there was a war. Gosh, I don't want to bump into someone on the main street that I haven't seen for a year and a half and have her say, 'Why, where you been?'

"I figure this was why the best divisions got picked, and this is how General Pershing figured he'd better put it to us. He thought: 'I've got to send the best troops I have to Germany so that if the Germans try to start anything they'll stop it before they start. I've got to have the fellows that have seen the most and best service, but these guys want to go home. Now when people are out of luck, poor or sick or something, they're always told for consolation that in the next world they'll get all that's coming to them, if not more. It would be a good stunt for me to offer compensation to the doughboys. I'll tell them the greatest honor that can be conferred on the troops is to send them to Germany to occupy the territory of the enemy they have so bravely conquered. It will be the great finish to their achievement. It will complete their experience over here. They shall not be deprived of the honor.'"

Belgium's Welcome

Figure, then, these hordes of men released from fighting that the majority of them never took to, about to start on a long journey through two strange countries and into Germany. What happened to them first was, of course, Belgium. I shall always remember how we drove one afternoon beside a long column of soldiers into a little flag-hung Belgian town just across the French border—American flags and Belgian flags that the inhabitants had made and dyed after the departure of the Germans. What a riot it was of color and glad sound! There stood our soldiers, surrounded by crying, laughing Belgians who literally caressed them.

"Come in; come in!" cried the people, and any soldier who did not understand French did understand what was meant when he was led into a home and placed at a table set with food the Belgians had somehow managed to sequester from the Germans.

What soldier but would have expanded at being treated as a beloved friend, more, as a deliverer. In flag-hung Virton, in all the towns in which our soldiers went, as far up as Arlon, their coming was almost as triumphal as if they were reaching home. Such welcome was tonic. Boys who had been marching wearily, feeling the exhaustion from their long weeks of fighting, lost the sag from their muscles and got back the youthful spring with which they had first set out from home.

"This hero stuff is great," they said. Or, "They sure do treat us fine." Or, "Watch my helmet go busting off my head." Or, "Say, did you notice how clean it is? Me for Belgium."

Or, "You can't make me think these people aren't all right."

I give as a typical reception my own from the LeRoys, the elderly couple upon whom I was billeted. They stood at the door of their apartment, smiling and nodding their heads, their hands reaching forward and back as if they wanted to touch me. They saw, without wincing, my muddy bed roll and suitcase dumped upon their immaculate marble floor. They gave me a bedroom and a sitting room and

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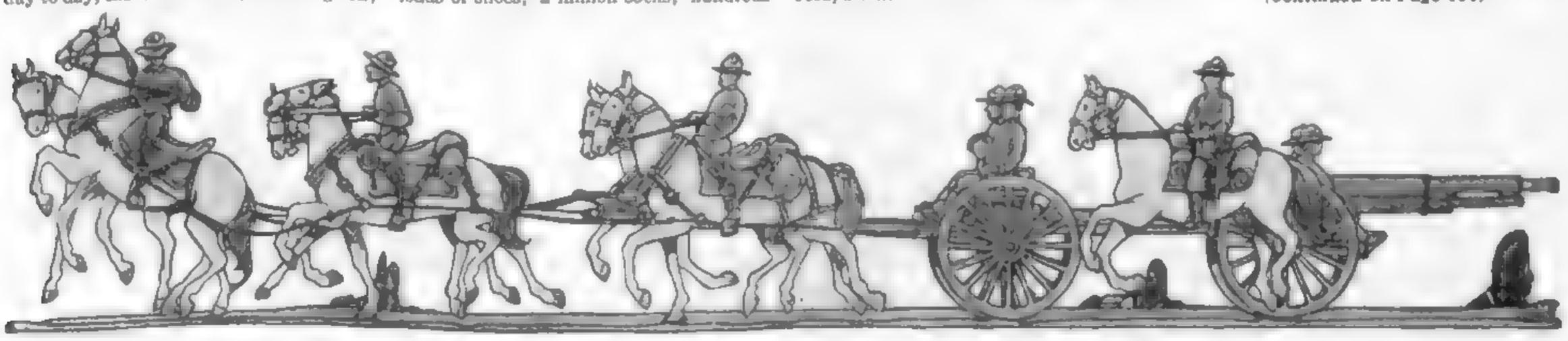


F-W-D Factory
1918

An Appreciation

We take this occasion publicly to express to the Governments of the United States and the Allied Nations our sincere appreciation of their recognition of our product—the F-W-D Motor Truck.

This expression is extended also to the governments of those neutral Nations which have helped to make our history. The magnitude of this combined recognition may best be measured by the facts set forth on the opposite page.

F-W-D Factory 1910

Since 1910 we have been building motor trucks to an ideal—an ideal so high and so steadfastly maintained that nine years have witnessed no change in F-W-D Motor Truck design or construction.

From the beginning the F-W-D has had first call on truck certainty, adaptability and economy. Industry knew this—the war dramatically emphasized it.

In recognition of its ability to perform the Allied Governments took the 1918 output of our own and three other huge factories.

$65,000,000.00 worth of F-W-D Motor Trucks—the world's record.

The F-W-D was in the thick of it on all fronts and came out of the fight holding the record for low cost of truck maintenance. Repair parts sold the British Government for over 3000 F-W-D trucks cost an average of $7.14 per truck per month.

On the Mexican border, "the graveyard of trucks," F-W-D parts cost but $10.52 per truck per month. The F-W-D returns to peaceful pursuits proud of its service in war, of course—but grateful to the nations that hung its banners high.

The Growth By Year of the F-W-D Motor Truck Factory at Clintonville, Wis.

1911 square feet floor space	5,940
1912 square feet floor space	11,880
1913 square feet floor space	32,838
1914 square feet floor space	32,838
1915 square feet floor space	58,258
1916 square feet floor space	82,398
1917 square feet floor space	138,268
1918 square feet floor space	185,351

Pre-war growth 1911 to 1914, 452%
War period growth 1914 to 1918, 463%
Present capacity 6,000 three ton trucks annually.

F W D

Four Wheel Drive Auto Company

Clintonville, Wisconsin

TRUCKS

The boys from the Front will tell you!

The Florsheim SHOE

CONSERVATION is a National need. To conserve individually buy good shoes—they wear best and save for you. To be sure of good shoes buy Florsheims.

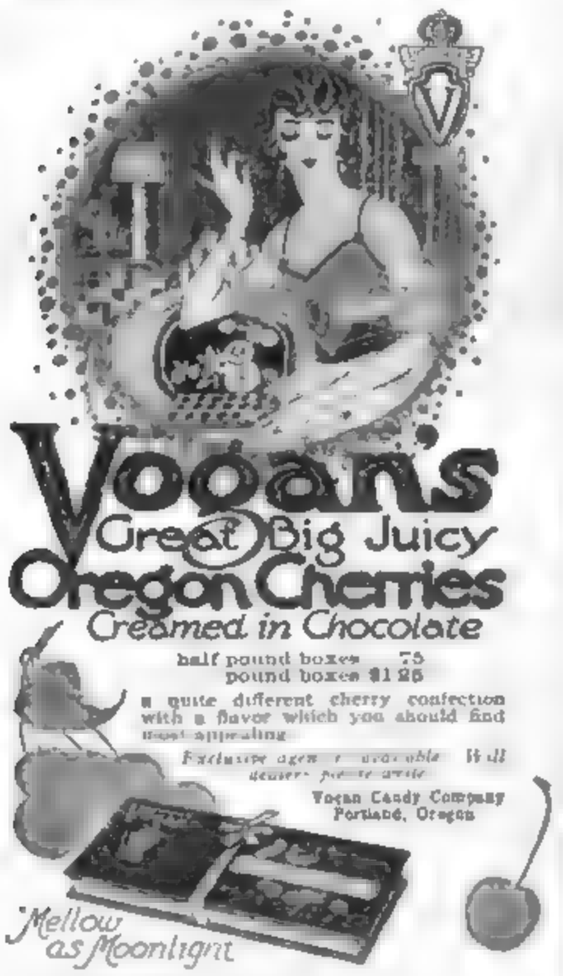
Ten Dollars and up

Florsheim quality is economy. Look for name in shoe.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for "Styles of the Times."

The Moreland—



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Creamed in Chocolate

half pound boxes 75
pound boxes $1.25

a quite different cherry confection with a flavor which you should find most appealing

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Vogan Candy Company
Portland, Oregon

Mellow as Moonlight

Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles shown in full color in the Ranger Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago [illegible]

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Do not [illegible] Direct To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at [illegible] SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog it offers.

Rider Agents Wanted

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. L 56 Chicago

(Continued from Page 101)

wanted me to share their evening soup. When I told them that I was to dine at an officers' mess in the café they threw up their old hands. Did I know that the man who kept it was a German spy? But yes; he had had four brothers at the Front. And a woman connected with the family had served all during the war as governess, sometimes in an English family, sometimes a French, sometimes a Swiss. Ah, poor Belgium had had her share of spies.

The story of their four years of deprivation slowly unrolled before me. Monsieur was a kind of surveyor, and he and a comrade were the only ones in their large firm who during all the four years of German occupation refused to sign the oath of allegiance. The LeRoys had lived by selling their little heirlooms, but their living could have been none of the best, for monsieur had lost seventy pounds in weight. The picture on the German permit which allowed him to live in his own home and walk the streets of his own town showed a plump, comfortable gentleman, while my host was lean and careworn. They had bought no new clothes, no shoes. They showed me the strange lumpy cloth creations they had built for their footwear from the skeletons of old boots. They showed me how cunningly they had blacked over the bits of brass on their stove so that the Germans should not steal them, and how ingeniously they had used spaces in the back of the sideboard in which to hide cutlery. Madame had also camouflaged the broom closet so astutely that she had been able to save a good deal of her linen.

If monsieur's great story was how he had withstood the signing of the oath of allegiance, madame's was about how she had circumvented German theft and had got even with a spy next door, seeing to it that German officers were quartered upon him. Both told with quiet zest of the fashion in which the German privates had behaved toward their officers as soon as the armistice was signed.

"No more saluting," said monsieur; "they stood at the corners where the officers could not but see them, and conspicuously failed to salute. They even pushed against their officers. One big fat officer, coming out very far in front—so—they sneered at. 'Bah,' they said, 'if you had ever starved and fought in the front-line trenches you would not have a figure like that. You would look thus,' they said, making the figure of a man much hollowed out in front. Ah, and once I saw a private threaten an officer. The private was making as if to strike a cow that blundered against him and the officer reprimanded him, so the soldier turned and made a motion as if he would strike the officer. The soldiers all said that when once they got home Germany would be a different place."

Our Boys at Mersch

Good old people! I shall always remember them as they clustered their old faces close to me that night, for they even tucked me in on the score of having recollected something else to tell me about the Germans. I shall remember always their pale faces under the golden flicker of the candle, and shall see monsieur straightening up and saying with a sigh:

"Ah, well, madame, for four years we have been praying for peace and for freedom. Now they are here, both here; and there seems a great blank ahead, as if it would take much seeking in the future to find something big enough to live for. The big thing has come."

No soldier I talked to but had praise for the Belgians; but thought they were a brave nation, badly treated. Yet I observed that those who spoke of German atrocities did so in a kind of historical way. Not two weeks before I had stood among them as they questioned the French refugees from Leneuville and other villages on the Meuse, and they had shown indignation at German bullying or brutality. But those who discussed the atrocities in Belgium seemed to regard them as something that had happened a long time ago, that had receded to the category of those facts that may be regarded without accompanying emotion. I do not attempt to account for this.

One day we were halted in a village close to the borders of Luxemburg. A battalion of soldiers was having its ten minutes' rest.

"Well, fellows," I heard one soldier say, "wonder how the people of Luxemburg will treat us!"

Now nothing could be more characteristic of the attitude of our soldiers than just that remark. By impulse their concern is not how they will treat the inhabitants of the country they enter but how the inhabitants will treat them. They take it for granted, our boys, that their own conduct will show consideration, a live-and-let-live attitude.

They knew, most of them, that Germany had used Luxemburg as a doormat, and that therefore the inhabitants must be accustomed to the might-makes-right theory, and still they wondered how Americans would be received.

My stay in Luxemburg was chiefly in the village of Mersch. I did, indeed, pass through the capital city on a day of frosty mist that clothed the beautiful trees in white and set a veil over the rocky three-sided tableland with its steep three-hundred-foot precipices upon which the upper part of the city is built. And everywhere out of the mist loomed our men in khaki, who had just arrived, looking for their billets and questioning M. P.'s. Three times in our search for information we crossed the same bridge, and on each side of it we found soldiers who made some such remark as this:

"The people on this side of the bridge seem friendly enough; we can't keep the kids off the trucks and autos, and they beg for bread as kids at home do for candy; but they say the people on the other side of the bridge are pro-German and not very friendly to us."

The Billeting Officer's Troubles

The people of the Duchy of Luxemburg were used to German soldiers passing through their little towns, but they were not used to having these towns turned into billets, and they were deeply interested in the transformation. Even more deeply interested were the billeting officers. One day in Mersch I heard language outside my window, and as it was in the voice of an officer I knew I hurried down to investigate. I found a despairing second lieutenant calling aloud for space.

"Oh, for the good old days," he complained, "when I used to lie out in a trench being shelled. For they've made me a billeting officer. They told me that I had to serve my country by going into the Duchy of Luxemburg and getting billets. Once or twice in the dear old war days I had had that job. All I did was go ahead to the town my outfit was bound for, see the town major and say 'I've got to have places for so many officers and so many men.' He'd say 'So be it," or words to that effect, and show me round or send someone with me. I'd apportion them to the best of my ability and when I got back my best friends would kick at the particular billets I had chosen for them.

"When I was doing the job in Belgium it was easy. I simply looked for the Belgium Mission and went round, accompanied by a sergeant, with a list of the billets the Germans had used. But here in Luxemburg there was neither town major nor billets. They told me that my method of procedure must be something like this: Granted that General Pershing had called on the Duchess of Luxemburg and had received official permission to march through her territory, in renting space I was to put on my best smile and my most dulcet tone of voice and was to make ceremonious calls in each village on the burgomaster and the chief of police.

"I can't say: 'Here, I'm coming on the third with so many men.' I have to say: 'Sir, I represent So-and-So. Can you, on such and such a date, assign me so many billets for so many officers and men?'

"Suppose the burgomaster agrees; he furnishes me with a town map and a list of the houses and people. I have an interpreter in the person of my sergeant. By good luck here I fell upon a citizen who had lived in the United States for twenty years, and who gave me a line on the peculiarities and prejudices of this and that citizen. At that, I found a little feeling against some American soldiers who had preceded my outfit—muddy feet, singing after nine o'clock, and such-like crimes. It isn't to be expected that a healthy boy can tramp those streets and then walk across a spotless floor leaving no trace behind of foot or sound of voice. Trucks, too, can't start off early in the morning without some noise. But I had to placate the people who objected to this. Then there was always this problem: What if the burgomaster refused to treat with me? In that case I had the right to ask to see his assistant or some civic representative. If that failed I had to use my own judgment—which would mean finding the billets myself.

"But here's my greatest anguish: Pleasing certain officers, that I won't mention, that used to be back of the lines and are now in the forefront and that want the best of everything. The reasonable officer is always the one that has had the responsibility of caring for men; he's not likely to be selfish in his demands or to expect impossibilities, and he can understand the difficulties of billet hunting in a neutral country. What makes me sore to-day is that a colonel has turned up that I didn't expect, and I must change all the billets. I've got to yank the lieutenant colonel out of his elegant room, led up to by a staircase with a velvet rope instead of a banister, and put him in the major's room; the major has to make shift with the captain's room; the captain I must reduce to the first lieutenant's room, the first lieutenant I'm going to put in a cupboard, and the little shave-tail that's me has the likelihood of sleeping on the stairs. This outranking business is beginning to get on my nerves. I sympathize with the private who said 'I used to be awful stuck on my captain till he ranked me out of a shell hole.' I'm going home with a new sympathy for boarding-house keepers and landlords, and even for real-estate agents."

Whenever a unit of soldiers entered a village in Luxemburg the inhabitants stood against the fences or the walls of the houses, their rather inanimate faces attuned to watching. They saw field kitchens bloom in green front yards or in little dark sheds. They saw barns turned into bedrooms, and big young Americans promptly making themselves at home. Above all, they saw huge trucks come booming and grinding down the main street to park in some angle of the road wherever the houses gave way a little. Nothing escaped these people of Luxemburg—including the spending money of the soldiers; but what interested them most were the multitudes of monster trucks and the great red slabs of beef that went into the ovens.

The Pocket Army

Mersch, where many units of soldiers stayed for several days, is a typical Luxemburg village, midway between Belgium and Germany. Its eleven hundred inhabitants are spread out in a long, long main street and a couple of side streets. The main street exhibits a few little industries, tiny tobacco or biscuit factories, and little shops and cafés bearing names indicating that the property belonged to the wife. In one case the wife's name was in smaller letters than the man's, which perhaps symbolized a struggle for mastery. A clean, prosperous-looking place is Mersch. For us its salient feature was a huge triumphal arch, decorated with greens and flags and bearing this greeting in English: "For our Deliverers."

"Well," remarked the M. P. who plied his job under the shadow of the arch, "I guess we delivered them all right; but I have a feeling that if the Germans had won instead of us that same arch would have stood in that same spot singing that same sweet song."

Our soldiers accepted the Duchy as pro-Ally. Many of them had an indulgent attitude toward it.

"Gee," one boy said, "you could pretty nearly put the whole country in your blouse pocket. Did you know that the standing army consists in all of 250 men? Yeh, and it says when the public order and society is menaced it may be increased to 265. Now will you be good? Have you seen their nifty blue uniforms? Not too showy; I think all the more of them for not getting all het up over their uniforms. How could the poor guys stand against Germany?"

The Luxemburg people talked freely of German oppression. The Germans treated the duchy almost as if it had been one of their own provinces and would surely have annexed it in case of victory. Even the first German soldiers marched through like owners—those first Germans who never came back, because in those days the Crown Prince thought no more of the blood of thousands of men than a miller thinks of the water that runs over his wheel.

The Germans would brook no opposition; they arrested and took to Germany all malcontents who criticized the conduct

(Concluded on Page 107)

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(Concluded from Page 104)

of the high command. They censored the Luxemburg papers, dominated the railroad and telegraph lines, and exercised military authority whenever it was advantageous to do so. The people had to have permits to go from one town to another, and even to leave town to work in the fields. The Germans not only used the Luxemburg railroads to convey their soldiers into Belgium and France, but in a railroad station of the capital city they built a huge casino for the refreshment of their men. During the armistice they forced the city to buy the casino, and then, so the people say, set fire to it.

During the last years of the war they went daily to all the shops in the city of Luxemburg, and took away the copper coin, giving paper in return; they also requisitioned a certain percentage of the profits. They took the food they wanted; took cows and horses and paid for them or not, as they pleased. When they did buy they bought so heavily that little was left for home consumption, and prices in Luxemburg sprang high as the encircling mountains. Toward the last food was so scarce that the poor had nothing but potatoes and a little bread, so that many died of malnutrition. And yet, so a darkling whisper ran, the farmers had plenty and knew how to keep their hoards despite what they were supposed to sell at a low rate to the government. It was also whispered that there were people in high place who connived at smuggling into Germany. People in less high place followed the example, sewed huge pockets into roomy garments, filled these with food, and slipped over the dark bridges on the borders of Germany to sell at a large profit. Up to the day of the evacuation of the duchy the Germans systematically spread false and misleading propaganda among the civilians. The people doubted that the Americans were to enter the capital city till they actually came.

"Ah, ha," said one inhabitant, using a Luxemburg expression that seems to mean "well," "indeed," "just so," and various like expressions. It can convey comprehension or surprise or meditation. "*Ah, ha*, we were glad to see the Germans pass through here for the last time. Not much discipline did they have, and the officers were tearing their epaulets from their shoulders. They were afraid to go into their own country as officers because of the revolution."

"They don't seem very much stuck on that little girl that's their duchess," a soldier commented. "At home I read all sorts of stories like The Prisoner of Zenda that were probably inspired by little Luxemburg. Some American fellow or somebody was always in love with the duchess and either got her or didn't get her, but he and the whole country was always ready to die for her, and a lot of them generally did, sometimes with her bending over them. But these here birds are a lot more stirred up over the taxes than they are over her."

Friendliness General

The people of Luxemburg liked us. They sold us food at a reasonable rate, though a few of them tried to make money at our expense. It was possible at the little Hôtel Schon-Linden to have for three marks a meal consisting of meat, potatoes, salad and coffee; bread and sugar one furnished oneself, and all left overs of bread were to accrue to the house. Some hotels charged ten francs for the same meal. One grasping old lady tried to get forty marks for two pecks of apples.

"Well," generalized one of the soldiers, "once in a while one of these people will do you or try to, but so they did in France, and I have met sharks at home that I wouldn't go near them unless I had my pocket fastened up with safety pins. Some of us fellows had to pay sixteen marks for a chicken the other day; the whole meal for five of us cost fifty marks. But then, it was awful nice to be sitting at a table with a white cloth on it instead of eating off the back of a wagon; and besides no money over here looks real. It won't, either, till we handle the good old greenbacks again."

They liked us, then, the people of Luxemburg, and we liked them. Boys coming into the Y. M. C. A. rooms would tell us of this and that act of friendliness. Nearly every day, too, the communiqués would comment on the satisfaction felt by the authorities over the relations between our soldiers and the people of Luxemburg. Indirectly, every encouragement was offered to the receptive friendly attitude of our men.

And then suddenly—Germany and the late enemy. A sudden sweep over a cobbled street, the crossing of a bridge with a statue at the left, and we were in Germany. Prosperous fields, a few isolated houses from the windows of which no faces looked, and then a long village which contrived to appear clean in spite of manure piles here and there before the houses. Standing on the street, well out of the range of splashing mud, were German civilians, men, women and children, not in the least starved looking, all staring fixedly at the Americans.

Just a little while before the German Army had passed through, undisciplined, anxious to get home, eager—many of them—to have a hand in the revolution, of which rumors had reached them. They were met with flags and with cheers. "Welcome to Our Undefeated Soldiers," read the greetings.

They went on and the civilians took in their flags and waited for us. When our first soldiers entered, band playing, flags waving, the civilians remained indoors as the Belgians and French had four and a half years ago when the Germans invaded them. A day or two later the inhabitants were sufficiently used to us to stand in the streets. Fear had mostly gone and curiosity was strong.

The Shock of Defeat

They did not all draw veils over their expressions, those first Germans I saw. High, clean white houses, and on a high green bank a row of five fair, fat two-braided little girls. Some little boys standing below them wore the soldiers' caps which have for us so many unpleasant associations. What struck me most forcibly was that nobody looked hungry. In all this Rhenish country that I have seen there have been no more signs of undernourishment than there would be in territory of the same size and population at home. All the people stared—some curious, some lowering, some hostile, some merely impassive. And everywhere silence and an atmosphere, not to be mistaken, of loss and astonishment and distress and resentment.

For their defeat had come as a shock. They had been, if not sure of victory, still hopeful of a compromise that would be to their advantage. If some soldiers had deserted days before the armistice was signed, and if others had cast down their arms, there were many who did not know the end was coming one hour beforehand. These village inhabitants showed something of the bewilderment of people who are suddenly awake to a dark situation. The hope of victory was gone; the hope of a triumphant peace was gone; two and a half millions of men were dead for a Kaiser who had run away; manufactures and commerce at a standstill; a place in the sun only in the remote future. So they stood staring at the young soldiers of the nation whose entrance into the war had decided their fate.

Small clean villages; long stretches of well-cultivated fields; roads lined with fruit trees; over all a chill winter mist. At last a town that was practically a city, Bitburg, where we halted for some hours. For we lived by the day in the advance; we never knew where we should spend the night till a few hours beforehand, nor how long we should stay; it all depended on the movements of the army as indicated in the field orders.

The mere numbers, the mere collectivity, of a city carry a pressure of connotation unknown in a little village. Bitburg was and looked like nothing else but an occupied city. For all the men in khaki, with little German children in hand, for all the bilingual young privates chatting easily to old women or to young girls leaning from windows, Bitburg had the air of a place in the hands of its enemies. A multitude of details furnished the impression: A big French liaison officer striding down the middle of the street with his arms a trifle akimbo, at whom none of the civilians looked until he had passed; an old woman vigorously sweeping her steps of mud after a soldier had crossed them, the while she muttered under her breath; a young woman in black who listened with a tight smile while an officer gave her some directions about his laundry, and who flashed after him a look of hatred; an old man trying timidly to curry favor with a K. P., who listened to him indulgently. There were countless signs of a conquered people anxious not to make matters worse than they were, not yet certain what the Americans were like, perhaps not clear in their own minds what attitude they would take toward their situation and meantime wishing to feel their way. Civilians there were who looked at our soldiers straight and fearlessly and treated them with a friendliness apparently sincere.

"The Germans seem all right," soldier after soldier said when questioned; "they treat us fine. At first they seemed scared or mad or something, but now they're all right. They've got nothing against the Americans."

That was said especially by soldiers who could speak German and whom I had seen chatting with young Fräuleins. It was said often enough to amaze me. The Germans have nothing against the Americans! But what have we against the Germans? So many of these happy-go-lucky boys of ours seem to have forgotten the late unpleasantness. In a way the attitude is a hold-over from the psychology that grew up in them in Belgium and Luxemburg. For days they had been among friendly inhabitants who had all the novelty for them that the French people lacked. Now they were come to another country, where they had to have some relaxation. Dusk begins here now at half past three; that means a good many hours in dark billets with companions of whom they may occasionally grow weary. Even when the Y. M. C. A. can hold all the soldiers at once, we secretaries, men and women, cannot spread ourselves thin enough to give them all the social intercourse they crave. Besides, they want other people besides us—people of their own age. It is natural for them to prefer to be on easy terms with the people they live among, taking it for granted that the most of these are of the right sort.

The Barrier of Graves

But even at first the majority of our soldiers were friendly with reservations. On that day in Bitburg, standing against the fence of one of the headquarters' offices, I talked to a plump young German who was very anxious to be agreeable. He said he was glad the war was over and that he himself had never fought but had been a workman.

"Yes, he was!" muttered a skeptical guard who was listening. "He's just bootlicking. He must think we are easy to believe the Germans'd let a husky young guy like that be anywhere but in the trenches. I bet he killed a handful of us. They're dead scared of us, that's all. It's all right. I don't propose to be mean to them, but at that I'm not going to open my mouth and swallow all they put in."

We dined with the M. P.'s, and one of them, formerly an infantryman, offered his views.

"I'm not certain I'm a fit judge of these people," he said. "You see, I've had my three brothers killed over here—all the relatives I have. I figure that these people who offer to make coffee for you or light you up to bed or turn the Kaiser's picture to the wall if you want them to—why, I figure they are the same that struck medals and gave the children a holiday when the Lusitania was sunk. They are the same that killed my three brothers. Myself, I'm not strong for babying the Germans. They're not our allies. They were shelling us to glory a few weeks ago—and what they would be doing to us now if they could. Trouble with our fellows is, either we want to fight or we want to be neighborly. It isn't hard for me to keep my distance from the Germans. Those three graves up in the wheat fields make a barrier between them and me, and always will."

It was moving day for us in Bitburg, our division was about to leave the city to the division that was supporting us. We are billeted now in a little hill-encircled town. We're practically set. There is no more suspense as to where we shall go; only the suspense now of how long it will be before the Peace Conference is over and the terms to Germany decreed. We're set, indeed, but we take this job of being an army of occupation much as we took the fighting. It's something we want to be done with so that we can go home. Down in the square the children play in front of the cathedral, and the civilians talk in knots, and our own men in their dusky-gold uniforms walk by as if they were on a brisk errand. The little children are not clinging to their hands nor climbing on the trucks. We are keeping apart, we and the Germans. We are the army of occupation.

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TO SAVE HIS FACE

By William Hamilton Osborne

WHEN Henry Taylor took it upon himself to resign from the River County Country Club, without seeing fit to consult any of us in advance, I was constituted a special committee of one to remonstrate with the renegade. I'm good friends with Henry; and besides his office is just next door to mine.

When I sidled into his office on that Monday afternoon Henry was in his outside room, watching his stenographer while she demonstrated to him the soul-stirring intricacies of a new typewriter he'd bought.

"Now, Henry," I began, "you wholly fail to realize in what high regard ——"

Henry placed a cautious finger on his lips and led me into his private office. Then he closed the door.

"You fail to realize," I repeated, "in what high regard ——"

"Yes, yes; I know all that," interrupted Henry, "and in what still higher regard the club holds the hundred dollars of yearly dues that from now on I do not pay."

"Henry," I said reproachfully, "it's not a matter of the money."

"Oh, yes; it is," said Henry, quite positively. "And that hundred is just as good in my pocket as it is in the coffers of the club. However, old scout, perhaps I ought to give you something definite—something that'll get under your hide. But don't spread it."

"Not in a thousand years!" I assured him.

"It all comes back to this," said Henry, leaning over toward me confidentially: "Just recently I've come to a hard-and-fast conclusion that two thousand dollars a year is not enough."

"Not enough for what, Henry?" I asked him.

"Two thousand dollars a year," he repeated, "is not enough for a man like me to save.

"Now I put it to you: This going on, year after year, and not laying aside more than two thousand —— Not enough, is it? Man to man."

I stared at Henry. Of course I didn't know then about Carter Judson and the little French girl, or I shouldn't have stared so hard. Or I might have stared harder, maybe. But I just sort of stared at Henry; and Henry stared at me.

"You know it's not enough," said Henry almost savagely.

"No," I said finally, sort of gulping, I imagine. "I agree with you, Henry. Not enough."

Henry indulged himself in a dreamy sort of smile.

"You go back," he said, "a quarter of a century, we'll say, and you picture to yourself a youth of twenty-one, just starting out, with an overweening ambition. Concrete, too—an ambition to leave a hundred thousand dollars behind him when he dies. An objective in view, as one might say—just that, a hundred thousand dollars. I can see that boy as plain as day," went on Henry. Then he shook his head a bit dolefully. "Here I'm forty-five, old scout, and I've saved only a fraction of a hundred thousand dollars—only a fraction. See?"

Of course at that time Henry hadn't told me about Renaud, the man milliner of Paris—that dead man milliner, with his five hundred thousand francs. So I just gulped again.

"I see," I said to Henry.

"Now," went on Henry, rubbing the near-bald spot on his head, "I've got twenty-five more years to live, mayhap—to live, but not to work. You can see, therefore, that a little picayune two thousand a year—it's by no means enough to put aside. Every little hundred counts. Hence my resignation from the club. But don't spread it, please."

I didn't spread it to anybody except Amy. Amy stared in astonishment.

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Amy, "that the Henry Taylors save two thousand dollars every year?"

"Just as a matter of course," I assured her; "just a turn of the wrist. But it's not enough, it seems—not for Henry Taylor."

Amy thought about it overnight. The more she thought about it, the more it didn't get her anywhere; and Amy usually has to get somewhere or there's trouble.

"You go back to Henry Taylor," said Amy, "and you ask him—confidentially, you know ——"

"I know," I said. "I was going back to him, anyway—confidentially, of course."

So I went back to him.

"Now, Henry," I said, "you tell me how you manage to put by a couple of thousand a year. I've got to know that or there'll be trouble."

Henry blushed.

"Are you here again as the representative of the Country Club?" he asked.

"I'm here," I said, "as the representative of Amy and me."

"Oh, I see!" said Henry, considering the matter.

"When I told her," I went on, "that already you'd laid by a good-sized portion of a hundred thousand dollars, Amy nearly threw a fit."

"Now I didn't say, you know," smiled Henry, "that I'd put by a good-sized portion of a hundred thousand dollars. I said I'd saved only a fraction of a hundred thousand dollars. There are fractions—and fractions. And I didn't say that I'd put by a couple of thousand a year. I only said that two thousand a year wasn't enough for a man like me to save. When you came to me as the envoy of the Country Club I had to tell you something to save my face. Millie and I have saved our faces to about a hundred other people in the same way in the past few weeks. It sort of works too. It worked with you, didn't it?"

"It's working yet," I said.

"Since it's you and Amy," went on Henry, "I think you're entitled to be let in on this good thing. You ought to have the facts and nothing but the facts. So here goes."

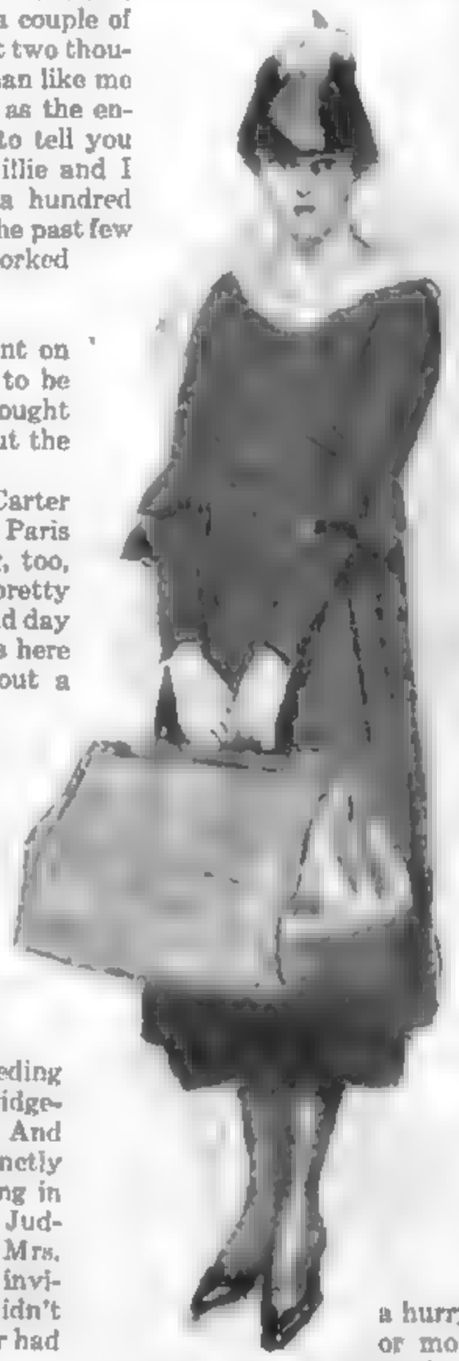
So then Henry told me about Carter Judson and the man milliner of Paris I just mentioned—not forgetting, too, Celeste, the little French girl, the pretty little thing who goes mooning round day after day in one of our cemeteries here in River City, trying to pick out a cozy little nook to be buried in.

"Only," Henry reminded me particularly, "don't spread it, old scout."

"No," I said; "I won't."

So here's the story:

It all goes back to an afternoon not so very long ago, when Mrs. Henry Taylor found herself riding in Mrs. Carter Judson's newest touring car. At Mrs. Carter Judson's invitation she was speeding with Mrs. Judson to a charity bridge-whist party somewhere in town. And you will understand very distinctly that she did not want to be riding in Mrs. Judson's new car at Mrs. Judson's invitation. She wanted Mrs. Judson to ride in her car at her invitation—and Mrs. Henry Taylor didn't have a car; in fact, she had never had a car.



When He Was Ordered Home Celeste Followed in the First Boat She Could Get

Mrs. Henry Taylor was conscious that Mrs. Judson was going volubly into details about this latest model. Mrs. Taylor listened without really hearing anything; in fact, it was all she could do to choke back tears. The Carter Judsons were her neighbors; and to her mind, I imagine, they had everything—everything that Mrs. Henry Taylor didn't have.

"Any li'l' ole car, so long as it's a car," Mrs. Carter Judson assured her, "will do for me. But Carter will not buy a car that costs less than fifteen hundred. That's Carter! He wants me to have —— My land!" shrieked Mrs. Judson.

"I promised Carter I'd drive down to his office before I went to the whist. We're selling one of our vacant lots and I've got to sign a deed."

Selling one of their vacant lots! You get it? Mrs. Henry Taylor wished that she could sell a vacant lot. She wished she had one to sell—or one to keep, for that matter. But she brought up all standing, with a smile.

"We've got lots of time," she said. "Let's go to his office; and you can sign the deed."

"I guess we'd better, after all," said Mrs. Judson.

So they went. The Monumental Life offices are on the eleventh floor of the Monumental Life Building. So up they shot to the eleventh floor and located Carter in his private office, where he was sitting at a three-hundred-dollar mahogany desk, with a private stenographer on either side of him, dictating several things at once, and looking—as Carter Judson always does—as though he'd just stepped out of a bandbox. He jumped up as they came in, and shook hands, and pressed buttons, and ordered chairs placed, and dismissed his two stenographers, and made his wife and Mrs. Taylor very much at home. Then he took the deed out of his pocket and had Mrs. Carter Judson sign it.

"Now, do you know," he said, "my notary has just left! I held him until the last moment too. Do you mind waiting until I scout round ——"

"Why," interposed Mrs. Henry Taylor, "Mr. Taylor is a master, and ——"

"So he is!" said Carter Judson, very much relieved, for his desk was piled up high with work. "You know how it is—when there's no call for a notary I can get a dozen. When I need one badly —— Good night! Fine! Mr. Taylor's on the thirteenth floor. You can run up there and do the trick, and take the deed along."

So up they went. And when they reached Henry Taylor's law office Mrs. Henry Taylor knocked at the door. Mrs. Carter Judson laughed. She knew all about offices. Carter Judson had lost a crackajack stenographer when he married Mrs. Carter Judson.

"You old-fashioned thing, you!" said Mrs. Judson. "People don't knock at office doors; they walk right in."

So they walked right in. And there, in his outer office, with a curious office boy watching him from a corner of the room—there sat Henry Taylor, his hair sort of tousled and his face sort of flushed, all scrunched up over an old battered typewriting machine, pounding away for dear life. Out of the corner of her eye Mrs. Carter Judson could have noted, and probably did note, that the machine was of the vintage of 1910, or worse.

"Henry," cried his wife, "here's Mrs. Judson! What are you doing out here with the typewriting machine?"

Henry, a bit abashed, ushered them into his private room. He tousled his hair some more and flushed a bit deeper, I suppose. As a matter of fact, he acted like a man who'd been caught in the perpetration of a felony.

"Where is Miss Hancy?" demanded Mrs. Taylor.

"Why," explained Henry, "my stenographer's laid up, and ——"

"Laid up?" echoed Mrs. Henry Taylor, without thinking. "Funny! I could have sworn I saw her on the street not half an hour ago."

"She is laid up," repeated Henry, gulping a bit. "Best laid plans of mice and men —— Mistakes in best-regulated families. I had a hurry-up job and couldn't get a stenographer for love or money. So there you are! . . . Mrs. Judson, you've signed this, I take it, freely and without any fear, threats or compulsion of or from your husband?"

"I imagine so," smiled Mrs. Judson.

Whereupon Henry affixed his signature and his rubber stamp and his seal to the document.

When Mrs. Henry Taylor got home, late that afternoon, she confronted Henry with—well, blazing eyes.

"Millie!" cried Henry, a bit alarmed. "Why, what's the matter?"

"I never was so mortified in all my life!" said Henry Taylor's wife.

"At what?"

"You," cried Mrs. Taylor—"sitting in your outside office, doing your own typewriting! It looked like time."

"Good Lord, Millie!" said Henry. "It's no disgrace."

"It is, when Mrs. Judson sees it," said Henry's wife.

"Millie," said Henry, "don't you know that the President of the United States ——"

"I know he does," she returned; "but it's one thing to have a little correspondence machine at the side of your desk in your private office for occasional use—as Carter Judson has—and it's quite another thing to sit in your outside office, with a dirty little office boy, hammering away on that terrible old machine like a—like a law student. It looked like time! Henry, your whole law office looked like time! It did! It did!"

Well, she was right—in a way. Henry's office did look like time. So does mine, for that matter. But there are lots of us who do a very tidy little business in offices that look like time. And Henry told her so.

"If I had the money," Henry told her, "I could rent an office that didn't look like time. I could fix it up so that it didn't look like time. But I haven't got the money—there's the rub."

"Why couldn't you wait until Miss Hancy got back to the office?" went on Millie. "I'm sure I saw her on the street."

(Continued on Page 115)

The Long-haired

Get a

The Multigraph produces real printing and form typewriting in the privacy of your own establishment. Large and small equipments for any size business. Easy payments, if desired.

Advertising Man

of bygone days, who wore long flowing ties and filled his sentences with ponderous polysyllabic words to show how much he knew, does not exist today.

The advertising man who makes new records for himself and for his company today is just the opposite of that. He is before all else a crisp and clean-cut *business man.* His middle name is *ACTION.* He watches costs as closely as a crabbed auditor and yet he's wise enough to *SPEND* by thousands and by *hundred thousands.* He's a man with vision clear enough to lay his business-building plans not only for this month and for this year, but for *ten years ahead.*

And the advertising men of America today have a far more vital and important function to perform than they have ever had before. With economy of time and energy a most vital factor, with competition growing keener every day, with new and complex selling problems coming up, the advertising men have got to give each salesman on the firing line a *better backing than he's ever had.* They've got to send ahead of every selling force a *powerful barrage of selling shells* so that the opposition will be battered down *before the salesmen call.*

For this barrage the advertising man has two main types of ordnance at his command—high calibered artillery and *RAPID-FIRE GUNS.* His artillery consists of pages in the daily, weekly, and monthly publications; and his rapid-fire gun is that most modern weapon of the business world to which all men now turn for quick and most decisive action either in an emergency or for a main attack—the *MULTIGRAPH.*

For all their rapid-fire work they put their main dependence in the Multigraph, because it fires *5000 shots an hour,* because it's ready for attack at any instant, and because the cost of shells it fires is 25 to 75 per cent below the cost of ammunition prepared by old-time methods, whether that ammunition be in the form of *folders, circulars, mailing cards or letters.*

It works so quickly that if the order to *"advance tonight"* is given, you may be sure your Multigraph barrage of selling shells will *GO TONIGHT.* You do not have to telephone the rear for help and you do not have to wait until tomorrow or perhaps next week, depending on slow-footed messengers or incompetent auxiliaries who may not care a whoop in Texas whether you win the fight or not. You do not have to let the proper moment for attack slip by, nor is your plan divulged to *any living soul outside your own headquarters.*

If there is any advertising man, or *any other man,* still unfamiliar with the workings of this *RAPID-FIRE GUN,* we'll gladly send him ammunition samples and full details if he'll fill out the coupon and mail it in.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

MULTIGRAPH

The Multigraph
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Please give me full information about the *rapid-fire Multigraph.*

Our line is_____ Firm _____
Name_____ Official Position _____
Street Address _____ Town _____ State _____ S. E. P. 3-8

How will you have your laughs?

[LAUGH—an expression of mirth peculiar to the human species. ("That man is a bad man who has not within him the power of a hearty LAUGH.")]

TAKE that from Webster's Dictionary.

Still there's a choice: The motion picture comedies following the flash of that word Paramount on the screen are sure-fire laugh-stuff always, everywhere. All you have to be is human.

It *really* matters little which you will have. They're all Paramount Comedies—

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies, from the studios of Mack Sennett, the man who *invented* the moving picture comedy. Mack Sennett—always two jumps ahead of the rest in his frantic flivvers, his hullabaloo of flying feet, his merry melange of pretty girls; trained bears and cross-eyed gentlemen, knowing cats and somber dogs—in a here's-to-laughter pot-pourri that searches out your funny spot—Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies.

The whimsical, deft-lightness of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in Paramount-Drew Comedies—"Henry" and "Polly"—seeing yourselves as others look at you—

The fun-poking satire, sparkling in every second, of Paramount-James Montgomery Flagg Comedies, prodding good-naturedly at our very human weaknesses—

The hearty, boisterous play of "Fatty" Arbuckle in Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies—treating the improbable with the comic seriousness of the master of farce—

How will you have your laughs? All right, have 'em *your* way. You'll have plenty of company. Only don't be stingy—bring the folks!

Paramount Comedies

The best theatres show a new Paramount Comedy every week

Here are the titles of the recent releases

Paramount-Sennett	Paramount-Arbuckle	Paramount-James Montgomery Flagg	Paramount-Drew
"CUPID'S DAY OFF"	"MOONSHINE"	"PERFECTLY FIENDISH FLANNIGAN, OR THE HART OF THE DREADFUL WEST"	"ROMANCE AND RINGS"
"NEVER TOO OLD"	"GOOD-NIGHT NURSE"	"IMPROPAGANDA"	"ONCE A MASON"
"RIP AND STITCH—TAILORS"	"CAMPING OUT"	"ONE EVERY MINUTE"	
"EAST LYNNE WITH VARIATIONS"	"LOVE"		
Two Every Month	*One Every Month*	*Two Every Month*	*One Every Month*

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*

NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

(Continued from Page 111)

"I haven't a doubt you saw her on the street," said Henry.

"You said she was sick," his wife reminded him.

"I said that," admitted Henry, "just to save my face."

"To save your face?"

"Exactly," returned Henry. "As a matter of fact, I had to let her go. You see, my dear, you can't hire stenographers on credit and you can't pay them on credit. They've got to have the cash. And, as a matter of fact, I didn't have the cash. So I had to let her go."

"It seems to me," said Millie Taylor, "that we never have the cash."

"Seems that way to me, too," said Henry. "I know men making less than I am who seem to be rolling in it. Case in point—there's Carter Judson, Millie ——"

"Carter Judson!" echoed Millie.

Then she let loose on Henry about Carter Judson, Carter Judson's new car, and Carter Judson's office.

"Immaculate," she went on; "and spacious. And with a fireplace, and Oriental rugs, and mahogany furniture—and wonderful bookcases."

Henry nodded.

"The Monumental Life, my dear," he said, "spent about twenty thousand dollars on Carter Judson's suite."

"People bowing and scraping before him," went on Millie, "flying about at every word he says."

"Of course!" said Henry. "Why not? He's at the head of one of the departments, with twenty or thirty people under him. Of course they bow and scrape. Their necks depend upon it. And Carter, with twenty or thirty men like him—they bow and scrape in turn. I can talk to the president of the Monumental Life just as I'm talking to you; but Carter Judson can't. Carter can put it all over me in one regard—I can put it all over him in another."

"He must be a very important man," sighed Millie Taylor.

"He is," said Henry; "they pay Carter Judson six thousand dollars a year."

"Is that all?" cried Millie.

"Isn't that enough?" said Henry. "I make that—net—myself."

She couldn't quite realize that.

He had to tell it to her twice.

"You mean to say," said Millie, "that, after paying all expenses, you make as much money as Carter Judson does?"

"Sometimes I make more," said Henry.

"I don't believe it!" cried his wife.

Well, it happened to be true. But Henry, to satisfy her, pulled out his little book and showed her it was true.

"Well then," said Millie, "he must have money—or she must have money. You can't tell me ——"

Henry Taylor yawned.

"Let's go to a movie after supper," he suggested; "we're both sort of in the dumps."

"There it is again!" wailed Millie. "I promised Mrs. Judson that we'd run over there to-night and brush up on bridge. I wish I hadn't. I hate to face that woman after seeing you at your machine to-day—and her in her machine!"

"Let's go," said Henry. "I've got an ax to grind. There's something about Carter Judson that I must find out."

Well, they had their dinner—a dinner cooked by Mrs. Henry Taylor's cook and served by Mrs. Henry Taylor's second girl. Then they ran over to the Carter Judsons and played a few rounds of bridge, and took a spin in the new car. The new car gave Henry the lead for which he was groping.

"Must have made a hole in your bank account, Judson," hinted Henry.

Carter shook his head dolefully.

"Mr. Taylor," he said, "you've got the right idea. You just stick your money in the bank and say nothing to anybody. You keep down expenses; you don't care a hang about making a splash. Not you! But I'm going to quit. Two thousand a year is not enough."

"Not enough for what?" asked Henry.

"Not enough," said Carter, "for a man like me to save."

Henry was startled, sure enough.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Henry, "that you make a habit of putting by two thousand a year?"

"Why not?" said Carter, as though the thing were not worth arguing. "I'm getting six. If I couldn't lay aside two thousand dollars every year I'd consider myself ready for the junk pile. But it's not enough," he kept repeating. "I tell you, Mr. Taylor, it's not enough."

So you see now where Henry Taylor got his offhand side remarks to me. He plagiarized—that's all; and I'm forced to say he did it with considerable success. Be that as it may, Henry and his wife brushed up on their game of bridge, and when they'd got through brushing up they went home. And when they got home Henry sprang Carter's side remark on Millie.

"I don't believe," said Millie, "that he puts aside that much every year."

"I do," said Henry. Part of Henry's business is to know for sure when a man's telling him the truth. "I do," repeated Henry; "and it's up to us to see what Carter Judson does on four thousand a year that we can't do on six."

"They've got everything that we ought to have," said Millie with emphasis.

"Let's see about it," said Henry: "They've got the car ——"

"And," added Millie, "she has furs; and Carter gives her at least one good diamond once every year."

And it was true. And Henry Taylor, figuratively speaking, tore his hair.

"Millie," he said, "if there's anything on God's earth that I've always wanted to do, it is to give you presents—presents that show. Other men give their wives five-hundred-dollar brooches for Christmas. And I don't."

Now Millie had noticed that other men did and that Henry didn't.

"Do you know why?" went on Henry. "I never have the money; I never have any money. That's the fact. Now why?"

Millie shook her head. She bridled just a bit.

"Not by the widest stretch of imagination, Henry," she returned, "can I be called an extravagant woman. Mrs. Carter Judson, yes—but Mrs. Henry Taylor, no."

"That's the point," wailed Henry. "If we were extravagant we'd have something to show, wouldn't we? We'd have a reputation as spenders. We'd make a splash where now we don't even cause a ripple. Look what we've got. Just nothing! Carter Judson owns his house. I don't—though I've paid McGuire enough rent to own it in the years we've lived here. You've got no furs to speak of and no jewels to speak of."

"I don't call two maids extravagant—for people in our station," said Millie. "My mother always had two maids. And we only pay them thirty-five and thirty ——"

"And their board," said Henry.

"And their board," assented Millie; "and that isn't much. Half the time Mrs. Carter Judson doesn't have a maid at all. But there's a reason for that: She's so particular they can't get along with her. She admits that herself."

"And then, of course," went on Henry, "Carter Judson hasn't any children—and we've got Junior."

Yes, of course; there it was again! But other people had children. And the Henry Taylors only had one. And Junior had been sent to pay schools; but, then, lots of children went to pay schools in River City. It really was a necessity, as Millie pointed out; for River City's system of public education was less than average. And then Junior had been sent to a university.

Henry figured that up on a piece of paper.

"There's a thousand a year right there," said he—"not counting, of course, Junior's wardrobe, and his trips home, and his pocket money, and the boxes of perishable goods that went down to Junior by express, and ——"

"And besides," Millie reminded Henry, "since he's been in France he's cost us just nothing, don't you see? And he's been there a year at least."

Yes; since Junior had gone away he'd cost them just nothing—except, of course, a thousand that it stood them in to get Junior his lieutenant's outfit. But, as Millie had pointed out at the time, it seemed only the right thing to do. Junior might never come back to them alive! Yes, it had been the decent thing to do. "And I'm sure," said Millie, "I've always been a careful spender."

"Anyway," said Henry, "Junior got his commission over a year ago."

And then the front-door bell rang. The servants were in bed—or out; so Henry answered the ring. And there stood Junior in his lieutenant's uniform with his service stripes on his sleeve; Junior and something else besides—the little French girl I mentioned; the shy little French girl, clinging to his arm and peering up, half afraid, at Henry Taylor!

"Mother!" yelled Henry as Junior and the little girl came in.

And Millie came on the double-quick, wondering. And she rushed toward Junior, with his name on her lips; and Junior rushed toward her. But they both stopped, for Millie caught sight of the little French girl and stood, a frozen statue, staring at her—shocked. But Junior just put his arm round the little French girl and thrust her forward toward his father.

"Mom and Pop!" he cried, bravely enough. "This is Celeste. This is my little wife. She's scared, Pop; she's

(Continued on Page 119)

1 2 3 4 5

The Language of Business

Business speaks in *figures*.

Sales, profits, payrolls, accounts -*figures*.

Statistics, comparisons, the raw materials of good management—*figures*.

That is why machines which handle figures automatically, rapidly, economically, perform a real service to all business.

That is why Burroughs Machines play so large a part in modern business.

THE wastefulness of having clerks multiply (or divide, or add, or subtract) with pen and pencil is staggering, when compared

The Burroughs

The Calculator is a typical Burroughs product, well-built and durable, sound in mechanical principle, with ingenious devices which safeguard accuracy and increase speed. It is light and convenient—and the $175 model has capacity up to 99,999,999.99. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office (there are 207 in the United States and Canada, and others in principal cities abroad) and ask for information about the Calculator or other of the standard Burroughs models.

6 7 8 9 0

with the economy of calculating on the Burroughs Machine that is built especially for such figuring jobs—the figuring that provides and verifies totals used in all bookkeeping records.

The Calculator doesn't write down any figures; it performs all the figuring processes and puts the answer in plain sight on its dials.

There's no figuring on paper, no mental—and fallible—calculating. Just the pressure of certain keys—and the answer.

That's how the Burroughs Calculator saves man-power—multiplying the capacity of every clerk by making short work of long processes.

THE Calculator does *multiplying*, dividing, etc., with the same speed and economy that other Burroughs Machines do simple adding and listing and larger ones the posting of ledgers. Its opportunities to earn and save for you are many—for every business has a great deal of miscellaneous figure-work to which the Burroughs principle is just as applicable (through the Calculator) as it is to adding and ledger posting (through other Burroughs Machines).

In thousands of American businesses which use the Burroughs Calculator it has been found that one operator does the work of three or four clerks with pen and pencil.

Calculator $175

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The work of the Calculator is as universal as figuring. Some of its most-used applications are extending and checking invoices; figuring payrolls; preparing cost-figures; proving freight bills and allowances; making estimates; converting foreign currency; figuring selling prices, profits, etc.; totaling sales by classes, calculating interest, checking all sorts of calculations, etc., etc.

For Three Years Hudson Super-Sixes Have Led

Super-Six leadership was first established on the speedway. There it showed such performance and endurance as immediately placed it in the front as the greatest stock car that had ever attempted such feats.

But present Hudson leadership does not rest upon what it has done in establishing the best time for one hour, or for one hundred miles, or for its twenty-four-hour performance, or for having made the best time in the greatest hill climb that was ever held, when it climbed to the top of Pikes Peak. The Super-Six is not distinguished because of any one notable performance, although it holds more such records than any other car.

There are Seven Hudson Models

Two open and five closed

The 7-passenger Phaeton sells at $2200

Their greatest proof of Hudson leadership is expressed in the satisfaction in daily operation of 60,000 Super-Sixes. That soon made the Super-Six the largest selling fine car in the world.

Acknowledged by Rivals

The Super-Six has not only influenced the mechanical design of other cars. It leads in body designing.

Hudson body designs are the standard of motordom. They are never freakish and although new types are always being developed, they never seem out-of-date. There is always a new model Hudson Super-Six, which six months or a year later, is sure to appear as the new model of some other car.

This is not a mere boast. Everyone in touch with motor car development knows how the Sedan, the Touring Limousine, the Speedster, the Cabriolet, the Limousine and the Town Car models, that first appeared on the Super-Six chassis, have served as patterns for other cars. Hudson owners always get the latest models. They may always know that the latest Hudson model will remain in vogue for a longer period than that of any other car because it sets the vogue.

Full production of Hudsons will not be reached before June. Until then buyers of open models will have to supply their wants from the limited stocks of those few dealers who may have such cars.

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

(1326)

(Continued from Page 115)

scared stiff. And she's all alone; she hasn't a soul in the world but me—and us. And she's the dearest little girl that ever came down the pike! And she's my wife."

Well, she was.

Millie shut the door as though she was afraid some of the neighbors would see what was going on. Then they all sort of drifted into the living room and Junior explained. He wasn't at all shamefaced about it. He spoke straight from the shoulder—too much so for Millie. But Henry's eyes glistened; he liked to hear Junior talk like that. And Junior told them he hadn't kept it back because of anything he was ashamed of or that Celeste was ashamed of. It wasn't that. But he'd felt all along that until Mom saw Celeste she'd be worrying herself sick. So he hadn't written a word about it; and he hadn't said a word, even when he got back to camp over here.

And they'd been married for—well, months; they'd married in France. And when he was ordered home Celeste had followed in the first boat she could get, and she had stayed in a New York hotel until he'd been discharged. And he'd just been discharged. Celeste did her share of the explaining. She spoke perfectly good English.

"It is a terrible thing," she admitted, "for an American mamma like Henri's to find she has a French girl for her daughter. But it just had to be!" she assured them, with a shrug of her shoulders. "So here we are."

Well, they were. There was no gainsaying that.

Junior's room was on the third floor, front. And it had been renovated and redecorated against his return—and refurnished, too, a bit. That was only right, since he was coming back a hero.

And there was nothing for it but to send them up to that room.

"It seems like sacrilege!" Millie said to Henry when the house was dark and quiet.

You see that room had been a shrine to Millie. And now it was profaned.

"Fortunes of war!" said Henry good-humoredly. He didn't feel the profanation quiet so keenly, but he did feel something else. "Just two mouths more to feed," he mumbled to himself; but he didn't mention it to Millie.

Henry went to sleep and had bad dreams. He was subject to them at times. Once in the night he had a nightmare, and cried out. Junior came tumbling down the stairs in his pyjamas to see what was the matter.

"It's just your father's nerves," said Millie. "Everything's all right."

But Junior could see that everything wasn't all right.

"Mother," he cried, "you'll like her! You'll have to like her. Mother, she's a dear!"

"I'll like her for your sake, Junior," sobbed Millie.

Two days passed, frigid and uneventful. Millie was silent and Celeste just moped. Junior realized how things were going. His mother's attitude, which outwardly was all that could be desired, didn't worry him on his own account. It was months now since he had first learned to think for himself. But Celeste was suffering—suffering bravely, it is true. And he didn't want her to suffer; he wouldn't have her suffer.

On the third day he took his mother into her own bedroom and shut the door.

"Listen, Mom," he said: "Pop's in a bad way. He had another of his nightmares last night—I heard him. You know what that means; he's just run down—that's all. He's got to have a little rest; and so have you. And if we could have the place to ourselves—for a week, say—Celeste would be herself again. Take Pop for a run somewhere. It'll do you good. And when you get back ——"

He mentioned the matter to Henry that night and Henry fell for it. Henry was, in fact, all in. Celeste didn't worry him—except that he kept telling himself he had two mouths more to feed. No; what worried him was money. He was nothing but a conduit—so he felt. All that came in went right out again. And that didn't worry him so much, either. What did worry him was the thought of Carter Judson making a show and putting away two thousand dollars every year. It was a mystery he hadn't solved—one that he couldn't solve, somehow. It was making him sick.

He was glad Junior had suggested a trip; he wanted to get away somewhere and think—wanted to concentrate. So Henry patriotically took a couple of Liberty Loan Bonds out of his safe-deposit box—he had bought them, he remembered, when he ought to have paid his grocer's bill—and patriotically sold them to his bank. Millie packed up. And they ran down to Atlantic City for a week.

And then it happened! It was on the third day of their stay that tragedy stretched forth a grisly hand and clutched Henry Taylor by the throat.

He was lounging one afternoon in a beach chair, watching the strong waves play havoc with the bathers—lolling back comfortably, half drowsing, half waking—when his attention was attracted somehow to some commotion on the Boardwalk just in front of his own hotel. People were scurrying. A crowd gathered. Henry hustled over; he found out very swiftly what the trouble was. The trouble was Millie!

She had been overcome in a shop somewhere on the Boardwalk, and they had found the name of her hotel in her bag and had brought her home. Henry made known his identity and swept the crowd aside; and under his direction they carried Millie up to their room. Henry telephoned the clerk for a doctor, who immediately came.

It was appendicitis, it seemed. The doctor, without an instant's hesitation, phoned for a private ambulance, and ordered Millie to a local hospital, whither she was immediately transported. Henry went along and arranged for nurses and a private room, and particular attention.

There was an operation—a successful one, it seemed. But Millie wasn't so successful; her heart was very bad. The doctors, of course, were not responsible for that. Millie hovered between life and death for a long, long while. She lingered for weeks. Finally there was transfusion of blood—extreme measures. Then one day she died.

Now here was the strange part about it all: Henry was positive—very positive—that he had wired Junior about his mother. He was so positive about it that he dismissed the matter from his mind and didn't wire again. But every once in a while he wondered vaguely why he hadn't heard from Junior—why Junior hadn't come. Millie's death, somehow, didn't seem near so strange to him as Junior's absence. He couldn't understand that.

There were other things he couldn't understand. The mere fact of Millie's dying seemed, somehow, a very simple matter to Henry. It wasn't that he had prepared himself for it—that he had steeled himself against it. He knew that, under normal conditions, Millie's passing would have caused him intense grief; for he'd been always intensely in love with Millie, as Millie had been with him. But the mere fact that she was dead—that seemed the least important thing of all.

"They don't give me time even to feel sorry about it," Henry told himself.

You see, it was the bills. You can't be seriously ill in Atlantic City—or anywhere else, for that matter—with a private room and paid nurses, and the best of attention, and high-class surgeons, and transfusions and things—you can't sow wind of that kind without reaping the whirlwind. Henry had come down to Atlantic City with a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket; and his money had all gone for—well, delicacies, and certain special appliances that he'd volunteered to send for and pay for. His money had just gone, somehow. He'd paid his hotel something on account, but very little. And he had no money to speak of in the bank. And Junior didn't come! That was another simple fact, just like Millie's death, which he couldn't worry over.

No; he couldn't worry over his own private feelings—there were more urgent things at hand. The bills—and they had to be paid somehow. It was all well enough to tell hospitals and doctors and nurses to send their bills to his office up in River City; but their business lay with transients.

And that wasn't all. He had to get home and do more arranging. Things had to be done for Millie that belonged of right to a woman in her station of life. River City would expect certain things of Henry Taylor—the decencies, more than the decencies. And, besides that, Millie was his wife—his beloved wife.

And while he tried to think, tried to focus on how much she had meant to him, and what a big, big hole she had left behind, one appalling fact smote him with tremendous force: He had no burial plot! A burial plot was real estate, and it had to be paid for in good hard cash. And Henry had no cash.

There it was—he had no cash. And, of course, Junior had no cash. Henry had credit in River City, but only at the stores. His bank wouldn't have loaned him a ten-cent piece. And Millie had no people; and neither had he.

Suddenly he thought of Carter Judson. He gritted his teeth as he did so. Carter Judson thought of Henry as a miser, stowing away a large wad of bills at the end of every week or month. No; he couldn't wire to Carter Judson. But he must get to River City—that's all. He must get back home and arrange somehow. Hotels, you will understand, are not charitable institutions. And Henry's luggage—and Millie's—consisted of a steamer trunk. And Henry owed for weeks of board and lodging. The hotel people didn't know him, and they kept sending in their bills with maddening regularity.

Once the cashier spoke to him about it—nicely, of course. Henry somehow felt that he was being watched. He slunk in and out like a whipped cur—at least that's how he felt. And he didn't know just what to do. He had a feeling that they'd never let him go. So he did a crazy thing; it seemed natural enough to him at the time in his overwrought condition. He climbed down a fire escape, got safely to the ground and made tracks for the station. There was a train about due and Henry rushed in to the window to buy a ticket.

Well, he didn't have the money to buy a ticket. There he was! But he had to take that train—and the train was pulling into the station. He thought of his watch—he would give his watch to the conductor as security. That settled that. So he made a dive for the train and found himself at the tail end of a clamoring crowd that were boarding it. Slowly they melted into the coaches and Henry stepped aboard.

He didn't get far; he had one foot on the platform when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. Henry was jerked backward from the steps. He didn't see the owner of the hand, but he knew the heavy hand was the hand of the hotel detective.

"Junior! Junior! Junior!" cried Henry—just why, he didn't know. Then he struggled like mad in the powerful grip of that detective. And the train pulled out. . . . And then Henry Taylor woke up.

It was true there was a hand upon his shoulder; but it was Millie's hand—she was shaking him. Yes; he was still on the beach, where he'd dozed off while Millie did the shops. He'd had another of his nightmares.

"They'll think you're crazy!" whispered Millie. "You called frantically for Junior. I got here just in time."

Henry looked at his watch. Inside of ten minutes he had dreamed away two months! He rubbed his eyes and blinked at Millie.

"Well, why didn't he come?" he complained.

"Why should he?" asked Millie.

Then Henry woke up in earnest and they walked back to the hotel. Henry said he shied a bit, even then, when he passed the clerk's desk. And when they'd reached their room he started in to pack his grip.

"What-all are you doing, Henry?" gasped his wife.

"Millie," said Henry, keeping that nightmare to himself, "I'm homesick for Junior. I'm going home."

"Oh, so am I!" cried Millie. "Let's go right away."

They got back to River City and surprised Junior and his bride just as the two were sitting down to dinner. Celeste wore a fetching little white apron; her face was flushed, as though she had been cooking over a stove. She started up in alarm as they entered the dining room.

"Wait!" she cried. "I shall have something for you in a jiffy."

"Where are you going?" demanded Millie. "Nora will attend to us, Celeste."

"Ah," said Celeste, "you must pardon—but there is no Nora."

"Well, ring for Mary, then," said Millie.

"There is no Mary," wailed Celeste. "They both have gone."

"Gone!" echoed Millie.

"They have left," said Celeste, shaking her head. "It is all my fault. Henri, here—the big stupid!—he told me to go ahead and run the house. And I know only one way to run a house. And the minute I put my little nose into their ice box—*voilà!*—they get out."

"My land!" said Millie.

"It is too bad," went on Celeste; "but how could I know? One's way of running a house is one's way."

So she hustled out and got them something good to eat and waited on them with a dexterity that cast Nora considerably into the shade. Millie's heart sank as she watched the girl. She had asked no questions of Junior and none of Celeste; but now she was sure just how and where Junior had met her—in some boarding house—some restaurant! It sickened her. Meantime Henry Taylor ate his rations like a major and asked for more.

"Nothing like that in Atlantic City," said Henry—"not in a thousand years!"

"And now," said Celeste, "you are not to bother about anything at all—not in this house. It is my fault—what has happened. I shall do all to-night and I shall do all to-morrow. Your holiday is still unfinished. You shall be the guests of my stupid husband and myself."

She cleared the table and disappeared. Inside of fifteen minutes she was back with them in the living room. She informed Millie, *sotto voce*, that her trunks had finally arrived and that she had been fixing up her room—that room which Millie had regarded as a shrine.

"Come on, Pop and see our room," said Junior.

Well, the girl had done wonders with it. She hadn't torn down Millie's fixings; she had just added touches—and such touches! Millie kept fingering this and that and the other bit of embroidery and lace.

"Where did you buy these?" demanded Millie.

"Buy them?" echoed the girl. "I made them."

"They look like convent work," said Millie.

"But yes," returned Celeste; "and I am convent bred."

There was a sudden thaw that Henry didn't feel. He was fingering a lot of iron boxes that were lined up on a little mantelpiece. Millie, however, followed up her lead.

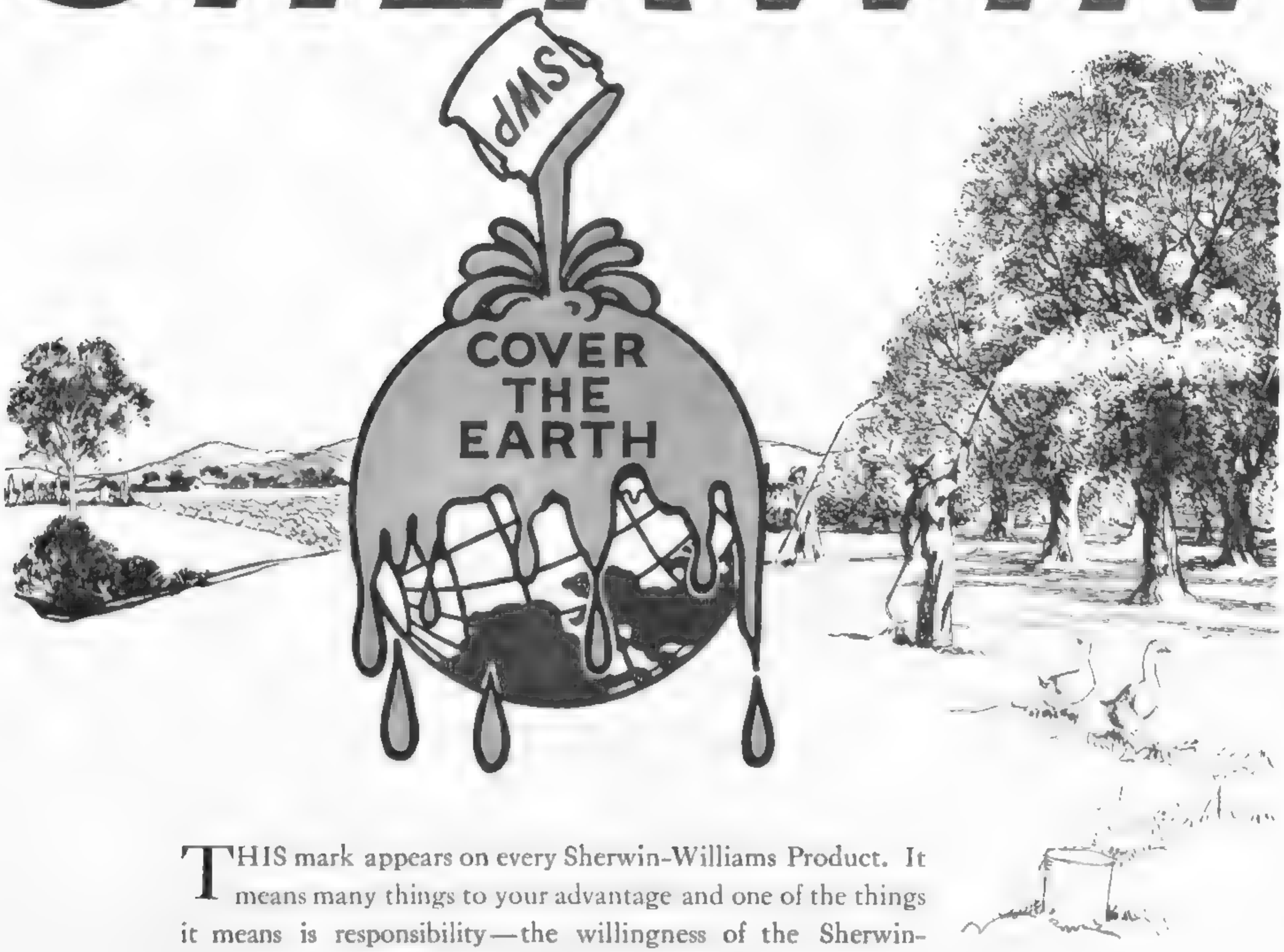
"And where," she asked, "did Junior meet you?"

"Oh," said Celeste with a bewildering smile at Junior, "I worked in a *pension* in Paris where the lieutenant used to stay. An old friend of ours kept it; she was old and crippled, and I helped her out. Thus, I had free board and a room—it is one way to live. Eye-yah, but she made me work! And then one day along came Henri. Then it was all off! I fell in love."

Wholesome frigidity resumed its sway. Millie didn't sniff. She just went about comforting herself with the feel of the beautiful things that were spread about so lavishly.

(Concluded on Page 123)

SHERWIN



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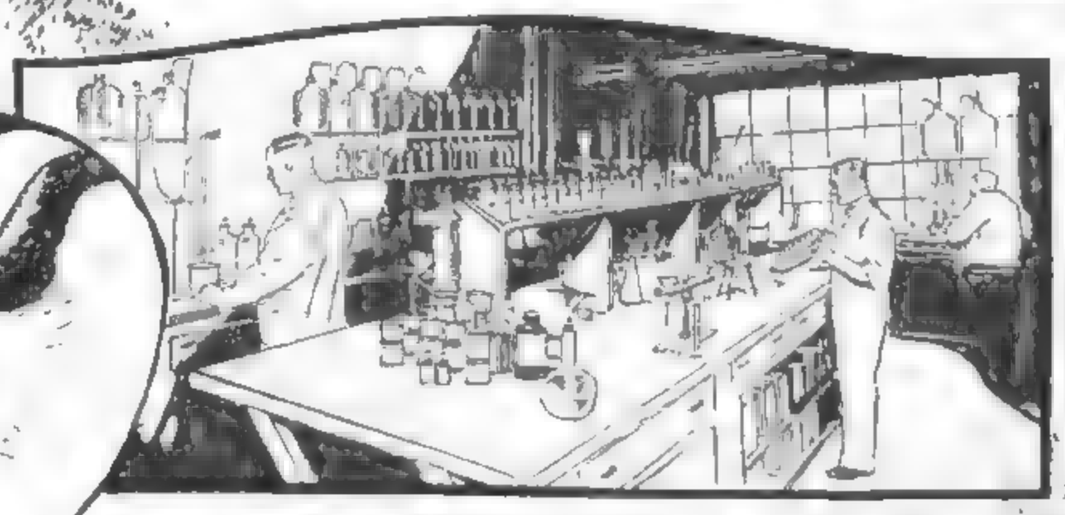

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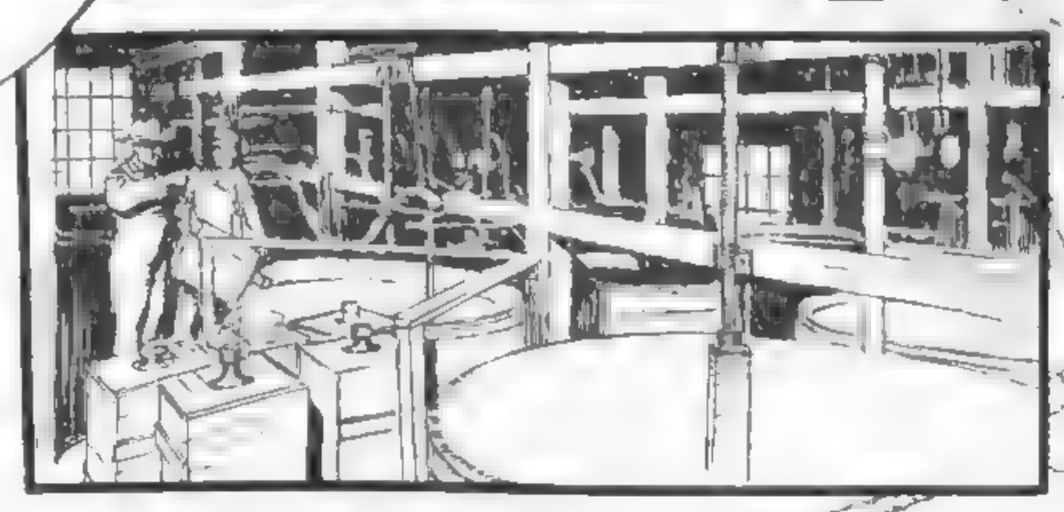

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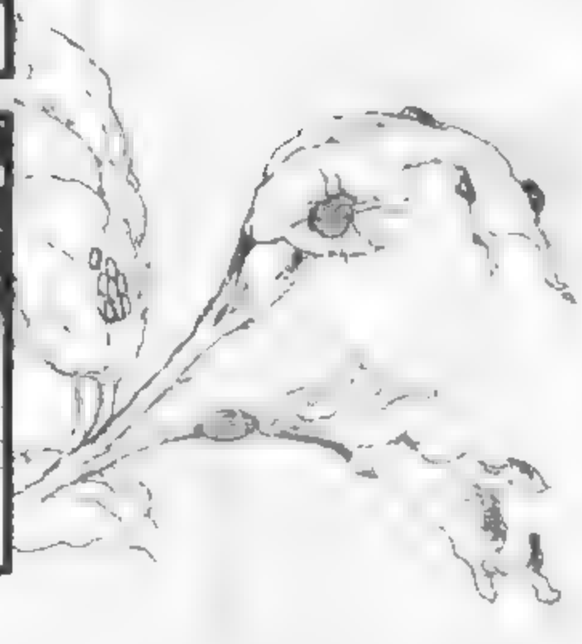

Pests Cost the Country $500,000,000 in Crops Annually

THIS is the estimated loss through neglect of spraying or the use of improper spraying material. This year the obligation to save food is greater than ever before because this country is called upon to feed much of the world.

The fruit grower or farmer who uses ineffective materials loses something more than his own time and labor. He loses his crop with no opportunity to retrieve his mistake. He cannot tell good Insecticides from bad by looking at them. He has no ready means of testing them in advance.

The Sherwin-Williams Company makes the most complete line of Insecticides and Fungicides in the world. It has manufactured these products for years with every advantage that unlimited sources of pure raw materials and the utmost assistance of science and chemistry can give.

Sherwin-Williams spraying materials include Dry Powdered Arsenate of Lead, Dry Lime Sulfur, Paris Green, Dry Powdered Arsenate of Calcium, Fungi-Bordo, Dry Bordo Mixture, Tuber-Tonic (a combination Paris Green and Bordo Mixture for potato spray), Insecto (a combination of Arsenate of Lead and Bordo Mixture). Each is scientifically prepared and the best for its purpose.

The use of Insecticides of known value, identified by a trade-mark known all over the world, vouched for by a house of unquestioned responsibility, cannot be too strongly emphasized in a year when the conservation of food in this country is a duty.

Be sure of the quality of the Insecticides you buy. Rely upon the name of the maker.

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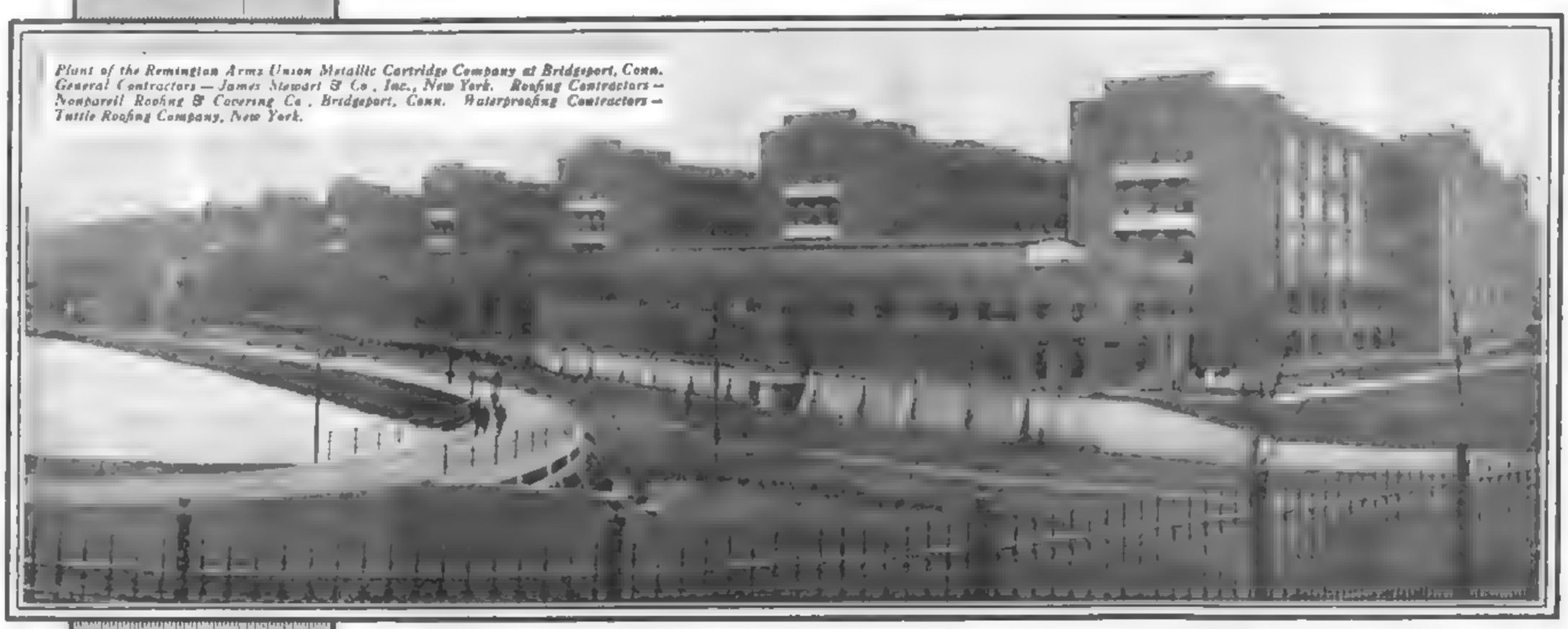
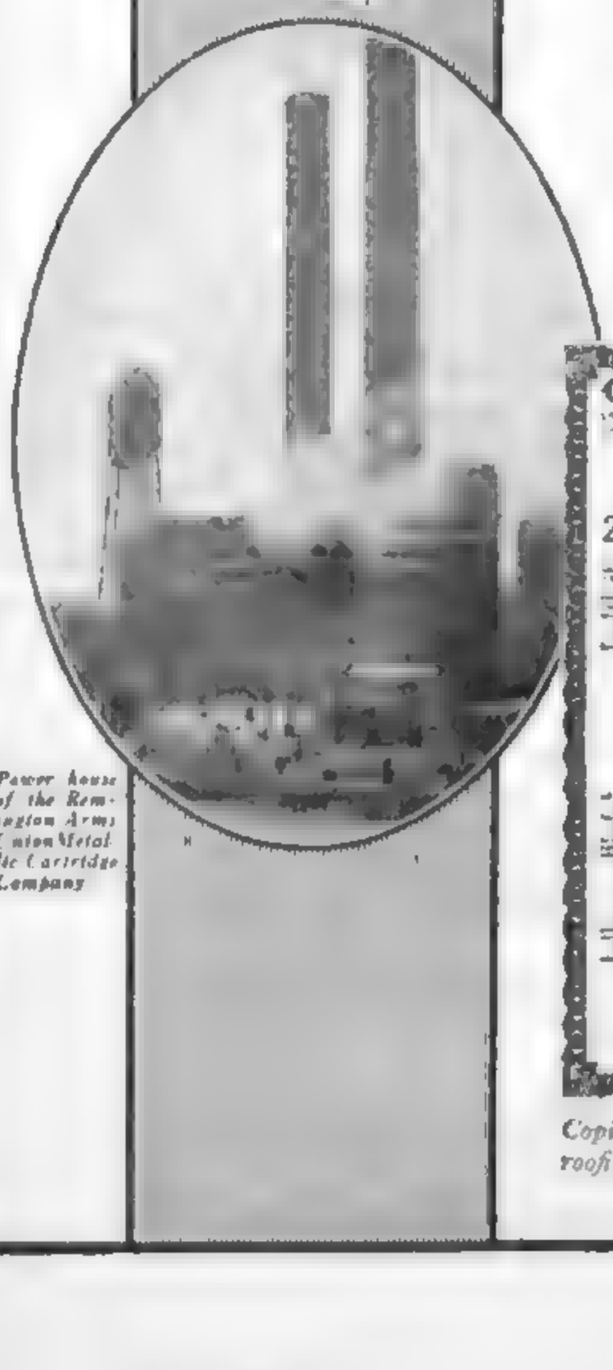


Plant of the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company at Bridgeport, Conn. General Contractors — James Stewart & Co., Inc., New York. Roofing Contractors — Nonpareil Roofing & Covering Co., Bridgeport, Conn. Waterproofing Contractors — Tuttle Roofing Company, New York.

Barrett Specification Roofs



Power house of the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company

More than Half a Million square feet of *Barrett Specification Roofs* protect the great Remington Arms Plant

THE type of roof to be used on a huge job like this cannot be decided on the basis of individual preference. Nor can experimenting be tolerated. For the investment is too large and the consequences of a mistake are too serious. When architects and engineers face a roofing job like this they have to get right down to *proved facts and figures*. They have to be absolutely *sure* on four points.

First. That from start to finish they will get just the kind of a roof they specify, with no chance for "skimping" or substituting inferior materials.

Second. That the manufacturer of the roofing materials is thoroughly reliable, and has had long and successful experience in the roofing business.

Third. That the roof will positively be trouble-proof and free from maintenance expense for a long period of years.

Fourth. That it shall be the most economical roof possible to obtain, not as to first cost, but, what is of greater importance, as to *cost per year of service.*

Because Barrett Specification Roofs meet *all* of these requirements better than any other type of roof, they were selected to cover these great buildings.

Today the *standard* covering for permanent buildings is a Barrett Specification Roof. It takes the base rate of insurance. It costs less per year of service than any other type of permanent roof. It is guaranteed for 20 years.

The 20-Year Guaranty

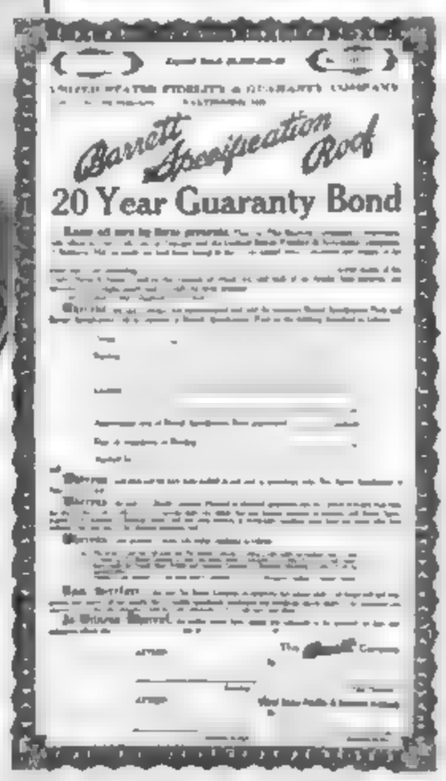
A 20-YEAR Surety Bond is now offered on all Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares and over in all cities in the United States and Canada of 25,000 population and more, and *in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

This Surety Bond exempts the owner from all expense for repairs or upkeep on his roof for *20 years.* It is issued by the U. S. Fidelity and Guaranty Co. of Baltimore, one of the largest Surety Companies in America.

Our only requirements are that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and his work subject to our inspection.

Thus, in spite of the fact that we do not build roofs ourselves, we are put in a position where we can actually *guarantee* the delivery of the long years of service which Barrett roofs are capable of giving.

This is the bond that guarantees your roof for 20 years.



Barrett Specification Roof

20 Year Guaranty Bond

Copies of the Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, free upon request.

BARRETT FLOOR AND FOUNDATION WATERPROOFING

Barrett materials were used not only on the roofs of the buildings of this great plant, but also to waterproof the floors and foundations: 264,600 square feet of Tar-Rok Flooring; 966,000 square feet of two-ply floor-waterproofing; 126,800 square feet of foundation-waterproofing.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland
Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham New Orleans Kansas City
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Youngstown Toledo Columbus Richmond Latrobe Bethlehem Elizabeth Buffalo Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

(Concluded from Page 119)

Then suddenly she bumped into the wig. Having bumped into it she backed away from it again.

It was a horsehair wig of the style of the eighteenth century; and it was resting—a bit drunkenly perhaps—on a little standard with an egg-shaped knob.

"And is this convent made, also?" smiled Millie.

She was sorry she had asked the question. The wig unquestionably was one of those used in the shops of hairdressers to advertise their wares.

"Oh, no!" said Celeste carelessly. "That is the Rochambeau peruke."

"What Rochambeau?" demanded Henry Taylor.

"Your old friend in this country," said Celeste. "I always keep it in sight to remind my stupid husband that France and America always should go arm in arm."

"Where did you get it?" asked Millie.

"My mamma, she was one of that family," said Celeste. She indicated a little diagram that hung upon the wall. "If you study this carefully," she said, "you will see that the Count de Rochambeau, he is this big squash hanging here; while my mamma, she is this little peach hanging far over from this twig. She died when I was young. *Mon père*, he always said she was a little peach—only she thought it was a great comedown to marry him. He was a man milliner, *mon père*."

"Oh!" said Millie.

"Oh, not the great Renaud," Celeste warned her. "My papa, he just had his modest little shop and his modest little trade on a modest little street in Paris; his regular customers, you know—always the same—until the war. Of course that ended him. *Mon pauvre père!*"

She heard the clink of coin. With a little shriek she descended upon Henry, who was feeding small coins into the little iron boxes.

"Oh, but no; you must not! You must not!" cried Celeste. "It is good enough for my stupid husband to do all that. That is his business, not yours."

"Banks, Millie—little iron banks," said Henry; "they've got seven of 'em in all."

"Celeste tips them regularly," said Junior.

Millie glanced at them casually; then she took a closer view. They were battered, timeworn things, each with a little label done in French—one for food, one for lodging, one for the doctor, one for —— Millie didn't read this one aloud. Prospective grandmother though she was, she didn't want to read that one aloud. Besides, gentlemen were present. And finally one labeled "Automobile." It was the only one Henry Taylor could understand.

"Even saving up for that!" he said.

"Oh, for everything we want, whether we can get it or not," laughed Celeste. "And when the little boxes are filled up we make a note of them in the book and we put the money in the bank. But then, everybody does that sort of thing."

Millie smiled indulgently.

"Everybody starts out to do it, my dear," she said; "but they soon get tired."

"Get tired!" cried Celeste. "*Là là!* All my life I have been doing it, and my father before me—and his father before him. These little boxes, they are heirlooms. As *mon père* would say, they always bring good luck. He would fetch me—my papa—when I was a little toddler, to these little boxes, where we kept them on the shelf; he would show me how the money grew inside of them. At first, I really thought it grew of itself. . . . You see, when my papa was a young man, just starting out, he had one great ambition. You would call it cut and dried, perhaps. He wanted some day to be worth a hundred thousand francs. He started with that dream. And the little boxes helped him—oh, so much!

"'Celeste,' he used to say to me, 'it is the easiest thing in the world to be a careful spender. All Paris can be that—a careful spender. But to be a careful saver—that takes genius. It is magic, Celeste,' he would tell me; 'it is the black art, this art of saving. You want a diamond; you put money aside for it; you keep putting aside; you do without this, you do without that; you concentrate on what you want—the diamond. Then—presto!—one day, before you know it, that diamond is all yours. You want a Renaud gown; you want a hundred thousand francs before you die—presto!—they are yours. It is the black art, Celeste.'"

Millie looked at Henry Taylor and Henry looked at her.

"The Carter Judsons!" exclaimed Henry.

And Millie nodded. Millie was beginning to understand.

"And your father?" queried Henry Taylor of Celeste.

"Ah," returned Celeste, "he went out with the first of them. They got him at the Somme. He sleeps with the Croix de Guerre upon his breast."

The next morning Celeste had Henry's breakfast ready for him when he got downstairs. And while he ate she talked.

"It is very necessary to talk at times some business," she explained; "so there is a little understanding I should like to have."

"Shoot!" said Henry, wondering what was coming.

"It is this," went on Celeste: "You can see that it is very necessary for us—Henri and me—to make, as you would say, these both ends meet. Now you have had your maids, Monsieur Papa; and you have fed them and you have lodged them—and you have paid them. Two big feeders, those young ladies. I can tell! Well then, I will do all the work ——"

"You!" cried Henry.

"This house is as nothing," said Celeste, "compared with the *pension* I told you of. I never want such work again as that! It is nothing; and I will show you how to make some money. I take care of this house for you; and you, in turn, will give us board and lodging."

"But—but," spluttered Henry, "I'd do that, anyway."

"It is not done," said Celeste simply. "And if we cannot strike a bargain, Henri and I, we must pay our way. And that will cost us too much money. It is a favor I ask, *mon père*."

Well, Henry said he'd speak to Millie about it; but he didn't think ——

And then the girl fumbled in her waist and drew forth a roll of bills.

"Henri says will you please bank that for him? You have his savings book."

Henry counted the bills; they ran up to eleven hundred dollars.

"Where did Junior get this money?" Henry demanded.

"Where should he get it?" queried Celeste. "He saved it out of his pay, of course."

"Junior did?"

"I did it for him," said the girl; "it is the same."

"I'll attend to it," said Henry.

"And would you also," went on Celeste, "please deposit this in some good bank for me?"

She placed in Henry's hands a crumpled sheaf of crinkly papers. Henry unfolded them and leafed them over. The crinkly sheets of paper were drafts on New York—twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of drafts!

"Yours?" gasped Henry.

Celeste nodded.

"I held this back," she said, flushing. "France got my poor father; and got 'most all he had—he gave it willingly. I felt, somehow, it had enough. So I kept this for my husband—when I should get one—and myself."

"Your father saved his hundred thousand, then?" said Henry.

"Oh, when the war came on," returned the girl, "he was worth half a million francs. But yes."

"Does Junior know you've got this money?" Henry asked curiously.

"He knows it now," smiled Celeste; "but he did not know it when he kissed me that first time. I took good care that even he should want me for myself. But, after all, to him it does not signify; he does not think of money when he thinks of me. To him money means nothing."

"How about you?" queried Henry.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the girl swiftly. "If I should lose that money I would go stark, staring mad. Anyway, I think I should. But yes."

Henry tucked the notes into his pocket.

"I'll take care of them," he said. "I'll bring you home a signature card to sign. Meantime where's Junior?"

Somebody came down the stairs and swept into the room. It was Millie.

"Where is Junior?" she demanded.

"Oh, my eye!" smiled Celeste. "He has gone to work this long ago."

"Gone to work!" cried Millie.

"But yes," said Celeste; "he got a job at once."

"A job!" cried Henry.

"Yes," said the girl, with a shrug of her shoulders. "A machinist—he learned things in the army. Six dollars a day—eight dollars a day, he makes."

"Henry!" wailed Millie, aghast.

"Oh, it is all right!" returned Celeste. "It is only for a time. He works his trade only while he studies at the law."

"How can he work and study too?" asked Henry.

Celeste laughed.

"Henri can do many things," she said. "In the daytime he can work for money, and at night he will go to the law school over in New York. Of course he will go to law school over in New York! It is all so simple. And in time he will become a great *avocat*, like Monsieur Papa, here."

Henry Taylor came home early that afternoon. He was feeling good.

"Millie," he said, "I got in that Tyler money; been waiting for it for six full months at least. Where's Celeste? What's going on with you?"

"Nothing much."

Millie was in the little reception room off the hall, arranging things. She was affixing to the wall Celeste's timeworn coat of arms. And she was adjusting under a glass case the Rochambeau peruke for all the world to see—all the world and incidentally the Carter Judsons.

"And the best of it is," said Henry, "they didn't, either of them, cost us a dad-blamed cent! Where is Celeste?"

"Where do you think she is?" asked Millie.

"I give it up," said Henry.

"She's the dearest thing!" went on Millie with real affection in her tone. "She's the dearest little thing! She makes such a business of life, Henry."

"I notice that," said Henry.

"She's taking such pains in getting herself and her family ——"

"Her family?" said Henry.

"Never mind—her prospective family," said Millie hastily; "taking such pains to get them established in America. Only, she's beginning at the hind end first."

"How so?" asked Henry.

Millie smiled indulgently.

"She's gone up to Laurelhurst Cemetery, over on the Avenue," said Millie; "she's looking it over. She wants to buy a plot right next to ours."

"Ours?" echoed Henry.

Milly nodded shamefacedly.

"Of course," she said, "I had to put her off. I couldn't very well tell her that we didn't have any cemetery plot."

"You don't have to," said Henry, jamming his hat down on his head and starting for the door. "Millie, that girl's not starting hind end first—not by a jugful."

"Where are you off to now?" said Millie.

"Millie," said Henry firmly, "I'm off to buy our cemetery plot. I've got to—just to save my face."

ALL THAT GLITTERS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

URIAS NESBIT paused with his hand on the knob of the front door. From the rear of his cottage there was wafted to his ears the rhythmic swish-swash of soapsuddy lingerie caressing a rubbing board.

Urias nodded grimly and entered the three-room mansion. He proceeded to the bureau, opened the top drawer, tchk'd petulantly, and strode through the kitchen into the yard.

Elzevir heard the slam of the door and straightened her shapely body. Her plump, rounded arms were soapy to the elbows. She sensed the captious antagonism of her husband and carried the war into his country.

"Wha's troublin' yo' min' now, 'Rias?"

He frowned with dark disapproval.

"Whar yo' di'min' ring is at?"

Elzevir mechanically raised her left hand and glanced at the ringless third finger. Then her teeth clicked together.

"You is some naggin' man, 'Rias. You know puffectly well my ring is in the top bureau drawer."

"Yeh!" he retorted with biting sarcasm. "Tha's jes' the trouble. I knows whar 'tis at. I is tol' you a thousan' times a'ready, Elzevir—an' Ise tellin' you agin—if'n you leave that ring in yo' bureau drawer 'stead of lockin' it up in yo' trunk when you washes, it's gwine be stold jes' sho's hell's a fishpond."

"Huh! 'Tain't been stold twell yet."

"They's folks dyin' ev'y day, Elzevir, which ain't never died befo'!"

He turned away and was safely within the house before a fitting retort came to her lips. He made his way once more to the bureau drawer and took therefrom a diamond ring of scintillant brilliance. For sixty-three weeks Urias Nesbit had paid on that ring. One hundred and twenty-five dollars had been expended for the stone in installments of two dollars every Saturday. That had been in the days when the elusive coyness of the regal Elzevir bade fair to put Urias permanently into the matrimonial discard. The ring had won her. And so they were married.

That diamond ring was the guaranty of Elzevir's social eminence. At first there had been skeptics—numbering

(Continued on Page 127)

WE shall be glad to send you the little book, "The Making of a Stetson Hat"—and with it "A Little Journey to the Home of John B. Stetson," by Elbert Hubbard. Just send in your request on a post card.

Stetson Hats

MOST men have learned that there is no compromise about a hat. Either it is a fine hat or it is not. You are satisfied or you are not satisfied.

It may be news to you that there are more Stetson Soft and Derby Hats sold in New York City every year, than those of any other makes of high-grade hats in the world—because of their *style* and *quality*.

You know how discriminating men look forward to the new Stetsons, season by season.

Men who have yielded to the low-price temptation in buying a hat have discovered that it does not pay.

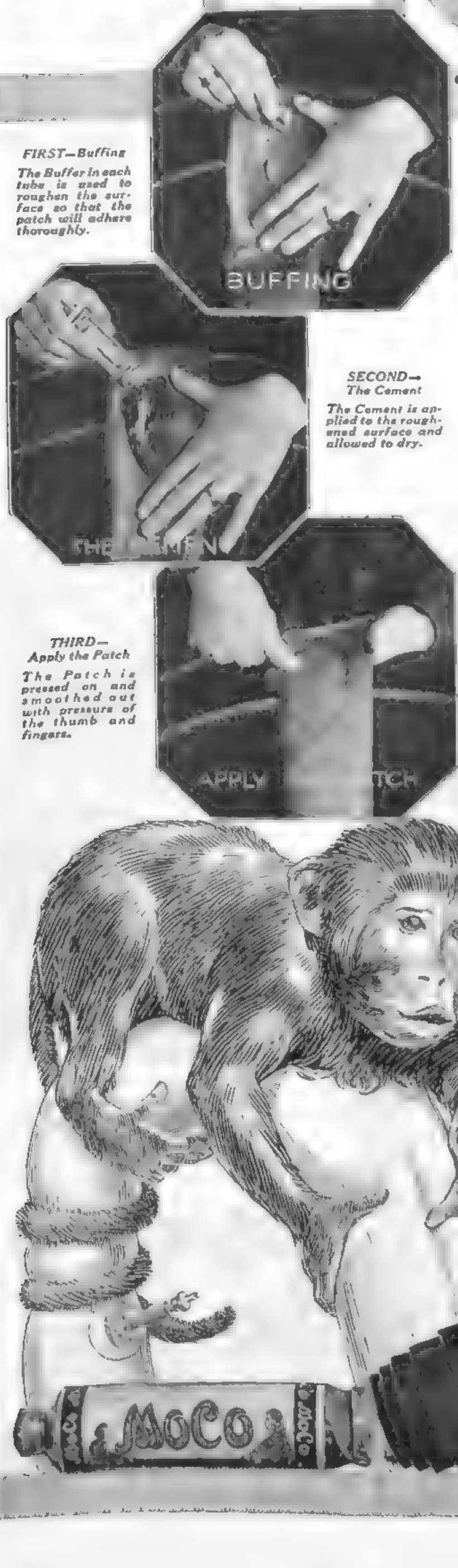
We believe—the customers of over ten thousand Stetson dealers know—that the price of a hat is set by the *service* it gives.

The value of a hat can be gauged only by the *quality* and *workmanship* that go into it—each hat signed with the *Stetson Quality-Mark*.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

MONKEY GRIP

"The World's Best Tire Patch"



FIRST—Buffing

The Buffer in each tube is used to roughen the surface so that the patch will adhere thoroughly.

SECOND—The Cement

The Cement is applied to the roughened surface and allowed to dry.

THIRD—Apply the Patch

The Patch is pressed on and smoothed out with pressure of the thumb and fingers.

NO need of rushing punctures or blowouts to the vulcanizer's. With "Monkey Grip" Cold Tire Patch, you can repair the largest hole in your tube, and right on the road. No skill needed—it takes but three minutes and three simple operations. A woman or child can make the repair so that it will hermetically seal the hole, leaving your tube better than before.

Repairs made with "Monkey Grip" are self-vulcanizing. The wear and heat of traction cause the patch to fuse and become inseparably a part of the tube. Being of pure rubber, "Monkey Grip" will expand with the tube. This allows the distribution of the strain evenly over the entire patch and is the principal reason that a "Monkey Grip" Patch will not creep or lessen.

"Guaranteed"

"Monkey Grip" Cold Tire Patch is sold under a broad guarantee—if you don't find it satisfactory in every way your dealer is authorized to return your money.

The medium sized package of "Monkey Grip" costs one dollar and contains sufficient material for 100 average punctures. In your car it means freedom from running on the rims or waiting hours for the "trouble car," and you need not fear distance runs without an extra tube. No matter what size the puncture—no matter where it happens, "Monkey Grip" will make your delay short and your inconvenience not worth mentioning. Never leave the Garage without it.

In Three Sizes—Large $1.75—Medium $1.00 —Cycle size 60 cents.

At Drug and Hardware Stores, Filling Stations, Garages and Auto Supply Dealers' in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, British West Indies, Australia and New Zealand. Used by the U. S. Army in this country and overseas.

Send Coupon

If your dealer does not handle "Monkey Grip" fill out and send the coupon below with one dollar and we will send you, postpaid, the medium sized package which is sufficient for 100 punctures. If you do not find it as we represent it, return it or any unused portion of it, and we will refund the full purchase price. Send for a package today.

To Dealers—

Until January, 1919, "Monkey Grip" Cold Tire Patch was sold direct to the dealers. Since that time, it has been distributed through jobbers. If you are not stocking "Monkey Grip" or your jobber does not handle it, write us giving his name and we will see that you are supplied. "Monkey Grip" should be on your counters.

MOCO LABORATORIES
Moco Building
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

MOCO LABORATORIES, Moco Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Enclosed is $1.00 for a medium sized package of "Monkey Grip"—enough for 100 ordinary punctures. It is understood that if I do not find it satisfactory my money will be returned.

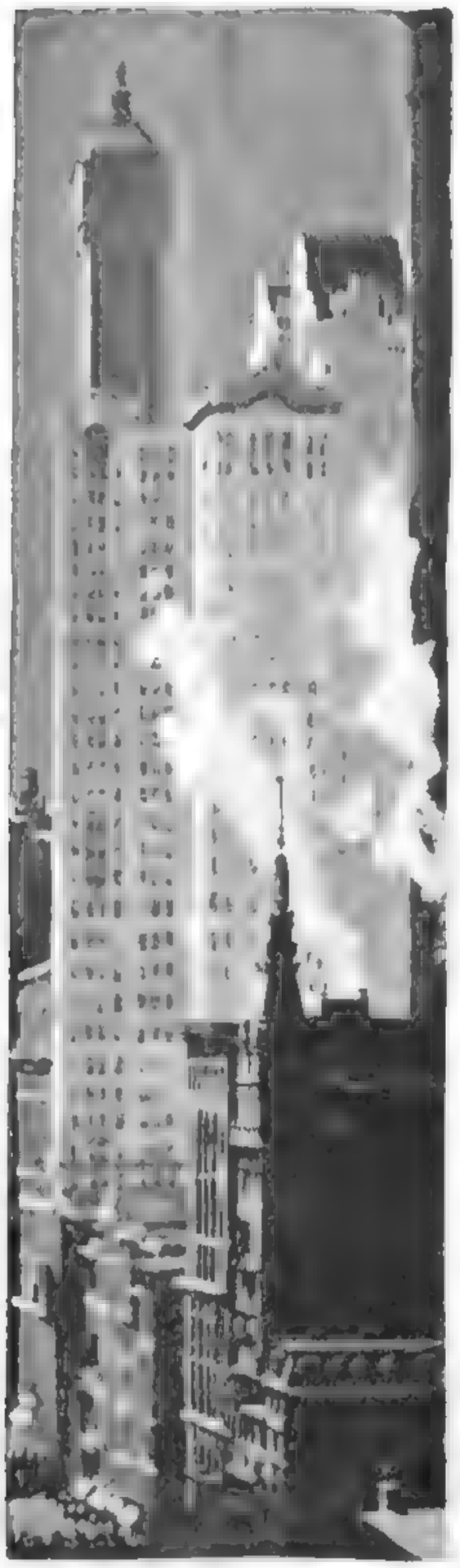
My Dealer's name is:

Name _____

_____ Street _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Skyscraper or Cottage



To the manager of a skyscraper or the owners of a cottage Glidden carries the same message of upkeep economy.

In both cases there are walls to decorate, woodwork to beautify and floors to protect. One is as much of a business proposition as the other—to get beauty and durability and to hold those qualities for the longest possible time is the result desired.

Building Managers have long ago proven to their own satisfaction that low price per gallon will not bring the desired results. Many of them for example have found that Glidden Floor Varnish will stand the hardest office use—that Glidden Flat Wall Finish gives equally satisfactory results, in fact that Glidden is a dependable name for every kind of paint, varnish, enamel or stain.

They have a hundred opportunities to know quality where the household user has one. They have need for economy too. That Glidden Products are used so extensively in large office buildings, hospitals and institutions is a sure sign that the same good results are being obtained in homes by the thousand.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
Cleveland, O., U. S. A.
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New York Chicago Kansas City
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GLIDDEN

VARNISHES - ENAMELS - PAINTS - STAINS

(Continued from Page 123)

legion—who questioned the genuineness of the stone; but they had been effectively squelched by the triumphant Elzevir, who invariably convoyed them to a jeweler of unimpeachable integrity for an appraisement. And, as there wasn't a jeweler in the city who did not instantly value the ring at anywhere from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars, its reputation quickly spread; and by her diamond Elzevir became known.

But the diamond was the lone sign of affluence about the Nesbit ménage. Somehow work and Urias didn't get along very well together. The best he had ever been able to do was seven dollars a week—some weeks. The instinct of self-preservation had driven Elzevir to take in two family washings a week at one dollar and a half each. To her surprise she did not lose caste. Other society queens had been dethroned for less. And Elzevir correctly guessed that because she was possessed of a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar diamond ring the taking in of a couple of washings was catalogued among the justifiable eccentricities of the wealthy.

She paid the diamond full homage. The setting was kept immaculately clean. The stone itself sparkled elegantly from the brown background of her finger. It was the supreme joy of her existence, the fetish, to save which she had more than once cheerfully faced hunger. Once, during a long jobless period, Urias had insisted that she pawn the gem.

"Di'min's is all right, Elzevir; but they is no good if'n yo' is sta'vin' to death "

"This heah ring gwine stay whar it is at—which is on my finger, 'Rias. If'n I die fum starvin' 'cause you is too lazy to wuk, then I reckon it'll look gran' on my corpse."

But all of her passionate love for the ring could not emancipate Elzevir from her cardinal weakness. She was careless. For instance, she had for months been cognizant of the fact that one of the prongs was badly worn and that there was grave danger of some day losing the stone. For months she had conscientiously meant to see a jeweler and have a new prong installed, but a thousand and one things had prevented.

Again, during the arduous hours of her twice-weekly washing séances she invariably slipped the ring from her finger and placed it in the top drawer of her bureau—a drawer the lock of which had long ceased to be of any save ornamental value. Her husband had scolded her about it; chided her so frequently and earnestly that his criticism had degenerated into mere nagging.

According to his views the treasure should, on wash-days, be carefully locked in her trunk; a trunk being to the negro what a steel deposit vault is to his Caucasian brother.

And Elzevir meant to do it. She always meant to do the right thing. But the bureau drawer was handy and she was regularly half an hour late in starting; and the ring was inevitably dropped carelessly into the bureau drawer.

Urias' fears for its safety were well-grounded. The ring was famed in colored social circles, and he realized the neighbors must know that when washing for the white folks Elzevir was without it. He knew, too, that while she was washing clothes in the back yard any larcenous individual could enter the front door, conduct a thorough search, find the ring, extract it from its hiding place, and vamose undetected.

"Jes' like a woman!" he soliloquized bitterly. "She ain't nev' gwine re'lize whut that ring is twell it's stold fum her."

He left the house in high dudgeon and retraced his steps downtown. Near the L. & N. crossing, which divides the north and south sides of the city, he almost collided with a young overalled negro, who pulled up short, grinned with delight and clutched his arm eagerly.

"I is been lookin' for you ev'ywhere, 'Rias."

"Is you?"

"Sho' is! Got a few minutes to spare?"

"Spare time," answered Urias gloomily, "is the on'y thing I ain't got anythin' else but."

"You ain't wukin'?"

"No."

"How come?"

"Me an' my boss ain't been gittin' 'long so well for some time; so I thought I better quit."

"'Rias," interrogated the other intensely, "how'd you like to make a hund'ed dollars cash 'thout doin' no wuk?"

Urias glared severely at his companion.

"Cass Driggers, you might's well on'erstan' I ain't in no jokin' humor."

"Nor neither I ain't. Ise plumb serious."

"Huh! When you makes talk like whut you is doin' you is plumb foolish."

Cass's voice took on a nuance of pleading earnestness:

"'Tain't so, 'Rias. They's a chancet for I an' you to make a hund'ed dollars each—easy! 'Thout doin' no wuk a-tall. An', seein' as I an' you is good frien's, Ise lettin' you in fifty-fifty."

"Splain it, Cass; an' if'n you ain't want me to git pow'ful mad you 'loocidate it tho'ough an' complete."

"Heah's the how of it, 'Rias: For th'ee months, sencet I been wukin' as a mechanic down to the 'Celsior Gyrage, I is been teachin' a white gen'leman, name of Cap'n Zacharias Foster, how to run a new flivver which he done bought. It been jes' 'bout a hopeless job, 'cause'n he's one of them they men which jes' wa'n't bohn to run no auty-mobile. This mawnin' I gits a telyphone call fum him. He says he's out on the Potterville road—him an' whut's lef' of the flivver. I got the wreckin' car an' driv out. They was jes' 'bout as much lef' of his clothes as they was of the car—he was most nekkid. I prized him up an' driv him in.

"If' yo'd ever wuked 'roun' a gyrage, 'Rias, yo'd know they is two kin's of men whut owns autymobiles—one kin' loves 'em, an' t'other kin' hates 'em. They ain't no inbetwix'. I is seen 'em all, but I ain't nev' saw no man so sick of autymobiles as whut Cap'n Zacharias Foster was this mawnin'.

"'I'd sell that ol' junkpile for sevumty-five dollars,' he said.

"'Huh! Cap'n,' I comes back, 'you is the jokines' man!'

"With that he swears the mos' elegant I ev' did heah.

"'I mean it!' he growls.

"Semore," She Murmured, With Downcast Lids, "I—I—is—Totumly Misunderstood You"

"'Bettin' you woul'n't put that in writin',' I says.

"I knowed he was a pow'ful sot feller; an' sho' nuff he pulls out a notebook an' writ out a 'greement to sell me that car for sevumty-five dollars if'n I perduced the cash in fohty-eight hours. An'"—as Urias showed symptoms of interrupting—"that ain't noways the all of it neither. 'Rias, I is got that car sol' for th'ee hund'ed dollars soon's I fix it up a bit."

Urias turned toward Cass Driggers a face wreathed in superlative contempt.

"Whut is I got to do with all this?"

"You is the feller," explained Cass blandly, "whut is gwine put up the sevumty-five dollars."

"Haw!" returned Urias with ponderous sarcasm. "You is as foolish as you look. How come you to git the idee in yo' haid I is got sevumty-five dollars?"

"I ain't. But you is gwine git it."

"I ain't nev' yit been in jail; an' ——"

"Lis'en heah, 'Rias; they ain't no trouble 'bout me gitten the money. Reckon Flo'ian Slappey'd lemme it if'n I'd take him in on the deal; or I could git Semore Mashby to do it ——" Urias clutched his short dumpy friend by a greasy shoulder.

"If'n you was ev' to give Semore Mashby the opportunity to make money, Cass, I'd plumb ruint you. That ol' jack-face' monkey is so tight 'bout money he ties chains to his dimes. Semore Mashby, Cass, is a discredick to the colored race; an', 'sides, he is got too much money a'ready."

Cass nodded vehement agreement.

"Ise with you in all whut you says 'bout'n Semore Mashby, 'Rias. I woul'n't enter into no business deal with that man—on'y if'n I had to. But I is sayin' I c'n git the money a' right. They's Flo'ian Slappey; he's the on'y an' original take-a-chancet feller; an', fust off, I thought I'd go to him, but I says to myse'f: 'Cass Driggers,' I says, ''Rias Nesbit an' you is been buddies sencet you was kids, an' if'n they's more'n two hund'ed dollars profit gwine be divided up seems like you owes him a slice of it.' Tha's jes' zac'ly whut I says to myse'f, 'Rias—jes' like that; which is how come I to decide I an' you is gwine split up them they profits "

Urias shook a perturbed head.

"You is speakin' silly. I ain't got no sevumty-five dollars; an' you know it."

"Sho' I does. But worser men'n you is made money whut they ain't nev' had befo'."

"I got zac'ly th'ee dollars, fo' bits, an' a dime, Cass. I ain't hahdly prospec' tha's enough to buy no auty-mobile."

"Woul'n't Elzevir like 'bout'n a hund'ed dollars?"

"Her? If'n Elzevir ev' seen that much money all to oncet I'd be a widdier."

"Sho' 'nuff! Tha's jes' whut I says to myse'f. I says: 'Cass Driggers,' I says, ''Rias is yo' buddy an' Elzevir is his wife; an' Elzevir is a broad 'ooman ——'"

"'Crost the hips, mebbe. But if'n you is makin' talk 'bout gitten Elzevir interes' in 'vestin' sevumty-five dollars —— Anyways, Cass, she jes' ain't got it."

Cass lowered his voice discreetly:

"She is got it, too!"

"Elzevir?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Sevumty-five dollars?"

"Yeh "

"You is absotively an' ontirely crazy, Cass Driggers. If'n autymobiles was sellin' for ten dollars apiece each, me an' Elzevir between us coul'n't buy a puncture. Whar you git that notion 'bout Elzevir havin' sevumty-five dollars?"

"Her di'min' ring!" sibilated Cass eagerly. "Ol' Semore Mashby is a lookin' man when it comes to good s'curity, an' he'd easy leave us have sevumty-five on that ring; an' ——"

"They's a train leavin' fum heah in twen'y minutes, Cass," remarked his tall friend with heavy irony. "Bes' thing for you to do is to take that train, git off at Tuscaloosa an' enter right into the 'sane asylim. If'n they balks 'bout lettin' you in, you jes' tell 'em you got the idee Elzevir'd let that ring git away fum her—even for a minute! Tell 'em that, Cass, an' they is gwine make you they stah bo'der."

"But they is a hund'ed dollars cl'ar profit for you, 'Rias. Ain't you hankering none a-tall for a hund'ed dollars?"

"Hund'ed dollars ain't no good to a daid man."

"You is sho' Elzevir woul'n't ——"

"I is sho' that if'n I was to siggest it to Elzevir they woul'n't be nothin' lef' on my shoulders but a li'l' piece of neck."

Cass shook his head dolefully and tramped along in somber silence.

"I—I kinder sispected yo'd take it thisaway, 'Rias; an' so I done had another idee."

"If'n 'tain't no better'n that fust one yo'd better leave it stay whar it is at."

"It's a good idee, 'Rias; an' it'd wuk if'n you was a man with any cou'age—jes' even a li'l' bit of cou'age."

"I ain't nev' been no coward, Cass."

"'Bout'n some things you is."

"Name which."

"Elzevir!"

"There you goes agin!"

"Lis'en heah to what I is sayin', 'Rias: Elzevir's got a di'min' which is wuth a hund'ed an' fifty dollars, easy. If'n we was to try an' pawn that ring we coul'n't git more'n fifty dollars—or mebby fohty. But Semore Mashby'd let us have sevumty-five ——"

"Goo'-by, Cass! I gits ne'vous when I talks with a crazy man."

"Wait a minute! Heah me th'ough. Me an' you is buddies, 'Rias; an' if'n somebody is got to git a hund'ed dollars offen me I'd a heap ruther it was you. Now I got it all figgered out how we c'n raise that sevumty-five dollars, an' if'n yo'll lemme splain ——"

"Go ahead!" commanded 'Rias with weary hopelessness, in the grip of a desire to humor his friend's infirmity. "But be sho' you splain it tho'ough."

Cass perked up with enthusiasm.

"Heah's the how of it: A di'min' ring is a di'min' ring, an' if'n a 'ooman is got one she is satisfied. Now my idee is

(Continued on Page 131)

The Brunswick Standards

As Applied to Fine Tire Building

"This one Brunswick will tell the story"

The House of Brunswick—famed for 74 years for its superlative standards—is now expanding its production of Tires and Tubes.

In a very short time this line has won, and deservedly so, a ranking position, such as held by other Brunswick products in their respective fields.

When, in 1915, the House of Brunswick decided to apply The Brunswick principles to tire making, it was a momentous step. The prestige of the House was at stake. But the success of the venture was assured. For it was backed by painstaking preparation, including two years of final laboratory work before the first tire was built.

Our aim was to combine, as never before, all the supremacies of Tiredom into one final type tire. Hitherto each tire was noted for an outstanding feature. No single one combined them all.

First, came a model plant, built and equipped under able tire experts. A plant where every method, every process is the latest and the best.

Second, a staff of exceptional experts, selected from the factories which build unusual tires. Each had been chosen for special knowledge, for unique ability in some detail of tire building.

Third, an accurate knowledge of all good Tires and Tubes. We made an elaborate study of each—made countless tests and comparisons. In two years over 200 types were classified.

We learned the best formulas, the preferable fabrics, the best treads. We learned the approved construction methods. We know by tests which leave no room for question.

We recognize the methods to avoid.

The Brunswick idea is always to pay perfection's price. So the best was adopted—in every detail—regardless of initial cost.

That is all there is to good tire making. It is simply a question of knowledge and standards and skill. No secrets nor patents prevent making an ideal tire.

But standards come first. In tire-making there is vast room for skimping, for subtle economies, for hidden shortcomings. Makers without high standards don't build high grade tires.

Brunswick standards are known the world around. Every Brunswick product has attained and held supremacy.

Now we ask that more and more people believe that, staking our reputation on Tires and Tubes, we apply those standards there. Time is proving it—thousands of car owners prefer Brunswicks.

Better tires of their type are impossible—or better tubes. That we guarantee.

Try one Brunswick—learn how it excels.

BRUNSWICK TIRES

and Tubes—Plain, Skid-Not and Ribbed Treads

There's a Brunswick Tire for Every Car—Cord, Fabric, Solid Truck

We Offer to Dealers a Unique Opportunity. Write us for Proposition.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company General Offices: **623–633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago**

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DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

Prices
Fourseason Cars—Sedan $1355 Coupe $1355.
Sedanet $1390. Open Cars—Touring $925;
Runabout, $925. F. O. B. Factory. Wire
Wheels and Spare Tires Extra.

THERE is observable a steadily growing tendency to single out the Dort as an especially desirable car to own.

It is not at all improbable that you may have noted this yourself, and commented upon it.

However, we do not emphasize it here for the tribute it implies as to the ability and competence of the Dort—though we are justifiably proud of that.

We cite it simply because it does confirm a statement written some time ago, which read:

It is increasingly evident that motor car buyers are coming to value more and more highly the qualities of comfort, reliability and economy.

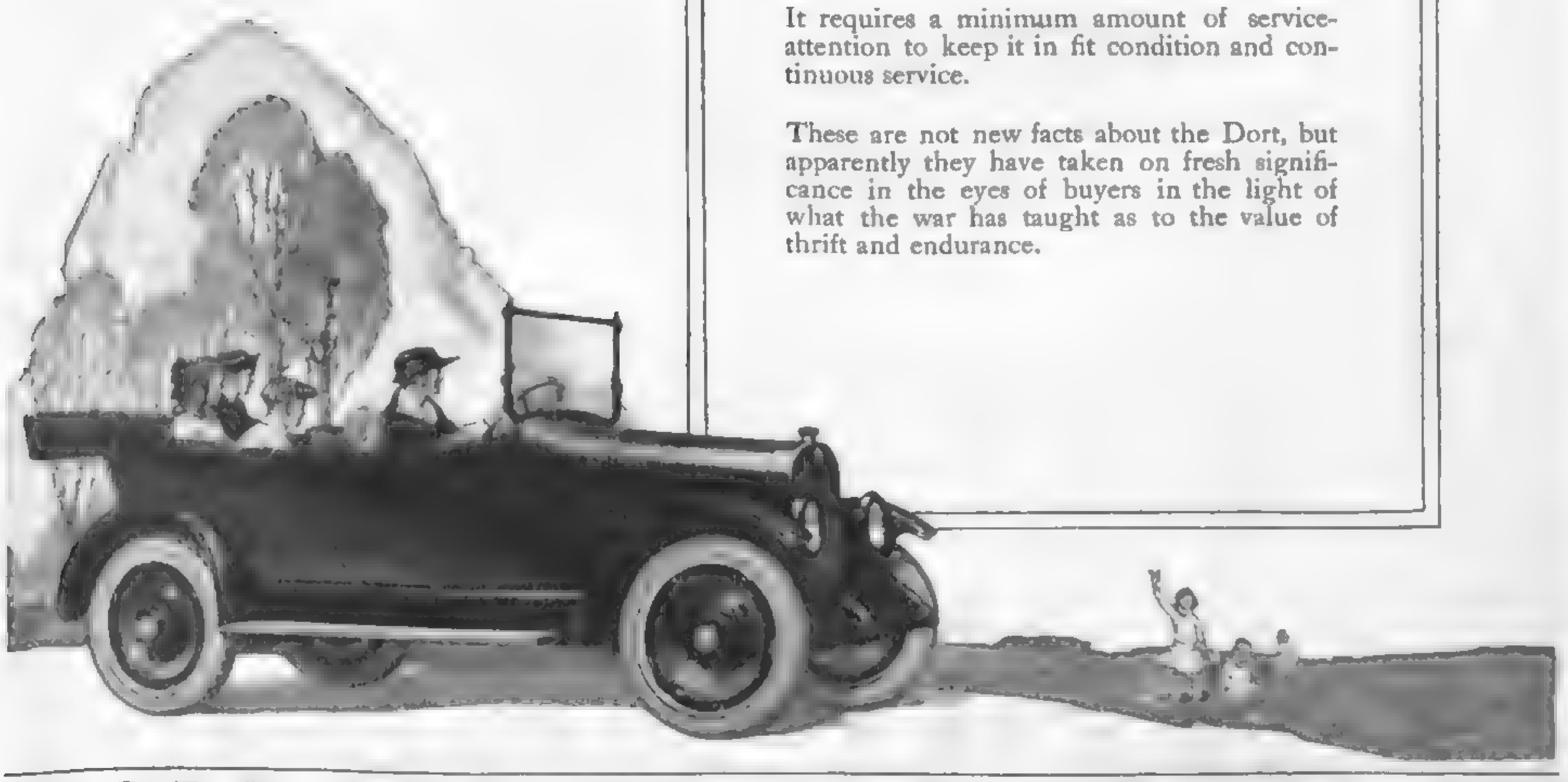
These are exactly the essential characteristics of the Dort.

The car does travel smoothly and comfortably.

Its mileage per set of tires, gallon of gasoline and quart of oil is perceptibly higher than common.

It requires a minimum amount of service-attention to keep it in fit condition and continuous service.

These are not new facts about the Dort, but apparently they have taken on fresh significance in the eyes of buyers in the light of what the war has taught as to the value of thrift and endurance.



DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint Mich.

Canadian Factory, Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ontario

TAN 10'
Main Terminal Boot Black Co.
30 THOMAS ST
HAT CLEANING CHECK
NO GOODS SURRENDERED WITHOUT THIS CHECK
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR GOODS LEFT OVER 30 DAYS
A 9141
Main Terminal Boot Black Co.
30 THOMAS ST.
HAT CLEANING CHECK
NO GOODS SURRENDERED WITHOUT THIS CHECK
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR GOODS LEFT OVER 30 DAYS
A 9141

When Tony Becomes a Business Man

Tony, the street bootblack, with his box over his shoulder, shines your shoes and takes your money. But when Tony goes into the shoe-polishing business, you get a paper check from the man who shines your shoes, and you present it at the desk in Tony's "shine parlor," with your dime.

Next, Tony adds departments for cleaning hats and repairing shoes. Then he needs printed forms—receipts and "stubs," for keeping account of the shoes and hats left in his care.

The moment any occupation becomes a business, it begins to use paper and printed forms. A good many business men have learned this, too—that intelligent use of printed forms can play a big part in developing and building up a business.

Every concern which has thoroughly systematized its forms has learned the invariable economy of using one standard, watermarked paper for all its printing needs.

Hammermill Bond is the logical paper to select, because of its uniform quality, its moderate price, and the ease of getting it promptly supplied in the same grades year after year. Its 12 colors, besides white, give a wide range of distinctive colors for business printing. It is made in three finishes, bond, ripple, and linen.

We will be glad to send you a portfolio containing printed forms which will be of value to you in your business, and will show you Hammermill's quality, color scope, and finishes. If you are a printer, write to us and we will send you our complete set of portfolios.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 127)

that we is gwine borry Elzevir's di'min' ring—on'y she ain't gwine know nothin' 'bout we is done so!"

"Tha's a fine idee, Cass! An' w'en we finishes doin' that mebbe we is gwine borry the Chinnerses' baby offen Truman an' Orpha, an' they ain't gwine know it neither."

"Babies is diff'ent fum di'min's, 'Rias. We is gwine borry yo' wife's di'min', but she ain't gwine know it, 'cause we is gwine put another di'min' back in the place of the one we borries!"

"If'n you is got a di'min' a'ready, whut you want with mine?"

"Ain't got one yit. We is got to buy it fust."

"With my th'ee dollars?"—sarcastically.

"Yeh. They on'y costs two dollars an' a ha'f."

"Reckon you ain't know no more 'bout'n di'min's than whut you does 'bout wifes."

"Lis'en heah to what I is sayin', 'Rias: We is gwine downtown an' buy a imytation di'min' fum offen that feller on Secon' Avenue. It's glass, in course; but they ain't nobody less'n a jooler could tell it, 'cause it's set in ten-yeah gol' plate.

"Then," he continued radiantly, "we is gwine to yo' house to-morry while Elzevir is doin' the Carruthers' washin'—I is heah'd you scol' her a-plen'y 'bout'n she leaves her ring in the bureau drawer. We is gwine borry her ring an' leave the imytation in the place of it. An', seein' as they looks jes' alike, she is gwine put it on an' nev' be no wiser. Tha's where rings is diff'ent fum chillun."

Cass paused to inspect the face of his friend and noted with satisfaction that he had made a vast impression. He drove his advantage home in sledge-hammer fashion:

"I is gwine take that ring, so's you won't be mixed up in it none a-tall, an' borry sevumty-five dollars fum off Semore Mashby on it at five dollars int'res'. Then Ise gwine buy that flivver offen Cap'n Zacharias Foster, an' fix it up, the gyrage givin' me credick fo' the twen'y dollars' wuth of materials I need. I ain't gwine cha'ge you nothin' for my labor. Then Ise gwine sell the car for th'ee hund'ed dollars, pay Semore Mashby the eighty whut we is gwine be owin' him, settle with the gyrage, split the diff'ence with you, an' sneak Elzevir's ring back agin. You think it over, 'Rias, an' see if'n I is as crazy as whut you thought I was."

Urias thought it over. The scheme was flawless.

"You is sho' you can sell the car?"

"Sho' ain't even the word, 'Rias! I can sell it for th'ee hund'ed, easy. They is somethin' 'bout a secon'han' flivver, 'Rias, which gives white folks the itch in they money pockets. Reckon they think they is gittin' nothin' for less. I asts you for the las' time: Is you with me?"

Urias didn't have a chance. He battled desperately with his conscience and his ingrained terror of a militant spouse. Arrayed on the other side was his passion for money, and plenty of it; and a hundred dollars all in one luscious lump was more than he had dreamed of in his most avaricious mental orgies. And finally—albeit tremblingly—he informed Cass Driggers that he was with him.

The die was cast; and if Urias felt like unto the trembling surgical victim who fearfully inhales his first paralyzing whiff of ether while eying a glittering array of knives and clamps, he did not show it by other than a slight greenish pallor under his rich brown skin. He voiced only one doubt:

"You—you ain't gittin' me into nothin', is you, Cass?"

"Meanin' which?"

"They ain't gwine be no slip 'bout sellin' that car?"

"Huh! You is just makin' sounds with yo' voice, 'Rias. You ain't talkin' a-tall."

They proceeded to an almost-jewelry store on Second Avenue, where for twenty minutes they pottered round purple velvet trays. They laid aside half a dozen "as good as the real thing—only an expert can tell them" diamonds, and from that half dozen made a choice.

The brummagem brilliance of the ultimate selection allayed to some slight extent the doubts that clung, fungus-like, in Urias' congenitally guileless breast. He was forced to admit that he couldn't, to save his life, have distinguished the imitation stone with its plated setting from the genuine blue-white and its fourteen-karat mounting.

"Think Elzevir'll know the diff'ence?" demanded Cass triumphantly as they left the store.

"Not 'less'n she's a wizzid," answered the considerably relieved Urias.

Knowing that he was on the eve of borrowing—without her consent—the gem which headlighted her way along the topmost social stratum, Urias Nesbit was unusually considerate of his wife's feelings that night. They walked to town and howled deliriously through four acts of a moth-eaten farce that was paying a two-day visit to the city. Their two tickets had cost all of four bits, and their seats were in the front row of the supergallery, which does not exist in the North and which is known south of the Line as Buzzard Roost or Nigger Heaven.

The following morning Urias hung doubtfully round the garage where Cass Driggers was employed. Cass was laboring skillfully over what had once been a proud and valiant flivver. About eleven in the morning a distinguished hatchet-faced gentleman swung into the repair shop and stood eying the wreckage with a baleful stare.

"'Rias, You Keep Yo' Mouth Out of This Heah Settlin'ment! Hen' It Over, Cass"

"What are you doing, Cass?"

Driggers straightened and bobbed his head—an inherited courtesy which he reserved for those especially distinguished Southern white folks in the light of whose approval he desired to bask.

"Howdy, Cap'n Foster? How you is feelin' this mawnin', suh?"

"As miserable as that mess looks. I'm through with automobiles, Cass."

"You is gwine git ovah that feelin', Cap'n Foster. They all does."

"Not I! I wish I could sell the thing for junk."

"You is gwine sell it, Boss-man. An' I is gwine buy it. 'Member our 'greement 'bout'n that sevumty-five dollars?"

"You don't mean you contemplate paying seventy-five dollars for that bunch of tin?"

"Sho' is, Boss—by to-morry afternoon."

Mr. Zacharias Foster withered Cass with a glare of supreme contempt.

"Cass Driggers," he snapped, "you haven't the sense of an ape!"

After he had left, Urias took his place near the repair pit and gazed upon the ex-automobile.

"You reckon you c'n rilly fix her up, Cass?"

"Huh! 'Rias, these heah cars is like snakes. You c'n cut 'em in ha'f—but they goes right on. Hones', it takes th'ee wrecks to get 'em goin' good."

Urias was skeptical. During lunch he kept his eyes away from the brilliant ring, which shone splendidly from the finger of his consort. He was gradually becoming conscious of the fact that if anything went wrong he was holding the bag. He admired his friend's loyalty in wishing to donate to him one hundred dollars, but he was acutely conscious that Cass Driggers was risking nothing.

When he reached the garage at two o'clock he was aflame with open rebellion; but his mistrust disappeared like magic at sight of the reincarnation that confronted him.

Cass had worked fast and expertly. Bent fenders had been straightened, an axle treated likewise, a new wheel provided, one casing vulcanized, and new lenses placed in the headlights—Cass confided long afterward that he had used window glass; the car had been washed and polished, and the top put up and dusted.

"One cracker an' a glass of milk in 'er radiator an' she'll be better'n new!" exulted Cass.

Urias was converted. In the face of his friend's mechanical legerdemain he hadn't the heart to withdraw. The glittery beauty of the car impressed him vastly.

"Ought to git fo' hund'ed for that," he muttered.

By three o'clock the conspirators reached the neighborhood Mr. and Mrs. Urias Nesbit graced with their presence. Urias reconnoitered meticulously, ascertained positively that his wife was engaged in divorcing certain pieces of Carruthers linen from more or less dirt, and pussy-footed nervously into the house by way of the front door.

He opened the bureau drawer. The real diamond sparkled a welcome. He acted swiftly, speed being a virtue. The fake diamond was substituted and Urias retreated precipitately. From the corner he paused to observe the swaying form of his wife, who labored earnestly over the washtub. Cass relieved his friend of the ring and departed joyfully townward.

"Gwine see Ol' Semore Mashby an' raise that sevumty-five dollars," he proclaimed. "You'd better not come with me if'n you ain't want Semore to sispec' whar I got this heah ring at."

Urias parted from his friend and his ring reluctantly. He gloomed down the street to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and was soon immersed in a free-for-all game of Kelly pool at two bits a player. He won two of the first three games and temporarily forgot to worry about the diamond.

But at the very instant when Urias pocketed his own eight ball, collecting therefor a net profit of one dollar and forty cents, things were happening at his home.

Elzevir had finished her washing. She entered the house, changed her waist, and applied a guaranteed-to-make-kinky-hair-straight tonic to her raven tresses. Then she opened her bureau drawer and reverently picked up the ring, which glittered adorably from its nest. Idly she slipped it on her finger.

It got as far as the bony knuckle, and there it balked!

A slight frown corrugated her chocolate forehead. She pushed the ring. It cut into the flesh, but obstinately refused to proceed beyond the knuckle. A tremor of apprehension shook her shapely form.

Urias Nesbit and Cass Driggers had slipped. They had expended a vast amount of mental effort in selecting a ring that was the apparent duplicate of the one they borrowed. But to them a ring was a ring. They had totally forgotten that rings have sizes; and that the one they had substituted was about three sizes too small for Elzevir's finger!

The knuckle refused passage to the ring. Tiny beads of perspiration appeared on Elzevir's brow. She inspected the ring closely and her most awful fears were confirmed. Her ring boasted a sadly worn and defective prong. The prongs of this usurper were new and flawless. Elzevir dropped limply into a wicker chair.

"Oh! My Gawd!" she groaned. "My di'min' is done been stold! Ol' 'Rias is gwine give me the devil an' some, sho' 'nuff!" It was all very plain to her. In some way news of her carelessness with the family Koh-i-noor had become bruited about. Perhaps Urias himself had told it. A covetous, unscrupulous gentleman had thereupon stolen it, substituting an imitation in order to postpone discovery as long as possible.

The intransigent gloom of the ages descended in one great gob on the shoulders of Elzevir Nesbit. She bowed supinely under the burden of woe that had been heaved at her. That Urias was the culprit she never dreamed. He, like Cæsar's wife, was miles above suspicion. Besides, she knew that he didn't have the nerve.

(Continued on Page 135)

A perfected piece of mechanism.

Anyone who knows the purpose of a piston ring can see at a glance that the Inland accomplishes **this** purpose better than any other type of ring.

The Inland is *completely* gas-tight. Its patented Spiral Cut leaves no gap and produces a ring that *uncoils* against the cylinder wall, making a contiguous seal. It also produces a ring of equal width and thickness all around—strongest and most durable. All this is accomplished with *one-piece* construction—an emphatic advantage in any piece of mechanism.

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Good dealers have Hansen Gloves in variety and will get any style not in stock.

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A PRODUCT of superior quality—fine in structure, fine in appearance and fine in action—it embodies simplicity and endurance. To all who consider ease and safety of handling, comfort and economy, it stands alone. Stripped of 177 non-essential parts incident to water-cooling, and unnecessary weight, it gives a service unequalled in the fine car class.

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20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10
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50% slower depreciation than in any other fine car.

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What a Doctor Owner Recently Had to Say:

"Its ease of manipulation and superb riding qualities have greatly eased the long hours which my profession requires. This was especially apparent during the hard work I recently went through in the influenza epidemic."

(Continued from Page 131)

As the horror of the situation banged itself with trip-hammer blows into her consciousness she saw one fact staring her in the face: Urias must not know of the loss! He must, at all hazards, be kept in ignorance. For the first time in her married life Elzevir knew fear of her husband.

She thought it over from every conceivable angle. She reinspected the ring. It was a beautiful ring; even she in her misery gave it credit for that much. She knew that if it could be made to fit her finger Urias would never suspect the substitution. She was a woman of action. Twenty minutes later she entered a second-class downtown jewelry store. She laid the ring on the counter.

"Wha's that wuth, white folks?"

The expert flipped it contemptuously.

"A dollar and a half, probably."

"How much'll it cost me to delarge it to fit my finger—right now?"

He named his price and she nodded grimly. Forty minutes later she left the store with the cut glass glowing in noble camouflage from her finger. She felt slightly better; but even yet the future was drab with the sadness of irrecoverable loss, though Elzevir was concerned principally with the present and its chances of detection. For the moment she seemed safe.

If only Urias hadn't been so passionately persistent with his warnings! If only his fervid diatribes on the subject of her carelessness had been less frequent! In that event she might have dared the truth; but now she knew that, at any cost, he must be kept in ignorance.

She was safe socially. So often had her ring been professionally appraised in the presence of skeptical witnesses that there remained no conscientious doubters in the town. And so she determined upon a career of deception, hoping that it might exist until it became a habit. Should Urias learn of her loss, her tenure as head of the family would be at an end. Elzevir stifled her grief and went home to prepare dinner.

Meantime Cass Driggers was progressing very well indeed with Semore Mashby. Semore doubted the genuineness of Cass' proffered security. Cass conducted him triumphantly to the best jewelry store in town and had the most expert expert in that store appraise the stone. "Hundred and fifty dollars," was the instantaneous verdict. Semore was convinced. He produced seventy-five dollars from a capacious wallet, wrote a receipt and an I O U for eighty dollars—payable in thirty days—and pocketed the ring.

Both men were content. Semore was happy because there was more than an even chance that Cass would not redeem the ring, and also because, even if he did, Semore would have profited at the rate of eighty per cent a year, which is slightly more than is allowed under the Alabama usury laws.

Cass was happy because, with Semore's loan, he stood to clear two hundred dollars for himself and his pal; and he chortled with glee as he contemplated the day of the money's return, at which time he would tell Semore of the wealth begotten with his money.

Semore Mashby was about as popular with his colored brethren as a policeman with a gang of crap shooters. He was tall and angular and shifty-eyed, and had developed canniness to a high art. He loved to make money almost as much as he hated to see others do likewise. He was misanthropic and miserly. Each dollar that dropped into the pocket of his frayed coat clinked twice—once for itself and once for the dollar it was destined to earn.

But as heartily as Semore was disliked, just so heartily was he feared. His wealth—by local standards—put that of Croesus into the also-ran class. He was the last refuge of desperate colored folks who needed money on any terms and didn't have collateral satisfactory to licensed pawnbrokers. Semore handled any collateral cheerfully, willingly lending on such stuff as came his way as much as fifteen per cent of the forced-sale value. Of course a diamond was different. That was high finance.

And so the town hated Semore Mashby; hated him passionately and single-mindedly. If there was any unanimity of feeling among the negroes of the community it was in the desire to sting Semore for even a modest portion of his bank roll.

"If'n I could once do Semore Mashby outen a dollar," Urias had often articulated, "I'd be buried smilin'!"

For the man who succeeded in parting Semore from any of his coin there was waiting a universal acclaim. Several had tried it, with results disastrous to themselves; but it was understood that there was open season on Semore's bank roll three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

So much the public knew of Semore Mashby—so much and no more. He was looked upon as a dried fig of humanity; a bloodless entity from which all semblance of softness had been squashed. Above all, he bore the reputation of a misogynist. And, of all things in the catalogue, Semore Mashby was not that.

Vistar Goins was her name, a delectable, creamy-brown creature of luscious curves and full red lips; a vivacious, pert-tongued little thing whose élan set Semore's heart to thumping madly beneath his threadbare shirts.

Vistar was a woman of keen perception and nice discretion. She was dazzled by Semore's wealth, but wary of his tightfistedness. She realized that a wealthy husband is an asset only when his wealth circulates out as well as in.

Vistar had a sneaking desire to marry Semore. More than once she had been tempted to take a chance—not because he had awakened in her maiden breast any *grande passion*, but because he had the wherewithal to insure her physical comfort to the end of her days—provided he would.

But she was afraid that after the rose-and-rapture period of the honeymoon she would find herself still engaged as maid-of-all-work at some fashionable South Highlands home, with part of her weekly earnings swelling the considerable Mashby fortune.

"If'n I ev' seen that man spen' a dollar where they wa'n't th'ee dollars comin' back to him, I'd marry him quick," she had informed her best friend more than once; "but I is skeered to take chancets. Semore ain't even a member of the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety; 'cause even if it on'y costs ten cents a week he'd have to be daid to c'lect, an' that ain't his way of doin' business."

However, the delicious Vistar was too adroit to let Semore go entirely. For a year she had kept him dangling disgruntledly. For a year his passion for her had mounted in geometric proportion to her unattainability. His shiny russet-black suit, flapping about the skinny angular frame like the clipped wings of a bald-headed buzzard trying to take flight, served as a warning. If he wouldn't buy himself a new suit it was self-evident that he would be chary of expending real money for wifely raiment. And fine clothes were as necessary to Vistar's happiness and well-being as colors are necessary to the rainbow.

He called upon her the night of his little business transaction with Cass Driggers. He was at peace with the world. Only that day he had summarily foreclosed a chattel mortgage on some cotton, which had been grown by an old-fashioned, painfully unbusinesslike darky living a few miles from the city. He had promptly sold the two bales at a net profit on the deal of more than seventy dollars. He gazed upon Vistar with a warm and appreciative eye. His protestations of love were even more fervid than usual; but there was a new note in his declaration of eternal and liberal affection.

Vistar Goins sensed that the answer she returned this night must be final.

"I—I reckon you wa'n't hahdly bohn to be a husband, Semore."

"Huh! Wha's the matter with me? Ain't I the richest nigger in this heah town?"

"Sho' is, I reckon. But they ain't nobody c'n prove it 'ceptin' the cashier at the bank."

"Tha's whut makes good credick, hon."

"Credick don't nev' git nobody nothin' if'n 'tain't nev' took advantage of. You know, Semore, I is a pow'ful free spender."

"Tha's because you is single," returned Semore tolerantly. "A married 'ooman ain't got no use for fancy clothes."

"An' I reckon yo'd spec' yo' wife to wuk, woul'n't you?"

"Wuk," proclaimed Semore sententiously, "ain't nev' hu't no one. If'n you wan'ed to wuk I reckon I'd be broad-minded enough not to stop you."

"But s'pose I di'n't?"

Semore smiled enigmatically.

"Well, if'n that was the case ——" Something in his smile decided her. It was at one time a concession and an iron warning. It seemed to threaten: "Once you is married to me you is gwine want to wuk!"

Reluctantly—knowing that it was her last chance—Vistar took the plunge. She shook her head.

"Reckon I cain't do it, Semore."

It was the first time her refusal had been unqualified by some ray of hope. Semore bent skinnily forth in his red plush chair, gripping the battered arms with talonlike fingers. "You—you mean you ain't nev' gwine marry with me?"

"Reckon not, Semore. Me an' you wa'n't meant for each other." She sighed.

A good deal of the calculating harshness disappeared. He was stunned by her refusal. It had never occurred to him that he would not eventually be accepted. He had fancied that the lure of his wealth was too much for any dusky damsel to resist.

"Ise rich," he faltered.

"Guess so. But me—I is always said I was gwine marry for love. Yo'd better go, Semore, 'cause this heah intumview is painful for the both of us."

He rose.

"I is comin' back ——"

"'Tain't no use. I ain't nev' gwine marry you."

"But, honey ——"

"Goo'-by, Semore. You is gwine fin' 'nother gal soon whut you will like better'n me. Guess I ain't wo'thy of you, nohow."

He turned toward the door in a daze. He knew that her answer was final and he simulated a tragedy he did not feel, however great a blow his pride had received. At that he had really wanted to marry Vistar. She was a woman to do any man proud. She would be as great satisfaction as a first mortgage on city real estate. And she was turning him down!

He stood uncertainly before her, swaying like a great blackbird on the run-down heels of his enormous shoes. His ancient Prince Albert coat was pushed back, his fingers shoved into the pockets of his much-mended gray vest. His expression showed equal portions of lugubriousness and surprise. He had not expected this. "Nev' can tell 'bout'n wimmin!" His fingers brushed against something hard. He frowned; then remembered the ring he had that day received as security from Cass Driggers.

He drew it forth and inspected it glumly. The light from the electric bulb struck it full and was reflected dazzlingly into the popping eyes of Vistar Goins. Realizing that he was making his final exit from the list of Vistar's matrimonial possibilities, Semore instinctively gave play to the theatric instinct of his race. He turned the diamond over and over, muttering miserably, scarcely conscious that Vistar's eyes were focused covetously upon the stone's scintillant perfection.

"Reckon I ain't gwine have no use for this ring now," mourned Semore sadly. "Might's well th'ow it away."

"Wh-whut's that?" faltered Vistar.

"Nothin'! Nothin'—on'y jes' a-hund'ed an'-fifty-dollar di'min' 'gagement ring."

"Whar you git it at?"

"Bought it. Ain't got no use for it now."

A tremor of misgiving smote Vistar amidships. Was it possible, she cogitated wildly, that she—in common with the general colored population—had mistaken the consistence of Semore's heart?

"Whut you buy it for?"

"Huh! Whut you reckon a man usuamly buys a di'min' ring for w'en he's plumb crazy 'bout'n a gal an' is gwine ast her to be his wife?"

Vistar shook her head. She couldn't quite grasp the idea that Semore was capable of an affection strong enough to unloose his purse strings to the tune of a hundred and fifty dollars.

"Is that a ginuwine di'min'?"

"Reckon they ain't nothin' countumfeit 'bout'n Semore Mashby."

"An'—an' you bought it for me?"

"Co'se!"

Vistar's doubts were dispelled. Her heart flipperty-flopped toward Semore. A surge of genuine affection accompanied realization of the fact that she had done the man an injustice. And if her sudden accession of ardor was influenced largely by the blue-white sparks that glinted from the diamond she was at least honestly unconscious of the fact.

"O-o-oh! Semore!" she quavered.

He stiffened. Here was a nuance he had never before heard from her luscious red lips.

"Wh-wh-whut?"

"Semore," she murmured, with downcast lids, "I—I—is totumly misundumstood you."

"Vistar! You—you ain't mean that—that ——"

She shook her head violently and sidled closer to his skinny frame in maidenly token of surrender. Her left hand strayed upward and rested maddeningly on his frayed vest.

"Oh, honey!"

Better men than Semore Mashby have made greater tactical blunders in the embrace of soft round arms. He could no more have resisted the lure of the parted upturned lips than he could have neglected to collect interest due him. He crushed her to him and quivered with the delicious novelty of a soul kiss such as had inflamed only a few of his wildest dreams.

When, two minutes later, they seated themselves on the sofa, and entwined themselves again in each other's arms, the third finger of Vistar Goins' left hand flamed with the glory of Elzevir Nesbit's diamond!

Elzevir frowned as she massaged with a hot iron various roughdried garments of the white folks.

She had plumbed the nethermost depths of misery; and she was scared—scared completely and thoroughly. During dinner the previous night she had intercepted countless glances directed by Urias toward her imitation ring. Conditions had been worse at the matutinal feast. It could mean but one thing—Urias suspected the true state of affairs, but was not sufficiently convinced to voice his suspicions.

Once before he had pursued such a course and been forced to retreat precipitately from the house, pursued by a verbal barrage of terrible intensity. Elzevir knew that Urias was merely awaiting substantiation of his suspicions before loosing his initial tirade. The future seemed dark with impenetrable blackness; the clammy gloom about the Nesbit house was thick enough to be sliced with a knife.

There came a light knock at the door and Elzevir called a "Come in!" without turning her head. The door swung back and she heard a cheery musical voice: "Mawnin', Mis' Nesbit!"

Elzevir dropped the iron and squared her shoulders. She and Vistar had long and frankly confessed to a mutual antipathy, and she knew that the visit boded some unpleasantness.

"Mawnin', Miss Goins!"

"Jes' dropped in fer a minute. Le's sit on the po'ch."

Elzevir dropped into a wicker chair opposite her visitor.

"Fine day, ain't it, Miss Goins?"

"Elegant! But I guess mos' ev'ything looks fine to me to-day, Mis' Nesbit."

"How come that?"

With downcast eyes and modest mien Vistar wordlessly extended her left hand. Elzevir gasped:

"You is got a di'min'?"

"Uh-huh!"

"How that?"

"I is engage'," simpered the fair Vistar.

"Gwan! To which?"

"Semore Mashby."

"Semore! Lis'en heah, Vistar Goins; is you tellin' me the Gawd's hones' truth?"

"Sho' is, Mis' Nesbit! Ain't that ring prove it? Semore give me that las' night."

Here was a draft doubly bitter. Elzevir knew that Vistar disliked her and had always been intensely jealous of the social preëminence which was hers by reason of ownership of a genuine diamond. And now Vistar had come to cut her social props from under her; to smash her cosmic scheme in the solar plexus. How thorough a job she was performing even Vistar did not know, for she did not dream that the ring which glowed from Elzevir's finger was born in a glass factory. Elzevir was lavish in her praise.

"Lemme see it, Miss Goins. I sho' does congratumlate you."

Vistar slipped the ring from her finger and passed it over, exulting in her triumph. Elzevir inspected it languidly, then suddenly her eyes narrowed, her lips compressed and every muscle in her body tensed. She recognized her own ring!

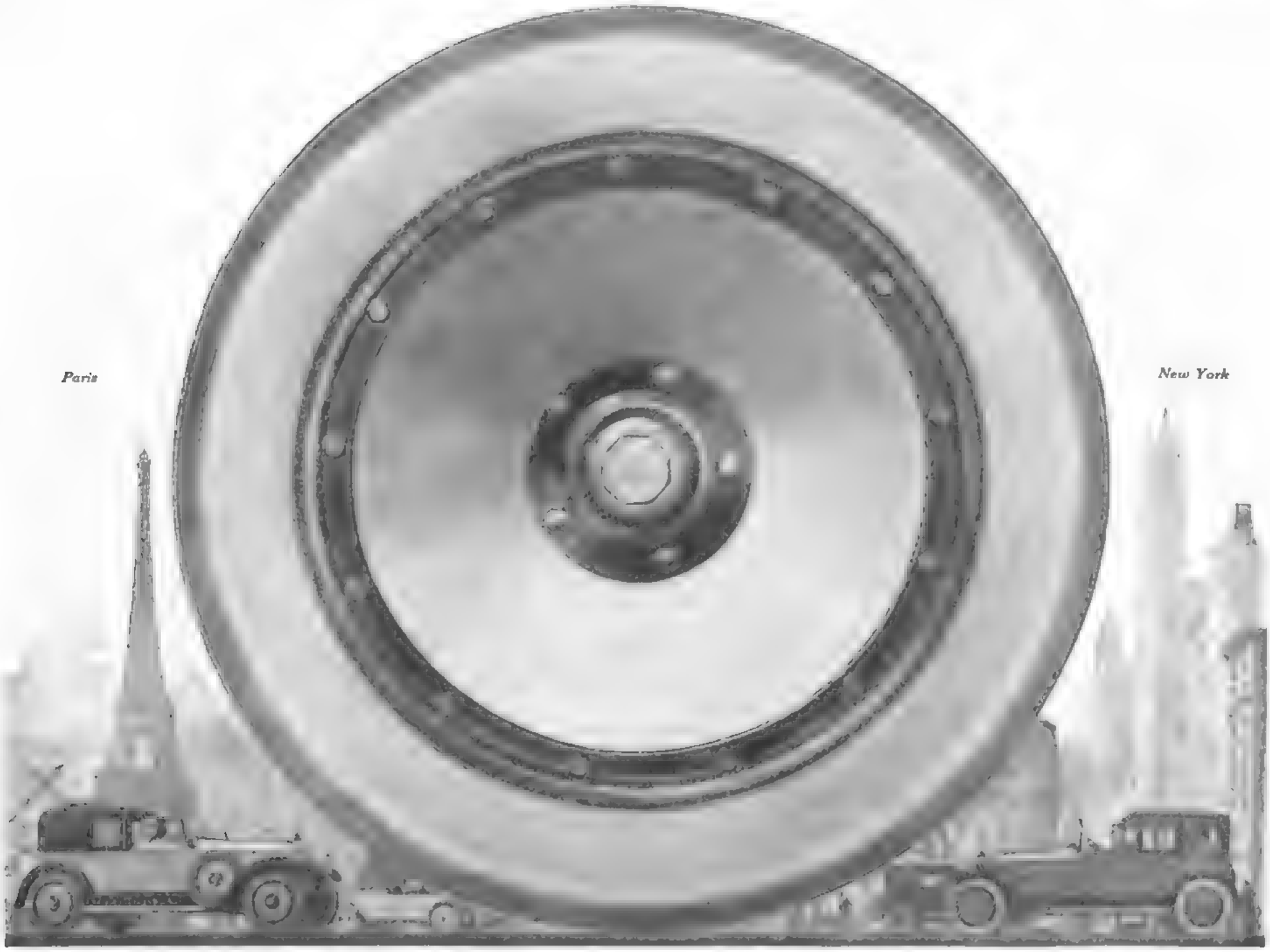
There wasn't a doubt of it. The worn and battered prong; the —— She spoke merely because she was afraid that by prolonged silence she might betray her emotional seethe to Vistar's close and exuberant scrutiny:

"Sho' is a han'some ring, Miss Goins."

"My inten'ed ain't no piker, Mis' Nesbit."

Elzevir did not know how Semore Mashby had become possessed of her ring. She didn't particularly care. All she di l

(Continued on Page 139)



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MOTOR TRUCKS

Better light in the home—
if you buy your lamps where
you see this girl in the window

EDISON
MAZDA

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 135)

know was that by some kind act of a merciful Providence the missing ring was once again in her possession, and there she intended to keep it. Her conscience was clear; the ring had been stolen from her. It had come home to roost. It was her property; and her property she intended it to remain. To her legal right of possession she intended to add actual possession.

"Elegant ring!" she murmured absently, turning it this way and that in the sunlight. "Prettier than mine, I reckon."

"Tha's nachel," cooed Vistar. "My fiansay is got mo' money than whut yo' husband is got. He c'n 'fo'd ril fine stones."

"'Tain't no larger —— Lemme see."

And Elzevir, atremble with inspiration, slipped the imitation diamond from her finger. She compared the rings carefully. She shuffled them deliberately. And finally she slipped a ring back on her finger.

But the ring she returned to Vistar Goins was a gold-plated affair, set with a piece of glass! The Nesbit crown jewel had been restored!

Vistar was pitifully unsuspicious of the substitution. She slipped the imitation ring on her finger and sighed with satisfaction.

"I spec' I'll have sev'al more di'min's pretty soon," she commented idly. "Semore is so foolish in how he spen's money whar I is consarned at."

Elzevir knew she was now safe from detection. Should trouble arise, she realized that she could easily prove ownership to the ring she wore. And Vistar had rubbed it in just a little bit too strong.

"Semore Mashby ain't got no repitation for bein' zac'ly what yo'd call a spen'-thrift," she remarked acidly.

"What I is consarned at, 'tis diff'ent," came the bland answer.

Elzevir's eyes narrowed.

"You ain't happen to show that to no jooler yet, is you?"

"What for?"

"Nothin'! Nothin' a-tall. On'y some imytation di'min's, Miss Goins, looks pow'ful like the ril thing."

Vistar rose indignantly.

"Is you meanin' to 'sinuate, Mis' Nesbit, that ——"

"I ain't 'sinuatin' nothin', Miss Goins. I is said whut I is said. An' whut I is said is that Misto Mashby ain't nev' th'ew no money away yet; an' if'n 'twas me he give that stone to I'd be pow'ful sho' 'twas ginuwine befo' I went boastin' round' wimmin what ev'ybody knows wears the ril thing. Tha's all what I is got to say, Miss Goins. Ise busy—doin' hones' wuk. Good day!"

It was ridiculous, unthinkable, absurd. Semore would never dare! But the seeds of distrust, so cleverly planted, insisted on sprouting. An hour later she staggered from a leading jewelry store, tears—part of stricken pride and part of fury—trembling in her eyes.

"A dollar and a half," had been the jeweler's prompt verdict. "It isn't worth a cent more than that."

She walked dizzily toward her home, groping blindly through the wreckage of her air castles. All the venom in her nature was concentrated against Semore Mashby—Semore the hopelessly tightwad, whose fervently protested love for her had proved not sufficiently strong to master the plea of the dollar.

She was prostrated, abased, made a laughing stock in the eyes of the society set. Nor was she laboring under any delusions. Elzevir Nesbit detested her, and Elzevir knew the visit of the morning had been for the express purpose of quaffing the nectar of superiority. Elzevir would not rise to heights of mercy. Not a chance! Nor would the story lose color in the telling. The world had become a dark, drab place for the crushed Vistar. Her pride had wenteth before her fall and the fall was exceeding hard.

Her first move was strictly feminine. She went home and cried it out. And with her tears came the realization that, diamonds or no diamonds, Semore was not—and could never have become—her man. When she left home it was to walk swiftly to Semore's office, a dingy room in an ancient two-story red-brick building half a block removed from the best business section of the town.

She had been in the office before and never liked it. Now its noisome dankness smote her and filled her soul with loathing for the place and the man, who sat hunched like a great skinny buzzard in his swivel chair. At sight of her Semore rose eagerly and started forward with arms outstretched. He caught the pale yellow gleam of cold fury in her eyes and paused.

Vistar exploded. She ripped the offending ring from her finger and hurled it at him viciously. It struck a broken button on his vest and tinkled to the floor. Semore's lantern jaw dropped weakly.

"Wh-a, wha's the matter, hon?"

"I—I ——" Vistar choked. She turned wordlessly toward the door.

"Vistar! Honey! Sumthin's wrong?"

She whirled in a fury.

"You is said sumthin', Semore. They is plen'y wrong!"

He cautiously rescued the ring from a dust heap.

'S'posin' you tell me ——"

"If'n I was to tell you whut I is thinkin', Semore Mashby, you sho' would have me 'rested. I is thinkin' things 'bout'n you, Semore Mashby, which I cain't say 'thout fo'gettin' I is a lady. I is on'y gwine to say this much: They is some wimmin you can fool with a fake di'min'; but I ain't one of 'em!"

"Fake di'min'!" Semore stiffened. His parsimonious soul shriveled before the possibilities contained in the accusation. "Whut you mean fake?"

"Mebbe so I is got a price, Semore Mashby; but 'tain't no dollar an' a ha'f! You go give that they di'min' to s'mother gal what ain't got sense enough to know yo'd fool her. Tha's all whut I is got to say 'bout'n it. Goo'-by, you ol'—ol' rooster!"

The door slammed behind her, raising a tiny spurt of dust. Semore's head wabbled crazily on his thin neck. He passed talon-like fingers across a perspiring forehead. His chief terror, however, was not of his blasted love hopes, but of the certainty that something was wrong with his diamond.

He knew Vistar Goins: knew her very well indeed. And he realized that she was not of the type to theatrically fling real diamonds round his office. Therefore, she must know that the stone was imitation. *Quod erat demonstrandum!*

But how? Twenty-four hours previously one of the best jewelers in the city had appraised the stone as worth not a cent less than a hundred and fifty dollars. He broke the world's middle-distance records in traversing the distance between his office and the jeweler's. He shoved the ring across the counter.

"How much that is wuth, cap'n?"

The white man glanced at the bit of glass and smiled.

"About a dollar; maybe two."

"Two dollars!" There were tears in Semore's voice. "Ain't they some mistake, Boss-man?"

"No. It is a cleverly cut imitation and a fairly well-made plated setting; but its intrinsic value isn't possibly more than two dollars."

Semore closed his eyes in horror. In the light of this certain financial catastrophe the loss of a prospective wife and a happy home seemed as nothing.

"B-b-but," he stammered, "it wa'n't on'y yestiddy you tol' me that they ring was wuth a hund'ed an' fifty dollars!"

The jeweler shook his head.

"Not that ring; that is not the ring I appraised for you yesterday."

"But, Boss-man," wailed Semore, "is you sho' 'bout'n that?"

"Positive! The ring you showed me yesterday was a very pretty genuine diamond. This thing is plain glass."

"O-o-o-oh! Lawdy!"

"You haven't loaned any money on that, have you?"

Semore glanced at the ring. He raised pain-filled eyes to the face of his vis-a-vis.

"No," he groaned; "I ain't loan' nothin' on nothin'. I reckon I is jes' gave sevumty-five dollars to cha'ity!"

The stricken Semore lurched into the street and groped his way blindly toward his musty office. There he sank into a creaky chair and lighted a cigar butt, which he spitted on a pen point so that he might get the ultimate puff of rancid smoke. He tried to collect his thoughts.

He knew the jeweler was above reproach. Some fiend of evil had stolen his real diamond and substituted this bit of glass. And yet—no one had possessed the ring save himself. It hadn't been out of his pocket. He leaped to his feet and smashed a bony fist into the palm of his other hand.

"Me an' Samson," he roared, resorting to the Bible for a parallel, "we is both been done dirt by wimmin! Vistar Goins wuked me for that di'min', an' then double-crossed me!"

It was all quite plain. Vistar still had the real diamond. He slapped a battered felt hat on his head, with the intention of putting the case in the hands of Lawyer Evans Chew. Then he realized that Chew, in common with all the other men of parts in the town, disliked him and would take great pleasure in exploiting his discomfiture. He loved money passionately, but he knew it was worth more than seventy-five dollars to conceal the story of his undoing. And he was wise enough to understand that he would have a very difficult time in proving that Vistar had substituted the imitation for the real. If he had her arrested and she should subsequently be acquitted they'd certainly run him out of town.

Semore removed his hat and settled into the Slough of Despond. He was heartsick and weary.

"Reckon I deserves it," he muttered bitterly, "for foolin' with wimmin." Semore Mashby's conversion to misogyny was complete.

There came a light tap on the door and it was flung open. Cass Driggers poked a grinning head into the room.

"Hello, Ol' Spoht!" he greeted cheerily. "How you makin' it this mawnin'?"

Semore pulled himself together with a mighty effort. He tried to grin and met with sickly success.

"Tol'able, Brother Driggers; soht of tol'able."

"So'm I, Brother Mashby. Jes' paused by to let you know 'bout'n that sevumty-five dollars you loant me yestiddy—you 'members it, don't you?"

"Yeh," choked Semore; "I 'members it tho'ough."

"I done finish a deal whut tu'n it into th'ee hund'ed dollars!" exulted Cass. "I is comin' roun' this evenin' to redeem that they ring back agin."

Worse and more of it! Ossa piled on Pelion! This new aspect to a phantasmagoria of misery smote Semore where it hurt worst. He temporized.

"Ain't no hurry, Brother Driggers; you is got thutty days."

"I is got th'ee hund'ed dollars!" chuckled Cass. "An' to-night I pays you eighty an' gits the ring."

Semore was face to face with the necessity for immediate and decisive action. His brain was sadly addled, but not to such an extent that he failed to realize the urgency of saving the present situation at any cost. He knew that if he should be suspected of evildoing Cass Driggers would cheerfully railroad him to the chain gang.

And he couldn't return the diamond to Cass because he didn't have the diamond. He knew Cass had placed in pawn with him a genuine diamond and that he had nothing to return save a cheap imitation. Sooner or later Cass would discover the substitution and he—Semore Mashby—would make the acquaintance of the city jail. He didn't fool himself. He realized that he had as much chance for mercy as a Brunswick stew at a negro barbecue.

"Tha's a pow'ful nice ring, Cass."

"Reckon so. Cost a hund'ed an' fifty dollars."

"'Tain't wuth all that."

"We ain't 'scussin' whut it's wuth, Brother Mashby. I is gwine git it back for eighty dollars. That lets you out."

It did let him out—hard!

"I is soht of growed fon' of that ring," murmured Semore.

"I an' you, both."

"S'posin' you sell it to me?"

"That ring ain't for sale."

"How 'bout a hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars cash—fifty more'n whut I loant you on it yestiddy?"

"You is the humorestes' feller, Semore. That ring ain't for sale."

"Hund'ed an' fifty?"

"Nothin' stirrin'! If'n you want a di'min' ring for yo' ownse'f whyn't you go downtown an' buy you one?"

For a wild instant Semore thought of doing so and attempting to substitute the new ring for that of Cass, which had passed into the avid clutches of a heartless woman. But that would not entirely negative the danger of discovery. Cass must never know.

"Hund'ed an' sevumty-five? All whut you is got an' a hund'ed mo'?"

"I wants my own ring back," snapped Cass impatiently.

Semore was on the rack. He knew he was up against it good and proper.

"T-t-t-two hund'ed?" he faltered.

Flat rejection trembled on Cass' lips, but he choked it back. Here was a chance.

"You is off'rin' all whut we is borried an' a hund'ed an' twen'y-five mo' for that ring, Semore?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Put it in writin'!" commanded the budding financier.

Semore did so, every scratch of the pen making a furrow in his heart. Cass inspected the document and grinned.

"Let you know this evenin', Brother Mashby. Way I figgers it out, I ain't gwine lose nothin', noway."

Semore knew that Cass was speaking fact. It seemed that, for once in his life, he was on the short end of everything. His opinion of women in general and of Vistar in particular at that moment dwarfed Schopenhauer's famous essay into a flaccid compliment by comparison. Cass paused at the door.

"If'n you ain't look shahp, Semore," he flung over his shoulder, "you is gwine begin to spen' some money pretty soon; an' then you gwine die of a busted heart."

Cass ran down the stairway, turned the corner at top speed, and accelerated all the way to the Nesbit homestead. He laid the proposition glowingly before the astounded Urias and backed it up by an exhibition of the documentary evidence.

"So you see, 'Rias," he concluded triumphantly, "we is gwine take this extry hund'ed an' twen'y-five an' buy a new an' ginuwine di'min' for Elzevir, an' the sevumty-five what we owes Semore will be extry profit for us."

Urias shook his head doubtfully.

"Cain't be did, Cass. Elzevir'd know it, sho'!"

"Huh!" negatived the optimistic Cass. "She ain't able to tell her ril di'min' fum a fake; so how she gwine know if'n we give her a ril hones'-to-Gawd di'min', which we is gwine spen' a hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars for?"

"They is some things, Cass, which is too much."

"A di'min' is a di'min', 'Rias; an' a woman is a woman—even Elzevir."

Cass won. Two hours later he left the office of the prostrated Semore Mashby, clutching in his hand the informal pawn ticket for eighty dollars and one hundred and twenty-five dollars in cash. Semore had fought a valiant but losing battle for the five dollars interest money.

Cass and Urias met on the corner and selected a glittering diamond, for which they paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Cass was all in favor of a seventy-five-dollar stone with a pronounced flaw, but Urias had been too terrified by the experiences of the immediate past to run further risks.

Luck was with them. They reached the Nesbit manse, reconnoitered, and saw Elzevir in the back yard putting the finishing touches to an extra washing. Urias sneaked into the house and slid open the bureau drawer.

The ring was not there! Then he knew that his wife had, at this fatal eleventh hour, heeded his nagging advice. The ring was locked in the trunk and his wife had the key. The irony of the thing struck him—Elzevir securely locking away an imitation diamond after having left a real stone for years open to any enterprising crook!

He lighted a cigarette and lounged through the back doorway. He noticed that the ring was not on her finger.

"'Lo, Elzevir!"

"Howdy?"

"You sho' does wuk hahd, Elzevir!"

"Lot you knows 'bout wuk!"

Urias speculated briefly.

"Is you got the key to yo' trunk, Elzevir?"

"Sho' is!"

"Loand it to me a minute—will you, hon?"

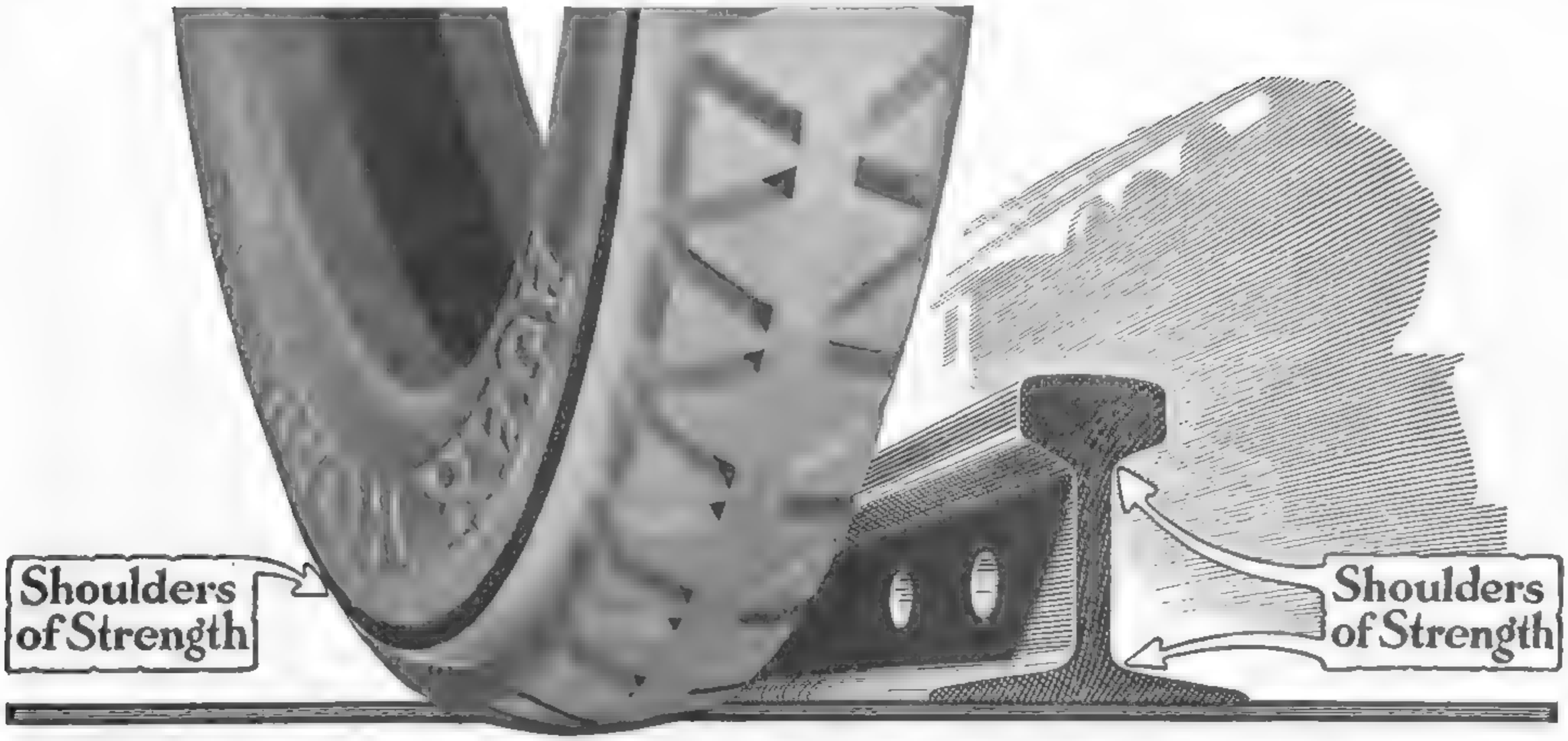
He did not detect the gleam of suspicion that leaped into Elzevir's eyes; nor did he take warning from the alacrity with which she handed him the desired key. He chatted with her a few moments and sidled into the house.

It required only a few seconds to throw back the lid of the trunk and to locate the ring. He lifted it happily from the tray and fished the new and genuine diamond from his vest pocket.

He gazed at the two stones. They seemed twins. He couldn't tell which from t'other.

"Whut you is doin', 'Rias?"

(Concluded on Page 143)



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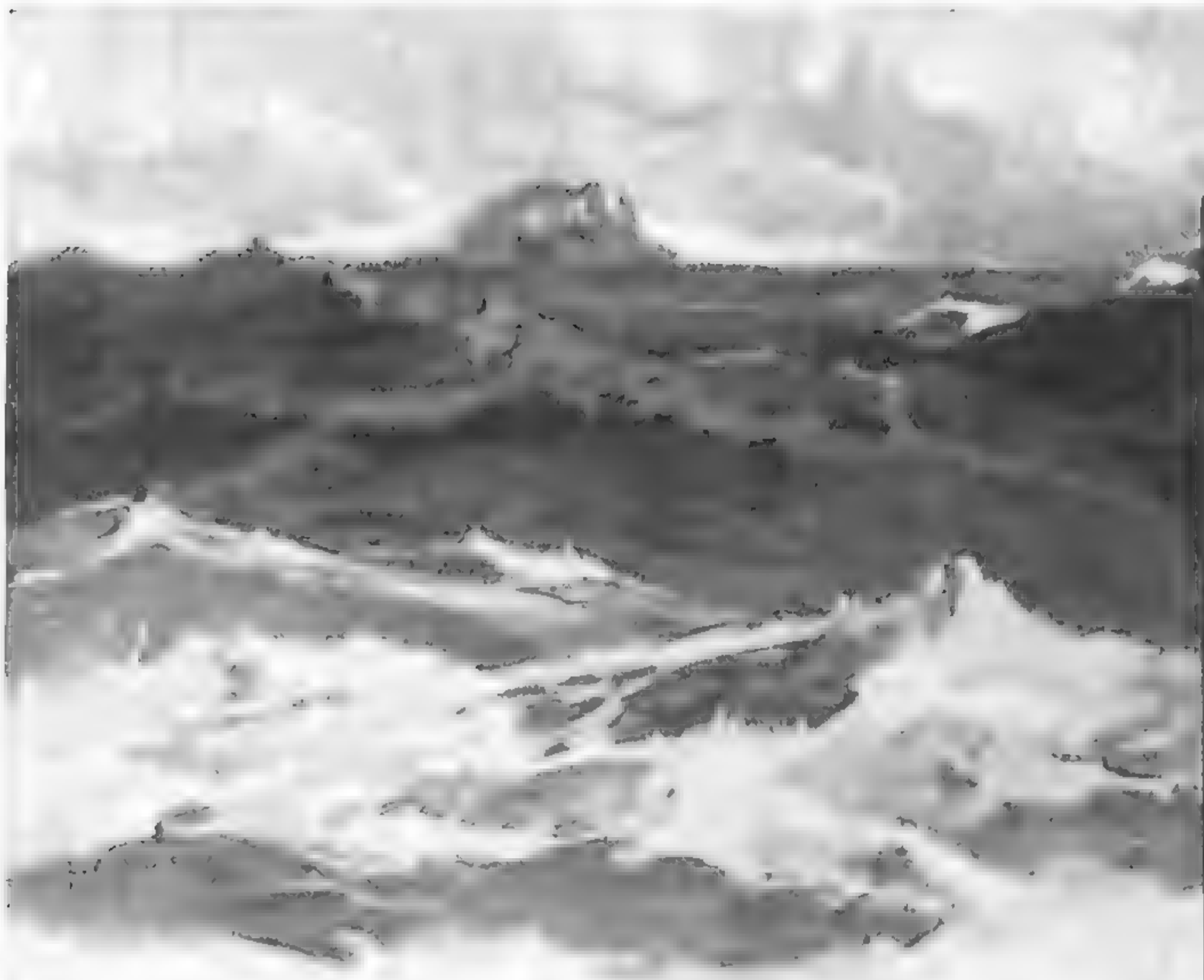


The Work must go on

TO the needs of an age of machinery are added the needs of the period of reconstruction. Building materials and metal products of all kinds are needed to restore the wastage of war. The rice mills machinery of China stands beside the American tractors in providing food for the world.

For all this machinery correct lubrication must be supplied—that the work may go on.

S. S. OLEAN

The S. S. Olean was built especially to carry oil in barrels. Capacity 14,000 barrels.

S. S. CHAS. M. EVEREST

This ship is named "Chas. M. Everest" after the late president of the Vacuum Oil Company. She carries 8,130 tons of bulk oil.

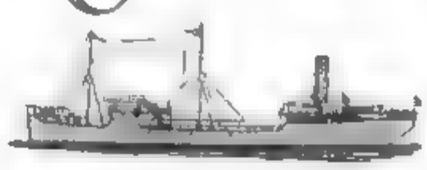
S. S. GARGOYLE

The purchase of the S. S. Gargoyle marked the end of steamship chartering by the Vacuum Oil Company. The "Gargoyle" is a bulk oil carrier, with a cargo capacity of about 7,000 tons. The work must go on.

S. S. PAULSBORO

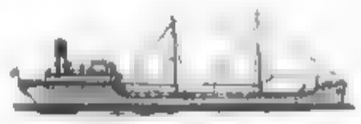
The S. S. Paulsboro carries about 11,000 tons. This vessel, which was built in San Francisco, established a new record in shipbuilding. The time consumed from the laying of her keel to the date of delivery was 4 months and 22 days. The work must go on.

GARGOYLE



MOTORSHIP BRAMELL POINT

The Motorship Bramell Point is one of the largest motor driven commercial ships built in the United States. Her launching created a considerable stir in shipping circles. Capacity 5,000 tons. The work must go on.



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Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
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The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the [illegible] Chart, send for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which lists the correct grades for all cars.

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models		1914 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit (6 cy					A	A	A	A		
Auburn	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Apperson	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cy)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Auburn (4 cy)					A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (6 cy)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 6-38 & 6-39			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (6-39B) (Cont	A	Arc								
" 6-39B) (Cont	Arc	Arc								
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (6-40)					A	Arc				
" (6-30)			A	A	A	A				
Chandler Six	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (F B)	A	A	A	A						
" (F A)	A	Arc								
Cole					Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham									A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dorris	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Elcar	A	A	A	A						
" (Mod. S X	A	A	A							
" (Special)	Arc	A								
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Gray & Davis	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
"					A	A				
Hollier (6 cyl)	A	A	A	Arc	A	A				
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hudson					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A				
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Jackson			Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Jordan	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc			A	A	A	A
King										
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Conti	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A
Kissel Kar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod 48)					A	A				
" "	A	A	A	A						
Liberty (Detroit)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Lippard Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod M)			A	A	A	A				
" (Mod MW)			A	Arc						
Locomobile	A	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Maxwell	A	Arc	E	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl			A	A	A	A				
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 22-70							Arc	Arc		
Mitchell	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Moline-Knight	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Oldsmobile	A	A			A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Overland	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc
Owen Magnetic	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc		
" (Mod M-5	Arc	Arc	Arc	A						
Packard							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Twin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Paige 4 cyl							A	Arc	A	A
" 6 "	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A		
" 6 "					A	Arc	A	A		
" (6-46-50			A	Arc						
" 6-40)	A	A								
Paterson	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc		
Pathfinder			Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" 8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" " (Con	A	A		Arc	Arc	A		A	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Scripps	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (4 cyl)			A	Arc						
Stearns-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" " 6 cyl	B	A	A	A	B	A				
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie 6 cyl							A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl	Arc		Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (3 & 5 ton	Arc	A								
" (4 ton)	A	A								
White	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 16 cyl	A	A	A	A						
White Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	B	A	A
White Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	A						
Willys	A	Arc			Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc

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THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 139)

Urias whirled. He experienced a sudden sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He gazed into the level eyes of his militant wife. She held his gaze for a while; then dropped her eyes to the glittering and glowing diamonds.

Discretion and circumstance prompted a lie, but intimate knowledge of the woman before him warned him that such a course would be troublesome and fruitless. And so Urias Nesbit, for once in his life, told the whole, unadorned, complete truth.

He pleaded passionately. He offered to escort her to every jeweler in town for appraisement of the ring. And as he talked Elzevir's lips lost their stern rigidity and expanded into a smile. The sun was shining very brightly for Elzevir. And when he had finished she merely said:

"Call in that wuthless no-'count Cass Driggers."

Cass entered sheepishly and stood twirling his hat. Elzevir's voice whipped out like the crack of doom:

"Is you done sol' that autymobile yet, Cass?"

"Uh-huh! Yas'm."

"How much?"

"Th'ee hund'ed dollars. I owes the gyrage twen'y-five dollars for mate'ial."

"An' you owes me sevumty-five dollars for the use of my ring."

"But, Mis' Nesbit ——"

"You owes me sevumty-five dollars for the use of my ring," she grated. "Lis'en at me, an' perduce!"

Cass looked at Urias and Urias stared miserably back at Cass. Cass did the expedient thing; he handed the seventy-five dollars to Elzevir.

"That leaves you two hund'ed," continued Elzevir mercilessly. "Give me the hund'ed whut belongs to 'Rias."

"But, honey ——"

"'Rias, you keep yo' mouth out of this heah settlin'ment! Han' it over, Cass."

Cass obeyed dumbly.

"Ise gwine keep this for you, 'Rias," smiled Elzevir. "Reckon you nev' will know nothin' much 'bout'n handlin' money.

"If'n you want five dollars ——"

"Thanks, sweetness!" murmured Urias humbly as he took the crumpled bill his wife generously tendered. Then an idea struck him:

"Whut you is gwine do with that fake ring?"

His wife smiled enigmatically and gazed affectionately at her two genuine diamonds.

"I reckon I'll wear 'em both."

"But if'n anyone should ast ——"

"Tell 'em they is both ril di'min's."

"They might want a jooler to look at 'em."

"Reckon I c'n stan' that, 'Rias. Anyways, you lemme worry 'bout that side of it. All you got to do is jes' like whut I says."

Urias shook his head in bewilderment.

"I—I—ain't on'erstan' you, honey."

"They's a heap of things you ain't nev' gwine on'erstan', 'Rias. They's some things a wife ain't got no time to tell her husban'. This heah is one of 'em. Too much infermation is li'ble to go to yo' haid. By the way, Cass, who was fool 'nuff to buy that busted car?"

"That autymobile was better'n new," defended Cass stoutly. "Them fluvvers ain't no good ontwell they is been wrecked a few times."

"Who bought it?" repeated Elzevir firmly.

Cass grinned.

"Cap'n Zacharias Foster," he chuckled—"the man whut owned it fust off."

THE REVOLUTION IN THE VILLAGE

(Continued from Page 17)

Thus through the months the villagers, even far away, were prepared by agitators for what was to come; and when at last one day in early March they heard of the revolution they were far from surprised. In Bouromka our people took it very quietly, and felt at first indifferent; only they hoped to see a mending of their troubles, as they had come to realize them. Isolated, as our peasantry had been, in one of the richest provinces of Russia's black-earth district, they felt the general misery of the north less than most of our natives.

Their individual ownership of property had made for conservatism, and their well-being was also partly caused by the help and instruction we had given them for some years previously. Many proprietors had made every effort to put the best within their reach, even to the extent of new schools and public libraries for their peasants, which under the protection of the village church had helped forward the younger element vastly. It was difficult, however, even for us to do much good in this line, as the government allowed no books put into the hands of the peasantry except such as were approved by its censors, while the village schools were also either under the Ministry of Education or the church, and were all that was primitive in their programs; but the people improved greatly in spite of these disadvantages, and both schools overflowed at this time with children who were clean and better dressed than ever before.

On the whole, the inhabitants of Bouromka were sensible of their advantages and were content and unambitious politically; also unthinking, and suspicious of new doctrines. They seemed entirely uninterested as to the emperor's abdication, much to our surprise, and to all the rest of the revolution, save only the right they now felt given them to govern themselves "by a committee," and they proceeded at once to elect one, showing great common sense in their choice of members. It really represented the best elements of their group. What delighted our people was to hear that they were free—whatever that conveyed to them—and that they were to have all the land. From where, they asked, was it to come? Should they take over to themselves the estate of Bouromka totally, with its riches in cattle and stud and farms, and divide it among themselves?

They had some hesitation about this, since they wished the proprietors no harm, they said, and had always lived well with the latter. Besides, how would it be divided? Ivan, who is a ne'er-do-well, must not have so good ground as Dimitry, who was always thrifty; and then, which would take the meadows, which the forests, and which the agricultural steppe lands with their black earth? If the house and park were to be divided, too, who could live in such a palace, for the whole village would not find room within its walls? And a rumor came that was very disturbing, saying they alone would not be given Bouromka, but that from the north and east, where the earth was poor, would come other people to our rich provinces of the Ukraine; and that it must be equally subdivided with all of these. Dimitry, who had saved and had bought as much as fifteen acres only last year, and those fifty or more other men of the village who owned anywhere from twenty to one hundred acres each, must throw in their fields, too, for the subdivision, and all the country would be parceled out until everyone in Russia received his small legal share of ground to cultivate. No; this was a mistake and quite impossible, said our group of well-to-do peasants. How could men not "ours" think of appearing here in Little Russia and thus swamp us and our hard-earned profits? By what right, when we had striven and saved, and each created his small fortune? If it was so, then let things stand as they are, and let the princes keep their land and we each ours, and we will go on with our work.

Then the committee said workmen must be better paid; so higher wages were demanded and conceded; and for the moment land was undivided, at least in our corner of the world. As far as the rest went, the administration of the committee was most reasonable and advantageous, as they decided all questions with great fairness and common sense, and showed themselves very conservative. Michael-Pétrovitch, the head intendant of Bouromka estate, was adroit and blessed with great intelligence in handling men; and by his diplomacy through six long months he managed to live with his own people in peace and perfect understanding, and to sow and reap our harvest and put all in order for the winter. Faithfully he served his employers in this, as he had always done before.

The autumn of 1917 brought great changes. Just as Michael-Pétrovitch thought all was well the Bolsheviki took over the government in Petrograd, and the Ukrainians took Kieff. To Bouromka came one day soon afterward a new committee from outside, preaching fiery red doctrines. It was composed of a delegate or two from the factory workmen's soviet, of a student and a propagandist; and these settled for some time in the village. They preached to the peasants the oppressions which all the world had practiced until now on the poor; and the millennium, which at last was dawning in Russia. Our people were coming into their own, and must rise up and punish the masters, who so far had kept all the good things of the world to themselves. They should send ambassadors out when all was fixed at home, to carry the new gospel into other countries and give them the same fine liberty.

To prove good faith the agents had brought with them vodka in large supplies. Before, this had been the people's solace, they said; and it had been suppressed by the upper classes to spite the poor. Also they had brought gold to pay with—strange gold, not with our home eagle and the usual stamp of the Russian Emperor's face, but with strange Gothic words and signs marked which we had not known before.

The people wondered as they listened, for it seemed this gold was sent to them by their brother republicans across the frontier. They took it with suspicion at first and showed it to the elders of the village, and these in turn heard from Rabinovitch, the village authority, that whatever it was stamped it was good gold, and worth much more than even the old-régime paper money had been, not to mention the small miserable *korenki*, or scraps of provisional money.

The vodka the strangers had brought was good and one felt warmed up and stronger and brave in drinking it. Some of the women protested, and Batioushka forbade it; but the women knew nothing, and Batioushka wore skirts also, and did not count. What could he judge, who had never cared for drink? They, the men who had returned after three years at the Front, knew well that vodka was a pleasant thing, and they had tasted little of it in the hard life on the fighting line. It was indeed fine to be free again of the discipline of trench and field and marsh. True, their officers and they had been together for three years, fighting Germans and Austrians, hating them, striving and dying, often with empty stomachs, almost constantly with empty guns.

It was very strange and difficult to understand the great changes. When their call had first come they had been rushed off and put into regiments. They went under fire at once—and what a fire; with sufferings from gas and cold and heat and lack of care! Food and munitions, clothes, letters from home and everything else had been lacking—or came always late. Yet they had believed in the Grand Duke and his greatness, and he was at the staff. He wished them to hold on still, and fight the enemy for their country's sake and that of their own hearths, as well as for the Little Father, their White Czar; and many times the things they patiently expected came somehow finally, and with these some little gifts from home, things the wives had cooked or knit. Rolled bundles were sent, too, with a fresh change of linen or with tobacco or sugar, and now and then a knife or book or a bit of gay-colored soap. These were from the officers' wives, and the officers themselves clubbed together sometimes and gave their men warm woolen things, or better food when provisions could be bought in a town near by.

If ammunition was lacking the officers were as sad as their men, and they had talked to the latter as to their own children, encouraging them to hold on with what they had against the enemy—sticks or stones, bricks sometimes, and generally guns unloaded. Officers and men had stood together and were falling like flies during the slow retreat. All the time while refugees flew inward toward the center of the country our troops had held the lines to give them opportunity for this. Then slowly the army had ceded mile by mile of a country which was being set on fire—fields with vast grain crops, châteaux, forests, parks, towns and villages—to prevent the enemy from profiting too much. The whole world was a burning hell to march through, while a shrieking horde of misery drew back before the foe.

The Grand Duke had been furious at this suffering, and he had demanded that those who caused it be severely punished; but nothing had happened except that the Grand Duke himself had been sent away, which only went to show the soldiers it was no good to complain, since, whether great or small, one would only be beaten for it. It had gone from bad to worse after this, and the officers couldn't help so much as the months passed, perhaps because as they said they were too poor. All life at home was grown expensive, too, and the men who came out to the Front in the last mobilization had been much older or else young boy recruits. These had brought reports of wickedness and cheating in high circles, of troubles ever greater among the lower class, and of the revolution which was promised soon.

At last it came; and they heard the emperor had left his crown and throne and given over his power to the people. In the service officers were to command only with the consent of their men. The soldiers were to have committees and to decide everything, even as to their obedience to military plans, which they had the right now to debate upon and to understand. Many agents at once had circulated among the troops and pointed out how the officers would hate all this and would dislike having their power and glory taken from them, and would not accept the soldiers as their comrades. In many battles the officers had, however, shown immense bravery. They had thrown themselves forward in charges, often quite alone, hoping their men would be carried along by old habit; and they had been assassinated thus at Tarnopol, or so Nikita had related.

In his regiment, he said, out of thirty-seven officers thirty had been killed, and in Dimitry's regiment, in the same battle, twenty-seven out of thirty had been left upon the field; while not a soldier had died save from an occasional stray bullet. The men had stood still or had fled, and some of these new fellows who called themselves high priests of the revolutionary ideals had laughed or jeered when the older veterans had wished to follow and to help their lieutenant and the captain, who were shot down like helpless dogs. Possibly it is just for each new government to make some group or class into martyrs; but it was hard for the lieutenant, said Dimitry. He was but eighteen, and had been kind, and ready to help his men; and he had thought of them always before stopping to think of himself. Still, the agents had seemed very wise, and could read; and they had said it was surely so that now

(Continued on Page 146)

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MARY was frying old-fashioned doughnuts in lard when the Lady of the House entered the kitchen. The lard spattered over and in an instant the whole stove seemed afire. Curtains and clothes were nearby, but Mary reached quickly for the Pyrene extinguisher, which always hung on the kitchen wall near the stove, and in less than a minute the fire was out.

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TRADE MARK FACE

(Continued from Page 143)

was come the time when the soldier was free.

And there were many men at the Front to fight the Germans, the agents proclaimed; and these latter were ready for peace, anyhow, and could never reach our provinces before the end of the war. It would be much better, therefore, if those among our troops who came from Bouromka and from farther east went home again and helped to protect the revolution there, and to organize free government, with committees such as they had seen in the army. Besides, all the land was to be divided very soon among the peasants; and who knows, the village elders might arrange that the best bits go to themselves in the others' absence? Surely, therefore, there was no time to lose in leaving the war, and even if the officers thought differently they could not audibly object, nor punish desertion, since one of the new laws said most clearly that men were free to obey or not according to their own judgment. Truly it was now a good time to be alive!

The Work of Agitators

So, with illusions freshly poured into them, the village soldiers had returned to quiet Bouromka, riding on the tops of cars part way, and for the rest in first-class carriages, sleeping in the corridors and on the platforms. One night, some said, they had taken possession even of a reserved compartment, smashing its windows to get in; and there some women and two children slept, who had been greatly frightened. But the soldiers explained to them there was no place elsewhere on the train, and that they would not disturb them, only they wished to travel. One had then sat on the floor, and two more on the upper berth, from which they brought home as gifts to their wives the pillows, blankets, covers and sheets. During the trip they had very much enjoyed talking with the strange women, and telling them about their life under fire; and they had played with the children, and had received apples and biscuits, because they had brought water for tea and had helped amuse the young boy who was a nice child like many in the village.

Finally they arrived at Palmyra Station and came from there on foot across the plain, over fifty versts, sleeping in the fields under the stars. It was good to feel one wouldn't be awakened by a bomb, and to know that soon these fine acres would be theirs. They had found the village quiet, somewhat discontented to be doing without tea and sugar and other luxuries, but otherwise much as of old; only a committee of the elders had existed and had governed since the spring. With Batioushka and the Prince's head intendant they were managing everything about as in olden days. This must be changed surely; and, also, what would take much time and trouble to be brought back into their proper place were the village women. Matrona and Warka, Louba and Sonia, and even mild Evdoxia were not to be recognized, dressed in fine clothes, ordering about the Austrian prisoners, smiling and powerful, capable and wasteful, talking much of their new right to vote.

It was so amazing that the newly arrived lords and masters for a time quite lost their capacity of action; then each had done as he saw fit in his own home. Vania had knuckled down, and worked under his Louba's orders; while the Austrian had remained in the house and become his friend. Dimitry had soon put out the intruder, and had Sonia well in hand; while others had made arrangements between these two extremes, according to their mental and physical strength for handling a delicate situation.

They had told everyone of their experiences at the Front, and of what the wise men had said; and the elders had understood that all this must be true, since the information the agents had given was all printed on paper. These rules, the men said, had been read out to the soldiers from the papers, but privately, of course, because the officers must not yet know of the great promises for the future. Sometimes one did feel sorry for the officers, and for the proprietors also, who were like those of Bouromka. Yet it was only justice, the wise men had explained, that some good people should suffer when so many of their group had done harm; and after all they had joined with the others to deprive the peasants and the soldiers of their rights and to hold them down.

It was very shortly after the soldiers had returned that the outside committee settled in Bouromka; ready-formed by the chief soviets of Pultowa, and bringing vodka and gold coins and printed papers to be read at meetings, which were held daily, and where speeches were made. The peasants were told over and over and they clearly understood how they had been wronged; and suddenly one day the student who had a silver tongue cried to his audience: "Come, if at last you are convinced, come with me, and we will go to the distillery and attack and capture it, and drink the vodka of which you have been deprived too long! It is a cold night and our supply is finished here, and it will be warming when you have drunk as much as you wish; and afterward you may bring back a cow or two for the children of the village, who shall have better milk; and you shall take the château's oxen to plow your fields. These oxen are no longer, even in name, the Prince's, but are strictly yours now by legal right to take and keep."

The men hesitated, but vodka was passed about and soon infused daring. It was a fine moonlight night and the walk to the farm courtyard was tempting. A hundred or more of the bravest spirits were moving in that direction shortly, singing a wild chorus, led by the enthusiastic and wise strangers. Avxentieff heard the rumor and the noise, and he rushed to meet the crowd of rowdies at his locked courtyard gate. He called on a workman or two who were on night duty, and he sent a hurried message to the intendant in chief, who lived at the other courtyard. Before the latter could arrive with help there appeared a disorderly throng of peasants, shouting, crying, swaying as they marched; and though Avxentieff made an attempt to harangue them and his white face and blazing eyes made the front ones hesitate he had been swept aside very quickly by the paid leaders, while the rollickers pushed on and broke in the door of the distillery in spite of its locks and the government seal upon it.

Then the men, frantic from the alcohol's odor as it fermented in the vats, precipitated themselves, to quench their thirst, on the small hogsheads, and even into the vats themselves. They drank deeply until they fell down, completely unconscious and incapacitated. It was then the leaders acted, rolling quickly a number of barrels into the courtyard and out on the road, where a wagon was waiting to cart this precious fluid—their best ally—away to their village headquarters.

They looked about, and one said to the other: "Much breakage, no respect for seals, the second intendant injured, the vodka stolen and the men who have succumbed are our creatures hereafter."

And another answered: "Yes, the owners may retaliate; that would be advantageous, for when the feeling is as good as here our work is much too slow and expensive."

"True," said a third. "I had hoped we could attack the other courtyard and perhaps even the house to-night; but now we must wait, for these swine are so slow and stupid; and besides they are dead drunk and cannot move."

The Second Raid

Just then they all started as if frightened. Had someone overheard their remarks, though they were spoken low and in German? But it was not so; it was only a man lying on the edge of the vat, who had lost his balance and had fallen into the fermenting spirits, where all unconsciously he was drowning. None of the leaders stretched out a hand to save him. They merely looked, shrugged their shoulders, yawned and turned away, to walk back to their quarters at the village.

Within a week another raid occurred on the remnants of the distillery and, strong in the artificial courage the vodka gave, the crowd had then interviewed Michael-Pétrovitch, Bouromka's intendant in chief, at his own house; and had confiscated, in spite of his protests, all the cattle, the horses, the machine shops and the stables, with their supplies of implements and harness, wagons and fine carriages. These were the people's, too, and would be given over to them very soon by government law, so they were merely anticipating, said the wise man who led the wreckers. In the machine shops

(Continued on Page 149)

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"Good Workmen Know the Difference"

Johnson splits a hair 40 times

"SEND for Johnson. I would rather trust him to do it than any of us here."

The job was to reduce the end of a pinion on an instrument of great precision being made for a government laboratory. The limit required was 1/8000 of an inch.

Johnson, in overalls, about 40 years old, came over from his bench two blocks away to do three minutes' work with a strip of black-looking paper on which were perhaps a million and a quarter Speed-grit crystals.

A few over-size crystals might have scored the work, spoiled the pinion and delayed the Government.

Johnson didn't know that we screen Metalite crystals many times through silk. He just depended on Metalite to do *its* part and put his thoughts for three minutes only on his pressure and his even strokes. The operation was far beyond the reach of eyesight, for if he had taken off *forty times* as much metal it would barely amount to the thickness of a hair. Look at a hair on your hand and try to grasp what he did.

If a workman recommends a Manning Speed-grit *he* ought to be the doctor. "Good workmen know the difference."

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FACTORY AND LABORATORY, TROY, N. Y.

BOSTON CHICAGO CINCINNATI NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 146)

Tiltzoff and his few helpers had resisted; and at the stables and the stud the old coachman and a few other faithful servants had done likewise; but with no different result from that of Avxentieff, who had been swept aside at the farmyard a week earlier.

Our defenders were only about twenty in all, and there were many more of the village hotheads who were growing into revolutionary leaders, and were backed by a large multitude. The three or four strangers were still clever inspirers and spokesmen, always ready with replies for every protest of the intendants. So all gave way before the rule of the strongest, and there was a sudden wish expressed to visit the big house also.

This was done immediately, and the ancient collections of arms, as well as the cupboards containing our modern guns used in the shooting season, were handed over to the committee after protest by the head steward at the house. They were carted away "for safe keeping" to the village. The cupboards and the wine cellars of the château were sealed, and clothes and books and everything else necessary to the family's life were left locked up in comparative safety, but unattainable by their ancient owners. The intendant, his wife and their fourteen children were left tranquil in their home, and the housekeeper, the major-domo and various other ancient servants were also allowed to remain in their rooms in one wing of the building until it should be decided to what use the immense place could be put—whether made a house of amusement or a school.

During two or three months this question was daily brought up for discussion at the village meetings. The leaders recommended complete destruction, and said it would be much trouble and work to keep such a vast construction heated and in use. The village elders, with their peasants' common sense, advocated leaving the house as it was.

"One must leave something to the Princes, and the house is nothing to us, since we have the land already, and all that goes to make it rich. Besides, their clothes and dishes are their own in all justice, for the new law speaks only about the land; and then, who knows, these wise men talk well, but perhaps they make mistakes, and some day we may hear of different rules and our Princes may return and ask what has been done with their palaces and clothes and other things; if all is lost we may be well punished for stealing. Yes, truly; better we leave the château alone."

Political Debauchery

There were some timid spirits who already trembled as to the results of their temporary bravery. "We know," said they, "now it is all take and enjoy, and soon it will be restitution and payment called for, and we shall be beaten."

"Who can beat you now? For this is a republic," cried the leaders.

"Naturally, we have heard that; first come people, and say to us: 'Be for an autocracy; it is great in strength, and the Sovereign shall love and care for his people, and all will be well'; and we sing the anthem and cry hurrah, and are for an autocracy; and next comes someone who says: 'Be for a republic, and it will be well; for the land shall belong to the peasants, and they will grow rich and great'; and he teaches us a song which is of liberty, and tells us everyone is singing it on the streets in Petrograd; so we learn that new song, and cry hurrah, and seize the land. Yet, who knows, perhaps we may be still unhappy; for even now our grain is taken forcibly from us whenever it is found; and we are paid in dirty paper slips without value. We have less food and comfort than before. Later, maybe, some man will come and tell us there is a republic with a Czar in Petrograd; and then we shall again cry hurrah, and learn the song of that kind; and we shall both own the land then and also be taken care of by our Princes; and that would be best of all."

Even with the vodka's help and the leaders' best persuasions it took some time to accomplish their errand of complete political and economic debauchery in these villages, where previous good relations were against them, and where nearly all the heads of departments on estates came from the peasantry and understood their own people well. After five or six months' residence in Bouromka the strangers had won their way, however, to the weak spots of these simple understandings, and they had paid for this popularity by encouraging all the vices and abuses that were latent in the villagers.

One evening in the spring of 1918, as darkness descended, the old major-domo and old Grandmother Ann-Wladimirovna, the housekeeper, were having tea together in the latter's comfortable sitting room, when across the distance of the park a noise reached them—something between songs and buzzing and the tramp of many feet far off.

"A meeting," said old Moses-Kousmitch.

"Louder than usual. They have been drinking again," answered the comfortable housekeeper; and they discussed for the five-hundredth time the revolution from their own point of view.

"All these fools know nothing about which they talk," said the old man. "What need have they of more than the good God and the Czar has given them; and when they have done away with all the highborn people, whom will they serve, I would like to know; and steal from; and who will care for them? Spéransky and all of our seigneurs here have helped each one of us who was intelligent and capable of moving forward; and I for one, who am eighty-three and wiser than the false prophets these madcaps run after, I tell you Anna—who are young and but sixty-five—that I will not serve in the houses of peasants become rich, who cannot read or write. I know little of the Czar and the government; but we are well off here, and when I was in St. Petersburg fifty years ago with Marie-Alexandrovna I saw many others who were as content as we. When one has lived in palaces one knows the difference well between them and such a house as even rich Dimitry of the village would keep."

The Mob at the Château

"Moses-Kousmitch, I, who was head nurse to all their small Highnesses, know well you tell the truth; and each of us who has been dressed, and warmed, and fed, and who have pretty cottages in the village to retire to, and a pension to live upon, feels as you do; but the new generation has gone quite mad and realizes nothing. Why, even the nieces and nephews, whom I feed always from the château pantry and send provisions to of the best in my storeroom, are that ungrateful they would pull this roof down over our heads if they could! Strange, that noise. Is it not approaching? Listen!"

And going to her window she drew the curtain open and looked out over the valley, which held the park with its great trees and crystal lake, now reflecting the full moon. A vast noise filled the little room as she opened its window and leaned out; and as she turned again it was with a rapid movement not usual to her fat body.

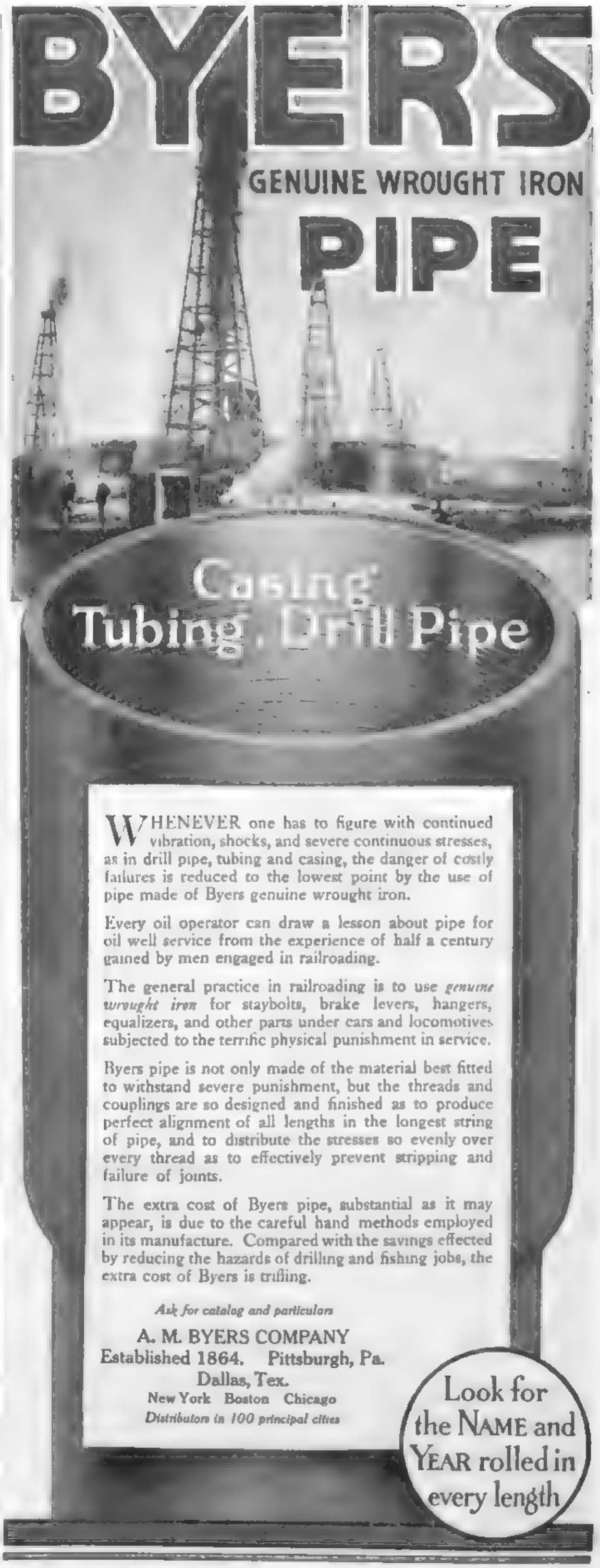
"Heaven help us, Moses-Kousmitch, run and shut and bar our door while I telephone Michael-Pétrovitch! It is a great crowd coming up the Spéransky Allée from the lower gate, and the procession is illuminated by torches. The men are singing, but not good songs. It is as if they were all crazy. Thank heaven the valuables were sent to Kieff, long ago; and all that silver too; but my pearl brooch and gold earrings and watch—what shall I do to hide them? In my mattress, perhaps? Or only in my pocket with my keys? Whoever would have thought that I would live to see and hear such things? But, of course, Michael-Pétrovitch will quiet these people and put them in their place!"

And she disappeared, frowning, down the long corridor toward the telephone. Old Moses-Kousmitch, somewhat hard of hearing and dull of mind, went off, nodding and muttering to the door; but he reached it only in time to meet the intendant. The latter had long ago realized a storm was brewing, and he had come running, followed soon by Tiltzoff, Avxentieff and his other lieutenants. Even Kalashnikoff, head of the kennels, came with his long whip; and Bibikoff, the veterinary, and the old coachman, Dimenti, with a certain number of other men true to their responsibility, appeared, ready to measure wits and strength against the committee's power.

In a few moments though the crowd was on them with shouts and threats and snatches of song; swinging torches.

"We have come to burn the bourgeois' house!" they cried.

Some already tottered from vodka, while others were only red of face and thick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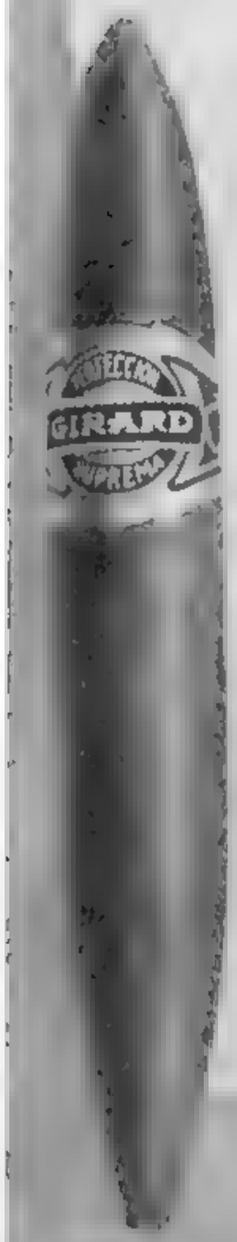

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GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves

of voice. Shouting "Tyrants" and "This is all ours!" they finally joined in the cry of "Give us the cellar keys or you shall be burned with the palace which you have served."

Long parley, the leaders egging on the muddle-headed mob, and the intendant and his men, with the village priest and elders, trying to keep their people within bounds. With great presence of mind Grandmother Ann-Wladimirovna announced calmly that she had lost her keys last week; and in proof she turned her pockets inside out, so that all could see they were quite empty. Then truthfully the crowd was told by Michael-Pétrovitch that the cellars had been sealed by the villagers' own revolutionary committee long ago; and so even were the keys here it would not be the law for him to open the iron door.

But his wish for peace and his tact were of no avail that night against the inflaming words and the alcohol his rivals distributed; and soon the doors were broken in and a wild orgy was under way in the cellar and in the courtyard, while a chosen few, less helpless from drink than the others, found occupation in systematically destroying the house and its furnishings; throwing the latter into the courts and gardens, where paintings, china, bronzes and wood carvings lay in dismal heaps, and embroidered silken rags or fine carpets served to light the bonfires.

Before the morning a greater flame than these went up; and the ancient, picturesque pile which had been the proud château of the old régime had died.

The Last of Faithful Moses

The sun came up, and shone on the sad mass of blackened walls and gray ashes; broken treasures watered by rivulets of rare vintage lay about; and in the midst of all this were many wounded and many others merely sleeping off the party of the night before. Avxentieff had a bleeding arm and hand, Tiltzoff a swollen face where a heavy blow had fallen, and the intendant was all black from smoke, as he spoke with them in a low voice.

"I have been able to save so little in the mass," he said; "only some papers and a few small things. What will our Princes think?" And the two others replied: "You have fought bravely, Michael-Pétrovitch, and you are condemned by these hooligans to sure death for defending all this; and you have done your best. Go you, therefore, with your wife and children, to the district town near by, and remain there at Zolotonoch. We are old revolutionaries of 1905, and we will remain in our places here, since, alas, these fools are our own families and friends. We will do all we can to save and help what is left of the property; faithfully we promise it. You shall report to the Princes and then send us their orders, and we will do what can be done to carry them out."

And so it was; and even until now these men have stayed at Bouromka in the two courtyards, representing their old owners' interests as against their fellows, and trying to do as ordered by the intendant. Of late they have even obtained some restitution of goods which were stolen. Ann-Wladimirovna was luckily spirited away from the fire of that evening attack, and has lived since in her own cottage, which is all that remains to her of past grandeur. She continues to scold her nieces and nephews for having no more provisions from the château by their own fault, and she repeats constantly the tale of her last tea with Moses-Kousmitch, and of the poor old fellow's death on that same night.

A heart stroke carried off the ancient, snobbish but devoted old serf, who could not adapt himself to the idea of all his world becoming so insane. As for the German-Bolshevik leaders who had brought about the ruin, they stood awhile looking on that night; until toward the morning one of them had gathered the others in a group together.

"At last our work is done here," he said, "and we had better go, for who can predict what these dullards may think of our success to-morrow, when they finally come to? Shall we start on our road at once, then, and be far away before another day? We can demand double pay for the months spent here, I think; for our task was truly one of the most difficult in all this land of idealists and fools; and we have done it well at last."

And so when they came to next day the people had lost their leaders, and were at great pains to remember what had occurred and just why the château lay now in ashes. In their own group many were ready, however, to take on the rôle of those men who had just sneaked off, for they felt now a gulf existed between the ancient proprietors of the land and the people; too wide a gulf ever to be bridged again. Some were troubled greatly at finding how things stood. In some ways it was worse now for the people than ever before; for they must live through the summer coming and the harvest, and they were not prepared to do so without guidance. They had no organization. Peasants who would gladly work for money under the earlier arrangements would not work for love of it any more land than was actually of use to their own need. Yet at hand, confiscated by the village, were all the fine implements and horses of the ex-proprietor. The earth was there, though on it no winter wheat had been sown. No fields were plowed, and six precious months were lost, with no food or grain or ready money to show. The Austrian prisoners had long since fled; and our own men back from the war refused to work at all. Everyone was a master now, free to sleep and drink whenever he pleased; and everyone felt more inclined to govern than to be governed.

Meantime the days passed, and it was late spring. Committees from the city Bolsheviki and from Kieff's new Ukrainian government came through the village, ordering peremptorily the peasantry to give up grain from their slender stores to feed the starving towns. The people hid what they could, and sold only what they were obliged to, for worthless money; and then they worked in the fields haphazard when they were forced to it by fear of famine. The fine implements were mostly spoiled, broken or rusted already, since the sheds had been burned and their new owners had not seen to protection from winter snows or springtime rains. The men and women and their animals were equally exposed to wind and weather; and they went untreated now when ill; and many were soon ailing, and run down physically, as they were mentally and morally and materially. All the riches of the country had been theirs in the first days of the revolution; but sloth and dirt and drink and lack of knowledge, with lack of organization, were laying health and fortune in the dust; taking all savor from their triumph, all confidence and hope from their discouraged hearts. Vodka, their first enemy, was their false friend again now, dragging the people lower with each day; while agents were always passing through, ready and able to lead the simple peasant on to his destruction.

The New Despotism

Suddenly one day it was learned the Germans were settled in Kieff as masters; and then it came about that squads of the enemy began to scour the country round for grain and other provisions with which to feed themselves and even to send back into Germany. What they could hide the peasants still kept back, the rest was confiscated. Resistance was impossible, for the victims were threatened and often whipped, and they knew that other villages roundabout which had dared fight this new tyranny had been burned and the inhabitants were butchered wholesale or simply gassed. Tortured with inconceivable cruelty, necessarily one bowed down to the fresh despotism, hideous as it was.

During the months of German occupation a vast official retrograde movement was inaugurated in the provinces of the Ukraine. The national Hetman—General Skoropadsky, a Russian, alas—joined Von Eichorn's government and helped to carry out its policy, making only one condition - that the rights of landed proprietors in the Ukraine should be enforced against their own peasantry and against the Bolsheviki. So it turned out that for the safety of their personal fortunes some few of the nobility in Kieff, through Skoropadsky's bargain, were aiding the Huns. And these, who elsewhere in Russia were paying Bolsheviki to destroy the upper class and create anarchy, were in Kieff and its environs punishing the peasantry and helping the top stratum.

Our enemy's calculation was simple enough. In the Ukraine they needed grain, which the peasants had; and as it was near their own frontier they also preferred to keep law and order, and the class organization as it had been; also they had found the Hetman and the military force

(Continued on Page 153)

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FLORENCE

OIL COOK STOVES

(Continued from Page 150)

ready to join them. In the rest of Russia they perfectly realized that everyone with any understanding was against them, so they had turned to the worst group there to carry out their designs; and had thought cynically they would always be strong enough to make order later, when it suited their convenience.

Our peasants did not follow out these arguments, but found it quite natural that they should be beaten into semislavery, after having for a time taken by force what did not belong to them. It had always been their fate, so far in history. Now under German tutelage they plowed and sowed obediently, and harvested the grain crops; driven into it by whip and insult. The grain was reaped partly for the German dictator's benefit and partly for that of the old proprietors. This last share was paid into one of the banks at Kieff, and the ex-owners of the land were officially notified of their money credit. As to the peasantry, who had worked this year as never before since the Dark Ages, they were given a mere pittance.

Oppressed and miserable, hopeless and inert save under the lash, and always besotted when free, the village lost completely its fair coquettish beauty. The inhabitants' clothes were torn, their boots and harness worn out or stolen, for the victors took all the leather in the country, and their cattle and horses were as thin as were the people themselves. All were a fair prey to illnesses. Old scourges which had been almost eradicated with care had reappeared; tuberculosis in various forms and many other maladies claimed numerous victims.

A Sop to the Proprietors

Yet at the end of the autumn the enemy had succeeded in making our peasantry pay heavy taxes and also levies in money and grain to German agents. Into the banks at Kieff, by order of the new conquerors, was deposited eighty per cent of the value of livestock and implements wantonly destroyed. Also the villagers had officially returned the lands to the old proprietors and had paid down rent for two years ahead on such fields as they wished to take for farming. This was done to prove they fully admitted that lands and cattle had been stolen by themselves, and that they had no longer any rights or pretensions to these riches. When, as in our case, the proprietors' families were absent they were duly notified of what had been done by the German-Ukrainian administration of Kieff. We were thus sent word we could obtain the money from the bank at any time convenient to us; and that the valuation of our stock and implements had been made by our own intendants.

So it was that the Germans hoped to make themselves acceptable in the conquered province, at least to the aristocratic element; and, alas, in some cases they were successful in this, for the nobles were almost starving.

In the late summer Von Eichorn was assassinated by a young Russian, and within a few weeks the same fate overtook Skoropadsky. Both were dead, and justly so, in spite of the pomp and military protection with which in Kieff they had surrounded themselves. Rapidly their organization disintegrated, until within a few weeks chaos reigned worse even than before in the villages and small towns, for there was a reaction against the enforced discipline of the previous months. In all this misery our people roused one's pity by their helplessness, though much of the trouble one must admit was of their own creation. From being overdisciplined and uneducated they had been plunged without preparation into a riot of riches and vodka, backed by a fiery propaganda. No wonder that all boundaries were at once broken down and they nearly destroyed themselves and us. After which the prophetic vision of him who asked "When shall we be beaten?" had verified itself fully with the German armed dictatorship.

And now that is gone again; and the country react, and sleep away their winter days, waiting what calamity will strike them next; and wondering how they can defend themselves.

Already the Bolsheviki have begun an invasion of the Ukraine from the north and east, since in their other strongholds food is quite exhausted. From the southeast Cossacks announce that they will overrun the country and establish order according to their ideas. The peasants have a little grain and firewood left, no clothes save the rags, which were once so gay, and they are living, barely holding out, and with small hopes of help. They are fighting cold and vodka, disease and underfeeding, lack of medicines and of the doctors, whom they themselves have driven away. They are paying the heavy contributions levied by each new conqueror in turn, and mentally they are brutalized to silence, but are frantic as driven beasts in their fear of what each day may bring.

So far the poor muzhiks have not given the least promise of better things during the crisis. It is little news one receives through the winter months from Bouromka village even at the best of times, as the post never came then more than four times a week and is dragged by horses from a railroad station fifty miles away. Yet we know the people, semiarmed, are rising up in our villages and in those round about trying to resist the anarchistic tyrants now who are exploiting them. For the rest, their ferocity of destruction has long since worn itself out. Feeling crushed the peasants sought revenge, first on those whom the false prophets told them were at fault; then on the leaders themselves, when their prophecies proved wrong, and afterward on the tyrants who abused them in the terrible German reaction. Undoubtedly they believed the Germans and ex-landowners were in league to force those restitutions from them; and though there was some justice in their paying for what they spoiled or stole and in their being made to admit that what they did was wrong, in the bottom of their minds must naturally now exist the thought that they have not altogether deserved the punishment given them, for not they alone are responsible for the trouble. They are undoubtedly tormented occasionally trying to find a way out of the difficulty, and I can imagine Batioushka and the elders meeting sometimes at the former's cottage near the church, and their sad discussions of the dismal past and of all the ground that has been lost by the poor village which lies spread out in placid sunshine at their feet. The elders probably have lost all hold of the situation, and one can hear them sigh heavily as they utter their complaints:

"Batioushka, we have been truly in the dark, but it has not been only our fault. Who could foretell and who sufficiently prepare us for the great feast of liberty? Of our people so few were educated, and our patriotism was for the *hala* and the township, and perhaps even for this province; but it went no farther, since we know nothing of the rest of Russia, save that our religion was for the White Czar of all the Russias. If we had had more learning we should have made better arrangements for the new government."

A National House-Cleaning

"Surely the latter will still come, when this black night of the terror is finished. It will be a long time till then, and full of pain perhaps; but at last one may hope our people—the rich and the poor, the great and the small—will join with one another and create a new country, on the foundations of our present disappointments. In spite of all I am for the revolution still, glad the old régime's ailments have been destroyed, even though that older government encouraged us and made us richer as a class than we priests shall ever be in the future. But religion itself will not suffer, and, who knows, the old and the new, Orthodox, Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan and Jew may be equal one to the other before the law; and the church will preach joy and healthy living instead of gloom and punishment.

"We must plan a new education for our young priests to arrive at this, and for our doctors and all the other teachers of the people. Russia must clean its house, and it is possible these tragic years are eradicating bad as well as good, and teaching us much which we never would have learned save by our sad experiences. The new régime will be born a child who is young and weak, and will only slowly grow up, for the future is bound to the past by instincts and ideals, loves and hatreds, which are inherited. Some of the traits of our nature—in fact most of them—were always very beautiful, and we shall be great yet, I think.

"Listen, you who are the elders here, and then teach your children to believe, that we are down now to our lowest depths, for we have been in German hands. For

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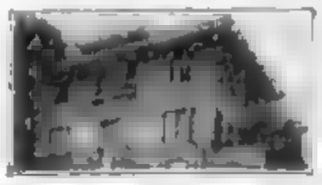

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sends your canoe swiftly skimming over the water. What glorious [illegible] Get a Old Town Canoe. So much and [illegible] so fast, speedy and safe. Write for catalog which includes sailing equipment. Dealers everywhere.

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Merely put Soluble Powder in cup, add hot water and serve. Made in a second—No Waste—No Grounds. Our secret manufacturing process enables us to produce this superior Instant Coffee and Tea. Send dealer's name and 35c. (foreign 45c.) for either. Dealers supplied direct or by any jobber. Jobbers, write us.

Until recently all Faust Instant Coffee (known over there as U. S. Treach Coffee) was being shipped to our soldiers.

Victory now enables us to again supply the public.

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Is a "DIFFERENT" SEASONING

For SALAD DRESSINGS, MEATS, GRAVIES, STEWS, SOUPS.

Sold by dealers in 15c, 25c and 1 lb cans. If your dealer hasn't it, send 20c for 2 oz can and Recipe Pamphlet prepared by the famous chef HENRY DIETZ

Dealers—Ask Your Jobber. Jobbers—Write Us.

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centuries we have been ill used by this same enemy, given only their crumbs of civilization, and obliged to bow down to them; and now their agents have been here among us, telling us all sorts of lies, both as to our Allies and as to our revolution's power; and all this was told to a people wearied and worn by war. Why our Allies did not tell us their side of such questions I do not know; for we were far away from them, alone to fight the battles on this side of the war; and we had lost much more than they—more than three millions of our men were killed, and two more millions have died of starvation or disease.

"When upon all this distress came the revolution, with more Germans ready to teach us the full meaning of it, we naturally fell prostrate in their hands. But, see, already there are those who prepare to rise again, and who are fighting as their ancestors of the steppes did in the Dark Ages against the Asiatic hordes who came to oppress them. The enemy's squads were ill received in summer, and now it is even worse for the Bolshevik representatives, who come to tyrannize.

"Maybe with time and thought our men will again turn their minds to honest work and will grow up to understand that liberty to do and responsibility for what is done must go together; also that national funds must not be squandered since they are nothing else than the money we ourselves pay into our state coffers. Perhaps also it will come to us clearly at last that the villages and cities need one another, as do the rich men and the poor; and when this knowledge is accepted all will be well. It is even near now, since you are all beginning to miss the city's luxuries and the château's care and the money which your honest labor brought you, and have found out that vodka and sleep alone cannot replace all of these."

And the elders slowly nod assent, and reply: "True, Batioushka, and if you believe all this yourself, that all which is so bad now can at last be overcome, then we shall believe also; and there are others who are tired of the disorders and who will join in trying to help. Perhaps there are villages near which will act likewise; for we see that no injustice of the past can be righted by stealing now. Certainly we have much need of land, however; and the Princes must give us some of theirs; or all. But let us try to find together a way out of this and other difficulties."

Building on New Foundations

And Batioushka, full of pity for his flock, is ready to help them in every manner; and he believes that the rapidity with which the peasant and his woman and his child blossomed in the few years which immediately preceded the revolution shows of what progress Russians are capable if rightly led and rightly understood.

One was tempted to dream dreams then, and I also am still quite ready to believe a race which has thrown off or absorbed Tartars and Cossacks, Norsemen and Mongolians, with refugees and colonists from all over the whole world, can rise up now and shake off German enemy or Bolshevik traitor, and then build up for itself a new national life; though certainly it is very difficult to rid a country of such a heavy load of misery as is the present one for the Slav people of our home country.

How it will be done only the future can show. At present the old people and the children are dying, and the villages need clothes and coverings, provisions and machinery, and every other sort of material help from the big centers. They cannot obtain these, since the cities refuse coöperation.

The peasantry, therefore, holds back its own small stock of hidden grain while the townspeople riot for lack of bread; and the whole seething mass, which once was placid Russia, has this fight between urban and suburban groups to add to the other troubles of a frightful revolution.

So we offer to the world the most dismal tragedy that history ever presented. In Bouromka village, far from the beaten tracks of civilization, our priest, though his rosy plans are in the dust, still labors on and prays among his little group; and the brave few who have withstood the temptations of their times try to think and plan for all the rest, and to minimize the harm done. They, like many Russians everywhere, still feel that the frenzy of our reign of terror will end in time for the nation—noble, bourgeois and peasant—to join hands and to rebuild on a new foundation. They know their country has not yet had its day, and that our disease is not degeneracy, but one caused by wild young forces too long suppressed and then unleashed and overfed.

With one hundred and fifty millions out of our one hundred and eighty million people still so undeveloped that they could not sign their names it was easy enough to lead them far astray; and everyone helped to do it—friend and ally through misunderstanding, no less than the foe through calculation. Till now all the civilization given Russia was by now and again ordering the adoption of certain superficial forms, taken in the whole from the Orient, or from France, Italy or Germany, at the command of an enthusiastic emperor or statesman. The significance of these was never explained to the people; nor were the measures modified to suit the Slav's nature. Underneath this veneer our people remained always with their ancient ideals and primitive desires; a folk of patriarchal times.

Finally when the revolution came the Slav giant stood up, peeled off this artificial varnish, and stretched and shook himself, until the whole earth trembled. All the world statesmen stand aghast now at the result of their own labors, and they are puzzling their great brains as to what shall be done to quench the fire, stop the noise, and bring these recognized demons back again to law and order.

And while they talk on the delirium gains ground and burns up many things; and it risks spreading to all the world as they have known it, which they would like to preserve in a form they recognize.

Tolstoy's Prophecy

As history counts, the time will not be long until this great dramatic chapter will be finished, and the Slav, untamed by outsiders, may suddenly find himself, and rise up, purified and strong, to surprise the world with his own powers for civilization of a new type. Somehow every Russian, whether of high station or low, with whom I have talked, seems to share my own prophetic feeling as to this coming development. And an old prophecy upholds the theory, if one is superstitious. Made long before the war, by Tolstoy, of whom the Czar in 1910 had asked it, it announces the coming cataclysm; and it very much upset the ruler then. The paper containing it was kept in His Majesty's secret archives, it was said. In a trance the old writer, then in his dotage, saw all Europe in flames, and predicted such a war as the universe had never known before. After this he said: "The end of this great calamity will mark a new political era for the world. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but there will be born a federation of united states, and there will exist four great giant races—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians. And I see a change in religious sentiment, and the church as known now will fall. The ethical idea will nearly vanish, and humanity will be almost without morality; and then a great reformer will rise about the year 1925. He will lay the corner stone of a new religion—God, soul and spirit, immortality, all to be molten in the new furnace and to form a new power of spirituality. And I see the peaceful dawn of a new day at last.

"And the man determined on for this mission is a Mongolian-Slav; already he is walking the earth. He will be a man of active affairs, and does not realize now the position in history assigned to him by superior powers."

Some Slav to lead the world, and from the north or east he is to come, for only on the great silent steppe lands and in the forests of Russia are there any Slavs with a strain of Mongolian blood. Even at this hour of supreme agony there are many of my compatriots, earnest in their spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, who with the instinctive patience of their blood wait for an occasion when action will be possible; trying to find the means to help and save their race; never losing courage and never losing faith in the cause of a new Russia, as they see it.

As this is written comes a letter from my brother-in-law, saying he was able to enter into negotiations with our villages at the end of November, and hopes to reach a working basis, so the land can be cultivated somehow. And he speaks not of revenge, but hopefully of going back to live again some day at Bouromka.

"Your Nose Knows"

All smoking tobaccos use some flavoring. The Encyclopaedia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco, "...on the Continent and in America certain 'sauces' are employed... the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Tuxedo uses *chocolate*—the purest, most wholesome and delicious of all flavorings! Everybody likes chocolate—we all know that chocolate added to anything as a flavoring always makes that thing still more enjoyable. That is why a dash of *chocolate*, added to the most carefully selected and properly aged burley tobacco, makes Tuxedo more enjoyable—*"Your Nose Knows."*

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And then if you have a Swift's Premium Ham, all baked and ready to slice—how they love its sweet, mild flavor—how glad you are to give them such a wholesome luncheon!

Look for the brand name, Swift's Premium, the distinguishing mark that insures your always getting this mellow-flavored ham.

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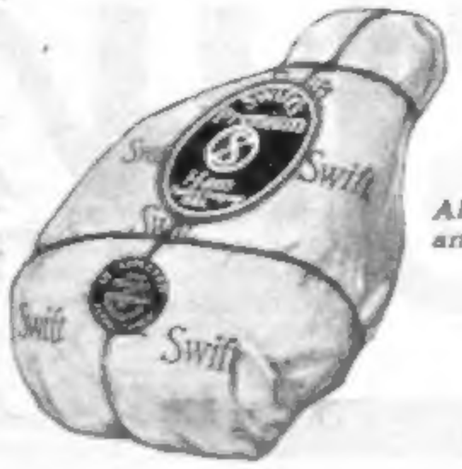

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One Breakfast Free

To prove the deliciousness *of*

Sunkist Marmalade

Made by the Growers of Sunkist Oranges

WE WANT you to try a new American Marmalade, made by the growers of Sunkist Oranges, the most delicious you've ever tasted. Just fill out and mail the coupon below and we'll send you enough for One Breakfast Free.

You who like marmalade and you who have had less attractive kinds, will find a new delight in this. For it is made as no other marmalade was ever prepared before.

Order your "One Breakfast Free" now before you forget it and see how good it is.

Cooked by Women in Sunkist Kitchens

From a Famous Old Scotch Recipe

Sunkist Marmalade is made where the world's best oranges grow and according to a famous old Scotch recipe.

A Scotch woman, a connoisseur of marmalades and preserves who brought the recipe to this country, superintends the cooking.

She uses small stoves, cooking but a few pounds at a time. Her hundreds of little kettles are constantly watched by a staff of expert women-cooks. This individual method and care insure the real "home taste" so desirable in all preserves.

The free breakfast-sample has a delightful surprise in store for you. Don't miss this little treat.

Just the Prime Part of the Fruit

Our connoisseur uses only the rich juice and the yellow part of the peel of fresh ripe fruit from Sunkist Orange groves.

She adds pure sugar, water and a little grapefruit or lemon juice—that's all—and cooks it down as you would do it.

The recipe-secret is in the proportions, and the point where the cooking stops. In fact, the flavor of Sunkist Marmalade is approximated only in some rare Scotch and English brands which are consumed abroad.

The marmalade is put into the jars while still warm from the cooking. The jars are then sealed with vacuum caps so all this inimitable flavor is retained.

Send for Free Jar

Try this rare marmalade on toast, hot biscuits, or muffins, or on griddle cakes. See how it replaces butter. You'll buy Sunkist Marmalade ever after, if you once know its luscious tang.

Mark the coupon now before you turn the page and send it to us. Learn, at our expense, how alluring we have made this highly nutritious food.

To Dealers and Jobbers

Thousands of women are going to ask retailers for Sunkist Marmalade. For there's a great taste for marmalade, and Sunkist isn't like A NEW BRAND because all women know SUNKIST ORANGES. You have seen the demand for these uniformly good oranges. Now note the demand for the Sunkist Marmalade.

Order a good supply at once, if you haven't one already, for scores of your customers want this brand. Retailers wire your jobbers. Jobbers wire us.

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Distributors

"ONE BREAKFAST FREE" COUPON

Only one "free breakfast" can be sent to each home on this offer.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

Division M-2, Los Angeles, California

Please send one "breakfast sample" of Sunkist Orange Marmalade Free to the following address. In the acceptance of your offer I am furnishing my grocer's name and address.

My name is_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

My grocer's name is_____

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